Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER & MELVIN J. LASKY

MARCUS CUNLIFFE
Harvard University

NIGEL DENNIS
Sartre & Genet

T. S. ELIOT
Geoffrey Faber

EDWARD SHILS
Elspeth Huxley

C. A. R. CROSLAND
Public Schools & English Education

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
THE QUEEN AND I

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER
A. J. P. Taylor & Hitler

MARY McCARTHY
American Playwrights

THEODORE DRAPER
Disaster in Cuba

MELVIN J. LASKY
Africa for Beginners

94
JULY 1961
MONTHLY 3s. 6d.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MURIEL SPARK

VOICES AT PLAY

Stories and Ear-Pieces

Happily for her ever-increasing number of admiring readers there seems no limit to Muriel Spark's arresting talent. Her meteoric rise in the last four years with such novels as *Memento Mori*, *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* and *The Bachelors* has taken her to a place among the most important writers to have emerged since the war. Her recent B.B.C. radio plays have demonstrated her talent in a new field and this new volume contains four of these brilliant plays and six new stories. *16s.*

MACMILLAN

STAND

A Quarterly Review of Literature and the Arts

Vol. V, No. 1 now out

4 poems: **Samuel Beckett**

Return to South Africa: **Dan Jacobson**

Brecht's *Galileo*, a reply to Nigel Dennis: **H. E. Rank**

Three poems: **Pablo Neruda**

Fiction · Reviews · Criticism

2/- per copy from newsagents or

STAND, 144 Otley Road, Leeds 16

10/- a year. U.S. & Canada $2.50

An International Round-Table Discussion

THE PROBLEMS OF AFRO-ASIAN NEW STATES

with contributions by

Alexandre Adande
F. N. S. Agblémagnon
George Fischer
Dan Jacobson
Bertrand de Jouvenel
Irving Kristol
Ehsan Naraghi
Davidson Nicol
Ayo Ogunsheye
Edward Shils
Burra Venkatappiah
Peter Wiles
Michael Young

2s. 10d. (40 cents) including postage

Published by

ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

JULY 1961 VOL XVII NO. 1

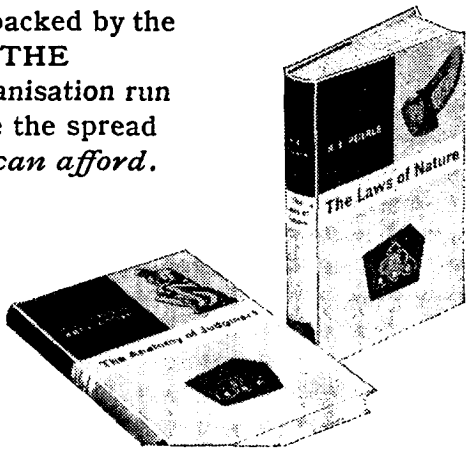
Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1.
All issues 3s. 6d. per copy (USA and Canada 75c.). Postage: 6d.
Annual subscription (inc. postage): 45s.: USA and Canada $7.50: India 12 rupees.
Six months: 24s.: $3.75: 6 rupees.
US and Canadian subscriptions may be entered with British Publications Inc.
30 East 60th Street New York 22 or Eastern News Distributors Inc.
306 West 11th Street New York 14. Second-class mail privileges
authorised at New York, N.Y. © *1961 by Encounter Ltd.*

HARVARD	3	*Marcus Cunliffe*
THE QUEEN AND I	17	*Malcolm Muggeridge*
AMERICANS, REALISTS, PLAYWRIGHTS	24	*Mary McCarthy*
AFRICA FOR BEGINNERS (I)	32	*Melvin J. Lasky*
SOME THOUGHTS ON ENGLISH EDUCATION	49	*C. A. R. Crosland*
CUBANS AND AMERICANS	59	*Theodore Draper*
THEATRE		
THE HARD CASH OF THOUGHT	78	*Nigel Dennis*
NOTES & TOPICS		
GEOFFREY FABER	81	*T. S. Eliot*
"WHAT FUTURE FOR AFRICA?"	82	*Edward Shils*
BOOKS		
A. J. P. TAYLOR, HITLER AND THE WAR	88	*H. R. Trevor-Roper*
LETTERS	97	
AUTHORS	100	

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR STUDENTS OF Art and SCIENCE

This advertisement can be your introduction to a bold, imaginative publishing venture—backed by the resources of Beaverbrook Newspapers. THE SCIENTIFIC BOOK GUILD is an organisation run on book club lines: its aim is to promote the spread of scientific books at *prices everyone can afford.*



HOW IT OPERATES

Each month members receive an excellently produced reprint of a major scientific book. These volumes, superbly printed, are entirely unabridged and contain all the original illustrations. The high-gloss laminated binding is particularly strong and handles well. The monthly cost is only 9s. 6d. plus 1s. 6d. for postage and packing.

SCIENCE AND YOU—TODAY

Today the demand for authoritative, easily assimilated knowledge in the general and specialised fields of science is greater than ever before. THE SCIENTIFIC BOOK GUILD offers to the intelligent layman—the specialised scientist—the student—the business executive—a selection of books designed to cover 'science in the round'.

WHAT YOU DO

Complete the form below and return it with your instructions. An "approval" copy of the current monthly choice will be sent to you by return post.

These authoritative books by experts in many sciences for only

9s. 6d.

plus 1/6 postage and packing

THE SCIENTIFIC BOOK GUILD
121 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Send me on approval your current monthly choice.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

..... E July 61

(Block letters please)

PROGRAMME:

The next four monthly choices:

WILLIAM HARVEY
by LOUIS CHAUVOIS
(originally published Hutchinson 25s.)

EARTH'S COMPANY
by LESLIE REID
(originally published John Murray 25s.)

VEGETABLE STATICKS
by STEPHEN HALES
(First published 1727)

SCIENTIFIC WORDS—
their structure and meaning
by W. E. FLOOD, PH.D.
(originally published Oldbourne 18s.)

OPINIONS:

"Will be viewed with enthusiasm by Scientists"—*Lord Rothschild, Cambridge University.*

"Your scheme to widen the dissemination of scientific knowledge is one of which I entirely approve" —*Sir George Allen, C.B.E., British Association for Advancement of Science.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marcus Cunliffe

Harvard

Universities in Mid-century (II)

HARVARD is a number of different places. To the uninformed foreigner—say myself fifteen years ago, before I ever visited the United States—it stands with Yale and Princeton as an American version of Oxford-and-Cambridge. The foreigner may have heard something about Columbia or Chicago or Berkeley, or vaguely envisage vast education-factories that are given over to football and fraternity life. But in such a view only Harvard, followed by Yale and Princeton, has much standing. These are *known* to exist among the general European public: the other colleges are a blurred comedy-world in which the students are all athletes or crooners and the severe lady-professors become beautiful and impulsive simply by removing their spectacles.

To the ordinary American without first-hand knowledge Harvard is also a little special. It is newsworthy. All the American papers, even those three thousand miles from Massachusetts, found space for a paragraph on Harvard's recent success in raising through one sustained drive the unprecedented sum of $82½ million. Harvard was in the news, more than other colleges that took the same line, when it declared its opposition to the loyalty-oath clause in the National Defence Education Act. Most newspapers in reporting the death of Bernard Berenson reported too that he had bequeathed to Harvard his Florentine house and library at I Tatti. Every political journalist has dwelt on the fact that Senator John F. Kennedy, the victorious candidate for the presidency, is a Harvard man (like the other senator from Massachusetts, Leverett Saltonstall, who campaigned for re-election under the slogan *"Salty for Sixty!"*); and that Henry Cabot Lodge, the defeated Republican nominee for the vice-presidency, likewise went to Harvard as did his father before him. More than that: the commentators have been struck by Harvard's part in planning political strategy. Harvard professors such as the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and the economist Seymour Harris enlivened the campaigns of Adlai Stevenson. They, and Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith, have been equally prominent as supporters of Kennedy. Two professors in the Harvard Law School, Archibald Cox and Abram Chayes, attracted attention in the same cause. Another Harvard professor of some celebrity, William Yandell Elliott, was listed as a Republican strategist. Politics aside, the non-academic American is likely to be familiar with the faces and names of plenty of other Harvard figures—Henry Kissinger of the Centre for International Affairs, David Riesman the sociologist, Archibald MacLeish the poet-playwright, and possibly President Nathan B. Pusey.

TO THE AMERICAN TOURIST, Harvard is part of what the brochures call "Historic Massachusetts." Almost the whole schoolbook lore of early American patriotism is to be found in the vicinity. In Boston are Faneuil Hall, the obelisk of Bunker Hill, the gun-decks of the *U.S. Constitution*. A few miles away, where Paul Revere took his midnight ride, are Lexington and Concord and all their legends of embattled farmers. Near Concord is Thoreau's Walden Pond. And in Cambridge, Harvard itself, embedded in associations. The tourist on the trail of "Historic Massachusetts," doing his best to excuse the bedragglement of post-historic Boston, is quite likely to approach Harvard along the Storrow

This is the second in a series of articles on "Universities in Mid-Century." The first was by J. G. Weightman on the Sorbonne (ENCOUNTER, *June*); *others will be by Hellmut Jaesrich on Heidelberg and Edward Shils on Oxford.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drive—the highway that hugs the right bank of the Charles River. His impressions? First the brick cliffs of Beacon Street: white-coated dentists at the windows, turning their backs to the panorama like the houses they work in. Sailing-boats on the water. Then a bridge, leading to the bulky acres of M.I.T. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology). On the near side, more institutional sprawl—that of Boston University. The road winds along the narrowing river for a couple of miles until Harvard appears along the skyline of the *rive gauche*. Again on the right bank are the Harvard stadium, at Soldiers' Field, and the neo-Georgian barracks of the Business School. But it is the scene opposite that takes the eye: crews sculling on the river, hectored through megaphones; couples lolling on the bright green banks, solitary people squatting over books; and beyond, the spires and cupolas of Harvard, in terra-cotta, blue, white, and gold, immaculate and slightly improbable as in a coloured photograph—except for two square new towers that are as incongruous as black teeth in an otherwise ideal smile.

Turning across the river into Cambridge, the tourist will probably find that the place answers his expectations, though if he is honest he will admit to himself that parts of it are a little scruffy, a little too much like Anytown, U.S.A. Still, he can sit under the striped umbrellas of the *Window Shop*, an establishment of almost intimidating good taste, and discover that Longfellow's smithy and chestnut-tree once occupied the very same spot. He can walk along Brattle Street, past a sumptuous new undergraduate theatre (the Loeb *Drama Centre*), past the alley known as Appian Way in whose little wooden houses the women's college, Radcliffe, began obscurely eighty years ago; past these, and some handsome, well-kept mansions to the most handsome of all, the ample Craigie House that George Washington chose for a headquarters in 1775, and that Longfellow later occupied when he was a Harvard professor.

Toiling through the sticky heat of the midsummer tourist season, the visitor will no doubt inspect the other obligatory sights, such as the bare and beautiful churches of the Colonial period which lie near the Cambridge Common, at peace among the abominable traffic. He can inspect the famous glass flowers in Harvard's Botanical Museum, or wander in weary awe through the five floors of anthropological displays at the Peabody, or "do" the paintings and sculpture in the Busch-Reisinger and Fogg Museums. Amazed at Harvard's accumulated loot, he may seek relief among the shops along Massachusetts Avenue, just outside the Harvard Yard. They offer him books, skin-diving equipment (or skis, if he comes at the end of summer), books again, conservative suits and thin neat ties, books once more, cameras, tobacco pipes, prints: very much a university row. He may look for the heart of Harvard, its Yard, perhaps entering through the gate inscribed

BY THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY
28 OCTOBER 1636 AGREED TO GIVE 400£
TOWARDS A SCHOALE OR COLLEDGE. . . .

Inside is a surprisingly quiet precinct—a medley of buildings of various dates, designs, and sizes, scattered among lawns and trees that are the home of a breed of sophisticated grey squirrels. The tallest building is the Memorial Church, with an ambitious white spire. The most thickset is the Widener Library, which confronts the Church.

THE YARD is a congenial area. Though there are university police at the main gate, you can get into it by a dozen different routes. Young wives wheel their babies along its paths. Pigeons wheel and alight, unalarmed. Yet the tourist, especially in midsummer, out of term, cannot get much sense of Harvard. He ought to see the Yard at ten or eleven or twelve in term-time, when the paths are thick with Harvard boys and Radcliffe girls in transit from one class to another. Even then he would miss much, for universities do not reveal very much of themselves to the outsider. If he happened to be in Cambridge in early June, though—more precisely in June, 1960, when I too was there, at the end of a year as visiting lecturer—he might, like me, catch glimpses of half a dozen aspects of Harvard.

In mid-June the last written examinations, the last orals were over. The grades were settled, beyond protest. The prizes were being awarded and announced: $50 for an essay on Dante; the James Gordon Bennett award, which went to a thesis on *Bertrand Russell—The Plea for "Sane" Nuclear Politics*; prizes for essays on the collapse of the Weimar Republic, and on the political thought of André Malraux; a $250 award, carried off by a Radcliffe girl, for a thesis on *The Fall of Hyperion: The Moral Function of the Poet*; and so on. Radcliffe students, living a few blocks away in their own Yard, had

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disposed of their hired bicycles. The second-hand bookshops were up to their necks in discarded texts. Each day the back page of the *Harvard Crimson*, the student newspaper, advertised things for sale—1950 Chevrolets, 1958 M.G.s, studio couches, microscopes, guitars. There were rooms to let, appeals for passengers to drive to San Francisco and share expenses.

THE ANNUAL EXODUS was under way. It sounded, to judge from the conversations in the Yard or on "Mass Ave," as if nearly everyone was off to Europe for at least a month. Many were going by chartered flight, at bargain rates. Some of the oarsmen on the Charles were bound for Henley. Rhodes Scholars discussed longer destinies. The faculty, too, were in motion. Their families might be vacationing already, mulatto-hued from sunburn, at Martha's Vineyard, or in New Hampshire, or on Cape Cod. The husbands talked of sabbatical leave in Paris, research at the British Museum, a conference in Stockholm, meetings with friends in Madrid or Amsterdam. Edmund Wilson, a visiting professor in 1959–60, was leaving for Wellfleet on the Cape. Leon Edel, another visitor, who had been transcribing the huge collection of Henry James letters in the Houghton Library, was devising a Jamesian tour in Europe. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith were flying to Berlin to attend the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Later they and others would fly to Los Angeles or Chicago for the party conventions. Robert Lee Wolff, a Byzantinist with a subsidiary passion for Victorian literature, was going to Aberdeenshire—to the back of the north wind—to consult material for his book on the Scottish fantasist George Macdonald. Paul Tillich, the theologian, was away for two months in Japan. Merle Fainsod, of the Russian Research Centre, was travelling somewhere between Pakistan and Indonesia.

THERE were arrivals as well as departures: parents and relatives on hand for Commencement, and the Class Reunions, stratified in a living geology.

The strata lay as deep in time as the Class of 1905 and as near modernity as 1957. The two most conspicuous layers were formed by the Class of 1935 and the Class of 1910, celebrating their twenty-fifth and fiftieth reunions and displaying their respective dates on the bands of special (though conservative) straw hats. Proprietary-wistful, the alumni of 1935 and their families were to be seen by the hundred around Cambridge: Marquandish men who had made their way in the world and always found that Harvard was part of that world, well-groomed and fairly athletic men, with faces younger than their bodies; appropriate Marquandish wives, with bodies younger than their faces; and their children, half-awed, half-mutinous, both older and younger than their years, carrying Harvard emblems and being forcibly photographed against the bronze statue of John Harvard in the Yard. Student guides ushered them among the buildings to indicate changes in their lost landscape—the northward spread of the natural sciences, the Lamont Library with its Poetry Room, the manuscript acquisitions of the Houghton Library, the thuggish new towers of Leverett House, the brand-new Quincy House (an undergraduate college with sand-murals by Nivola, so hotel-chic in plan and décor that it has been nicknamed the Quincy-Hilton). Cocktail parties were arranged for the Class of 1935, a concert of the Boston *Pops*, a lobster dinner, sundry lectures and symposia, and a memorial service for classmates and wives. At the end of the reunion the group quietly disclosed that it had scraped together for the *alma mater* a class gift of half a million dollars.

The Class of 1910 had a less strenuous schedule. But, well-treated Rip Van Winkles, they too had their special occasions—an "Ivy League March" written expressly for them, a gathering at the Brookline Country Club. The grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson, normally resident in Concord, put in an appearance. So did Walter Lippmann, whose own seventieth anniversary had some months earlier been celebrated with a *Festschrift* volume of essays. A third member, T. S. Eliot, was not present, though he had briefly visited Harvard the previous autumn and though he had loyally completed his questionnaire for the 560-page Class Report. ("Tom," according to the Class Secretary, "was very shy and introspective in college.")

COMMENCEMENT DAY, the grand finale, came on June 16th. Radcliffe College, officially separate, undoubtedly equal, and unofficially merged with Harvard, held its Commencement the day before. Harvard's affair was staged in the Yard, in the great quadrangle between the Widener Library and the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memorial Church. Fourteen thousand ticket-holders assembled under the trees. The day was, if anything, excessively sunny. Ladies in silk fanned their programmes and, with the mild displeasure of people who are accustomed to seats in the stalls, pointed out to their husbands that *some* people were in the shade or were nearer to the distant platform and would enjoy a superior view. But though it was uncomfortable on the wooden chairs, the atmosphere was extraordinarily affable. How good to be *inside* the Yard! (And so might the casual, excluded tourist think.) Harvard had taken over the town for the day: the police outside had even placarded the parking-meters to concede the triumph. Governor Furcolo came in pilgrimage from the Boston State House with his jogging, portly escort of National Lancers, sweating in the costumes of Polish cavalry of Napoleonic vintage as they had ritually sweated on the same annual errand for over a century.

A black wedge, the Academic Procession, began to move through a lane in the multitude, headed by President Pusey. Mortarboards and top hats bobbed above the heads of the spectators. Somewhere among the top hats was Senator Kennedy in his capacity as Harvard Overseer. The procession reached the platform and subsided into place. A bell rang from the church tower. The Sheriff of Middlesex County, uniformed in black and red, thumped his sword three times to call the meeting to order. In the ensuing silence, his voice divinely clear through the loudspeakers, the Preacher to the University offered a prayer. An anthem from the University Choir. Then three brief orations: one by a West Indian student in Latin ("Who can understand *that*?" whispered a wife close to me, her husband frowning back at her); one on "Education and Social Concern," full of exemplary sentiments; and a mellifluous tribute to Harvard's international spirit by an Englishman from the Business School. Another anthem.

THEN, PHALANX BY PHALANX, announced by their deans and greeted with polite applause, the candidates for degrees from the graduate schools, fearsome in their collectivity, their sheer man-hourage of application, their square-yardage of diploma. Four hundred and ninety-three from the School of Arts and Sciences, including 189 Ph.D.s; 136 from the School of Education, primed to teach the teachers how to teach; 39 architects, landscapers, and others from the School of Design; a regiment of 573 from the right-bank Business School (of these, 554 Masters in Business Administration); 45 savants in Public Administration; 142 survivors of the Medical School; 11 Doctors of Dental Medicine; 71 qualified experts in Public Health; 524 nimble in case-studies (case-hardened, in the hoary joke) from the Law School; and a final 42—not very many, perhaps, in view of President Pusey's summons to a religious rebirth—from the Divinity School. In all, 2,076 postgraduate degrees.

Swiftly despatched, they made way for the undergraduates of Harvard College, the 991 members of the senior class, who had already undergone several days of feasting and exhortation. One hundred and nineteen of them had just been commissioned into the armed services through the ROTC programme. All had received their diplomas from the masters of their "houses" (Leverett, Adams, Eliot, Winthrop, Lowell, Kirkland, Dunster, Quincy), and had had the chance to attend dances and parties and the customary moonlight cruise in Boston Harbour. Just over half the class, President Pusey declared, had graduated with honours, twenty-two of them *summa cum laude*.

AFTER THE SENIORS of Harvard College, the guests. The audience squinted at the tiny figures on the dais in an effort to see which celebrities were about to be presented with honorary degrees. The secret had been efficiently kept. As each of the fifteen recipients rose for his one-sentence citation and his allowance of applause, there was a gratified sense that in honouring others Harvard had reasserted its own prestige as an arbiter of reputation. Nothing for publicists or charlatans. A few just rewards for the faithful: a degree, for instance, to Mr. Pratt of New York, an alumnus who had formerly directed the $82½ million fund-drive. Some recognition for scholarship and research: to René Wellek the literary critic and to Sir Macfarlane Burnet the Australian authority on virus diseases. Above all, accolades for the great world, the world of which the Yard wished to be a microcosm—for Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia; for Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium and NATO; for Eugene Black, president of the International Bank (who also got degrees in 1960, as it chanced, from Yale and Princeton); for Lucio Costa, designer of Brazil's new capital; for Llewellyn Thompson, America's current ambassador to Moscow.

A few more items to end the ceremony. The

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rotund music of the Commencement Hymn (words by an alumnus of 1856):

Deus omnium creator,
Rerum mundi moderator,
Crescit cuius es fundator,
Nostra Universitas,
Integri sint curatores,
Eruditi professores,
Largiantur donatores,
Bene partas copias....

A benediction. The last flourish from the Sheriff of Middlesex County. Then the gathering disintegrated, surfeited and content. There would be more speeches later that day, from Mr. Menzies and M. Spaak. But the University's year, and mine with it, was virtually done with.

SUCH AFFAIRS are as a rule better handled in England. This must be admitted even if one dislikes them. In America they are often half-hearted or pompous or a little vulgar or—in the big universities—borne down by weight of numbers. Harvard's Commencement impressed and even stirred me. It was managed with dignity and precision. It seemed both solemn and debonair.

The impression lingered in the next few days, as I went back to my room in the Widener Library and began to clear the desk for the permanent occupant, a professor who had been away on leave. I remembered my initial surprise on hearing that several of the hundred private studies in Widener are allotted to retired professors. The historians Samuel Eliot Morison and Frederick Merk are among them. I admired the piety that underlay this courtesy and the tact required to administer it. I found further instances of benevolence and privilege among the papers in my desk. There were the well-printed faculty agenda (or "dockets"), each of which had some such note as this:

> The Committee appointed to prepare a Minute on the Life and Services of the late Wilhelm Reinhold Walter Koehler, *William Dorr Boardman Professor of Fine Arts, Emeritus*, will present the Minute to the Faculty.

The same spirit seemed to reside in other documents: invitations, for example, to dinners and meetings of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences—each of these an institution with a substantial headquarters in or near Boston. The Academy sponsors the excellent periodical *Daedalus*, edited by the Harvard physicist Gerald Holton. There were further reminders of Boston-Cambridge life in the notices of a Courbet show at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and of Rembrandt drawings exhibited at the Fogg; and in the programme of concerts given by the Boston Symphony in the Sanders Memorial Theatre (which revived memories for me of packed benches; of the giant Latin inscription above the stage; of the marble statue of James Otis forever protesting at the Writs of Assistance; of the names of Civil War dead in the sombre foyer; of two of the musicians who uncannily resembled Adenauer and Selwyn Lloyd).

I CAME UPON NOTICES of a lecture-series by George Kennan (who drew immense crowds) and a talk by the playwright Lillian Hellman (whose play *Toys in the Attic* opened in Boston); and upon invitations to dinners of the *Crimson*, the Signet Society, the Nieman Fellows (journalists selected for a year of meditation at Harvard), the Junior Fellows (a group of graduates who work undisturbed by Ph.D. requirements). There were announcements of receptions held by the *Advocate* (a literary magazine) for W. H. Auden and other authors. I turned over posters about plays, an appeal for the Poets' Theatre, leaflets on nuclear disarmament (a movement in which David Riesman and the historian Stuart Hughes were involved), a programme of the festival organised by Quincy House, which included a reading by Arthur Kopit (Harvard '59), author of a play entitled *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feelin' So Sad*.

All these mementos added to the effect made by the Commencement. In sum they compose the conventional picture, the one that has been so often drawn, of Harvard the powerful, the brilliant, benign, and cosmopolitan: *Fair Harvard*, or "Imperial Harvard" as it was labelled not long ago in a magazine article. This is Harvard as the tourist, the successful student, the heartwarmed alumnus, or the flattered foreigner may see it.

THERE WERE other papers in my desk—the kind of stuff swept under the carpet when "Fair Harvard" is being posed for another portrait.

There were memoranda about unsatisfactory students, the hopelessly inept few who had somehow hung on thus far. More disquieting were the general run of undergraduate essays, of the middle range between the excellent and the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

execrable. In bulk such essays conveyed an impression of a Harvard that is in examiner's parlance Fair Only. They were full of jargon and approximation. They seemed unable to penetrate imaginatively beyond the immediate past—beyond, say, 1950. The freshmen used the 1776-And-All-That clichés of high school. The juniors and seniors had acquired another set of clichés, the vogue-words of college life: *dichotomy, empathy, ambiguity, concept, symbol, paradox.* A high proportion of undergraduates would go on to graduate school. Were they travelling a route from naïveté by way of modishness to dullness? In their natural history, did the freshmen evolve into the stalemen of the graduate treadmill, those apprentices of Academe bound to an indefinite but usually protracted term of servitude?

I knew some first-rate graduate students. I met others who seemed prematurely old and cautious, as if they were absorbing the vices of academic life before they had a chance to grasp its virtues. I felt sorry for such students to see them emerge from the library stacks, myopic in the sunlight, hugging the dark green book-bags that are part of the Harvard costume, weighed down by inner burdens of information, treading along with the same resigned rhythm as their pregnant wives: youngsters winded in their twenties.

Now and then I was oppressed by the clutter and inhumanity of the educational process in America. In such moments I wondered whether it is much more than a series of expensive sausage machines: whether despite the semblance of energy and efficiency it has not almost broken down, so that it is alternately too cruel and too lenient to the product, mangling and skimping in careless sequence. Or whether its problems, like those of traffic on the American highways, are not multiplied by the very measures (more highways, more college buildings and classes) that are meant to solve them. American reformers bewail the small sums that are spent on education. To the visitor the remarkable fact is that so *much* is spent; the system suffers more from intellectual than material poverty. Harvard is only one among the hundreds of colleges affected by the pervasive mediocrity, the permissive slackness of American secondary education. But is Harvard entitled to congratulate itself on the undoubted brilliance of its best students? These are the ones that bring glory to Harvard and solace to those who teach there. Does Harvard make them; or do they make Harvard? Does Harvard draw them merely because of its long-acquired prestige? Would they educate themselves, no matter how bad their school or college?

Two suspicions haunt the teacher, or should from time to time:

(a) that he is powerless: his bad students remain bad, while the good ones are good in and of themselves;
(b) that he is not powerless, but that he has been derelict: standards are low and he is in part responsible.

In what ways could Harvard be held responsible for the mediocrity of its average students?

One piece of evidence, though obviously unreliable, is the *Confidential Guide to Freshman Courses*. This booklet, an annual production compiled and marketed by students (similar tip-sheets exist, I think, at Yale and other colleges), is not entirely destructive. It pays high compliments to certain professors. But a number are scolded: *A* is heavy, *B* irrelevant, *C* facetious, *D* inaudible. The comments on "section men" are even harsher. Harvard's large lecture-courses are broken into discussion sections conducted by graduate students and instructors, who also do most of the work in marking papers. Harvard relies even more than other colleges on this expedient. The teaching staff, like an army commanded by generals and sergeants, has a generous establishment of senior figures, and a big shifting population of lowly, part-time Nicholas Nicklebys, with a void between these extremes. The assistants who worked with me were admirable. I heard less enthusiastic verdicts on some of their colleagues.

Occasional undergraduates grumbled to me that Harvard was "too big" and "mechanical." They attended vast lectures given by celebrated professors whom they never met, and section meetings conducted by nervous assistants whose grading of papers and examinations they did not trust.

"Harvard," I was told, "hires big names for the sake of the name. Then these *prima donnas* begin to resent interruptions to their own careers. They let substitutes lecture for them. They're too busy to revise their lectures, so they give the same stuff year after year. They find students a nuisance. Go and see them in office-hours and you feel you are intruding if you stay more than five minutes."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The complaint was not universal. But it seems to have some foundation. The undergraduates probably have less cause for grievance than the graduate students (in Arts & Sciences: I cannot speak for the other graduate schools; those in the Law School seemed more than content with their lot). In the College, students after their first year live in Houses, each with a well-intentioned if not very comprehensive tutorial system. Freshman seminars are being organised. But for the graduate students it may be a long and lonely haul, with not much chance to meet the faculty informally. There are plenty of social functions at Harvard but they have a tinge of caste-structure about them. The cordiality between unequals has an element of calculation on both sides.

PLODDING TOWARDS his Ph.D., teaching several hours a week, the Nicholas Nickleby often becomes bemused by Harvard's reputation. Unwilling to take a job in the academic backwoods he hangs around Cambridge, yearning to be kept on though his chances are negligible. The same anguish in more acute form afflicts the faculty member who has been teaching for several years but who has not achieved tenure. The emotion is of course not confined to Harvard yet it is more poignant there than in other American universities. It represents a reversal of the national psychological drama of the Rejected Father: this is the drama of the Rejected Son. Will the assistant professor be banished, or can he by luck and magic and worthiness reach the snug harbour of an associate professorship? Here is *The Quest for Permanence* (to borrow the title of a book on another subject recently published by the Harvard Press). Even those who triumph in the ordeal are said to reveal its after-effects for years.

One after-effect is complacence. What the promoted teacher may have previously described to his friends as a game of chance, or even a rigged game, he now naturally regards as a game of skill, a test of altogether exceptional merit. Indeed "complacence" is the commonest charge levelled against Harvard. Among the entertainments provided for the alumni of 1935 was a lecture on "Harvard's Place in Outer Space." Whoever chose the title certainly meant it as a joke. Was it though a slightly smug private joke, an instance of the bland we-happy-fewness detectable in the whole Commencement ceremony?

I TALKED about these matters with a friend from the Middle West who insisted that the special odour of Harvard was "sickly with decay:" it was the sweet unbearable smell of success.

He was an intellectual, far angrier with his country than any Englishmen I know are angry with theirs. He was disgusted with what he called the "Effluent Society." He was disgusted with himself for having been drawn at all to Harvard, where he held a sort of peripheral post. We stood together one day on the slim bridge over the Charles that links the Business School with Harvard proper. It was a sunny day and I remarked on the benignity of the scene. Unlike most Harvard people, he reacted violently. The whole place, he said, was a fake. He had nothing against the Business School, except a fundamental objection to all business schools. He thought this one was a pretty good specimen, though Harvard sneered at it privately. But he hated its colonial architecture, and that of most of the 20th-century buildings of the university. It was "morticians' architecture."

"They fake an American past that was never so glossy and prosperous. Like Colonial Williamsburg, only bigger, and they have people actually living in *this* place part of the year to make it more lifelike. You know those funeral parlours in the Colonial style, with a lamp lit in each window and a guarantee that every room is air-conditioned? No indelicacy—that's Harvard. Worse still, they put everyone into Houses, just because Oxford and Cambridge have colleges. Here in Lowell House there's even a High Table where they wear dinner jackets now and then. You can't *do* that to Americans, at least not to real ones. Either we're Americans or we're nothing."

I was amused by his estimate of Harvard's Anglophilia and suggested that the situation was more complicated than he recognised. I reminded him that though there are pictures of Dear Old England hanging in the Harvard Club in New York, they are confined to the Men's Room. A view of D. W. Brogan's college, Peterhouse, is placed above the urinals. Ought Englishmen, ought Denis Brogan in particular, to feel complimented or insulted?

My friend was not interested in this problem. He wondered, though, why there was an occasional English boy with a title among the Harvard undergraduates.

"From what I know of England, he must

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have tried first to get into Oxford or Cambridge and they must have turned him down. No offence to you"—my friend knew that I teach at Manchester University—"but he wouldn't be seen dead in Birmingham or Manchester. So he comes here. The Redbricks would be too grubby: he can pass Harvard off as 'amusing.' Harvard the next-best-thing."

I pointed out that many American colleges have built in the colonial idiom. The reply, perhaps illogical, was that Harvard should have known better. I mentioned the newer buildings. Again they did not pass muster. My Middle Western companion thought them inferior—and I agree with him—to the best of the recent construction nearby at M.I.T. It was all a question, I told him, of one's attitude to piety. There were evidences of a kind of piety all over the Boston-Cambridge area: for example, in the frequent use of the word *memorial*—Storrow *Memorial* Drive, Sanders *Memorial* Theatre, and so on. My friend's response?

"Exactly. The whole area is a mausoleum. There's a saying that although today Berkeley is known as the Harvard of the West Coast, in a couple of years Harvard may get called the Berkeley of the East Coast. *I* think it may get called the Forest Lawn of the East Coast. Take the little *Lampoon* building at Harvard. The *Lampoon* used to be a funny magazine. Now it's like the *Embalmers' Monthly*. You know why if you go inside their place. It's full of old stuffed animals and old framed jokes. Or take the Signet. They have lunches and their own clubhouse. But they're extinct too. Once you could find F. O. Matthiessen there every day, and men like Perry Miller, and really talk. It was marvellous for undergraduates. Now, Matty's dead and the spirit has gone out of things. And you know what they have for decorations? Old menus and a few pressed roses! They have a rose that T. S. Eliot used to own. Think of that—that's Signet for you, and all of Harvard."

ANOTHER DAY I lunched with a professor from a college a few miles away. Bitterly and conspiratorially he analysed the badness of some of Harvard's departments. Too many men, he claimed, were appointed because they had the right names, private incomes, Boston connections. Harvard wanted to keep the tone up, to have the big houses on Craigie and Brattle occupied by Harvard people. I asked him—he was Jewish—whether there were any traces of anti-Semitism in Harvard appointments.

"Traces? Until the war Harvard never gave permanent appointments to Jews—at any rate, not in the College. Things have changed since then. But they like to appoint their own Jews—people with Harvard Ph.D.s." With an air of open-mindedness he admitted that this might be an unfair criticism: "After all, Harvard prefers to appoint *everyone*, not just Jews, from inside."

I had a third conversation with a friend from California, a man with strongly liberal opinions. Harvard's, he said, was a "painless liberalism," a matter of fighting small battles that they could not possibly lose. "They think they lead the country—that's just a delusion. Setting an example means showing real courage, not merely passing resolutions. Rich private institutions like Harvard have nothing to worry about. Let them face the legislature as they'd have to do in a state university—in fact let them have to deal with the Massachusetts legislature. You wouldn't get a squeak out of most of this faculty."

Finally, a friend who is a Harvard professor mentioned the Society of Junior Fellows as one of Harvard's failures. When the Society was organised, it was, he said, a brave attempt to get away from the Ph.D. nonsense. The first Fellows were bright and argumentative. Now they were diligent and polite. "There's too much S.C.R. mystique—silver candlesticks, sherry, nice gentlemanly conversation. It's a come-down from the days of Henderson and Whitehead."

SUCH COMMENTS found a response in me, not only because they were a relief after hearing so much of the other, "Fair Harvard," but also because of my own post in an English Redbrick.

I was mildly chagrined to discover that for many Americans, as for many of my own countrymen, there are only two real universities in Britain (*L.S.E.* might be a third, though some Americans speak as if it passed out of existence with the death of Harold Laski). In Britain I was tired of those Oxford-and-Cambridge anecdotes, of the conversational boat-race with only two conceivable entries. At some Harvard cocktail parties it was almost like being back in England: the initial enquiry as to which of the two one taught at, the faint bewilderment on hearing that it was neither, the subsequent introduction (a few drinks later) as being "Mr. Cunliffe from Birmingham," or Liverpool, or

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leeds. So I could not help being sympathetic to the criticism that Harvard was living too comfortably, off unearned income. I was half-ready to envisage Berkeley as an American Redbrick, and to hope that it would vanquish Harvard in the contest for top place on the academic prestige-scale.

I was a little bothered, too, by the Harvard thinness that exasperated my Middle Western acquaintance: its loss of nerve when its complacence could not cover the situation. A generation ago Malcolm Cowley observed of American expatriates that they were always shouting for Harvard and Yale to carry the ball, but that they could not repress the belief that the game was in the bag for Oxford and the Sorbonne. Before Cowley, Henry Adams and others dissected the vulnerabilities of Boston-Cambridge. The symptoms are still discernible. Boston, as Elizabeth Hardwick recently asserted,* has become more dowdy and provincial and less able to sustain the pretence, except in a pathetically solipsist way, that it is the Hub of the Universe. Harvard has become much less provincial since Henry Adams' time. But its inherited pieties are not always very robust. Otherwise how could there be so much veneration for a "character" such as "Copey" (Charles T. Copeland), a bygone professor of English who was pitiably proud of his few aphorisms ("To eat is human, to digest divine" is one of them)? Some of the Harvard mannerisms—an arch weariness in the voice, a way of carrying head and hands—seem peculiarly derivative, and bring to mind again the contention of our Middle Westerner: namely, that whatever Harvard stands for, it cannot be achieved without a surrender of some essential Americanness.

IN SORTING out reactions so varied and somewhat contradictory it is useful to consider what Harvard has in common with other universities. Like every university in the world it is a disappointment. I am not thinking of minor deficiencies—personal feuds, curricular rigidities, and the like—but of a larger failure, the failure inherent in all institutions whose aim is in part professedly moral.

In universities as among religious bodies—the closest parallel—we are aware of and cannot forgive the difference between *ought* and *is*. What they might be is so tremendous. What they are is so inevitably humdrum, so tantalisingly a substitute for the Good Life. Universities generate myths, therefore, of intellectual ferment in other eras or in other places, of the one-time great and their rapt audiences, of glorious eccentrics who made life continuously surprising and rich. Perhaps it is healthier to believe such myths than to believe that the greatness has been attained in one's own time and place. Certainly it is more usual. This is why the undergraduate becomes frantic in pursuit of the Good Life, as he hears the laughter from another room, the applause from a lecture he did not attend; or why the teacher becomes cynical, and convinced that his students worsen each year; or why on splendid institutional occasions one has the uneasy feeling that the setting and the ritual are superior to the people involved in them. The measure of Harvard, as of any university, is calibrated in failure: by the size of the gap between aspiration and actuality.

Harvard has more particular features that it shares with all or some American colleges. Like the rest it is affected by the prior weaknesses of American schooling, by the frighteningly high cost of education, by the growing number of students around the nation and the growing competition for places, and by the cautious, deceptively cool tone of current American life. Harvard's atmosphere might well seem a little flat to a visitor from another continent, though probably not if he is from Western Europe. Party politics caused less excitement in 1960 than the issue of Negro segregation. Woolworth's, one of the chain-stores that had experienced sit-in demonstrations at the lunch-counters of its Southern branches, was methodically picketed in Cambridge by Harvard and Radcliffe students. There were similar activities in various college communities.

HARVARD CAN be grouped in a number of ways. It is one of the private educational institutions, like Chicago and Columbia, which have one thing above all in common: the need to raise money, a need they feel far more acutely than the state tax-supported institutions. Harvard is also in the "Ivy League" of Eastern colleges and universities. They are a miscellaneous group but as a whole they are socially and intellectually fashionable. The "Ivy League" overlaps with what can be called the "Big League," of universities which are listed at the top of the academic prestige-polls. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are in both. They share pride of place in the "Big League" with Cali-

* Elizabeth Hardwick, *Boston*, ENCOUNTER, Nov., 1959.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fornia (Berkeley), Chicago, Columbia, Michigan, Pennsylvania, M.I.T. (in a special category), and a few others. In other words Harvard is not *sui generis*. It does not occupy in the United States the place occupied by Oxbridge in Britain, or by the Sorbonne in France. To write of it as though it were *the* American university, in the sense of being without serious rivals, would be quite misleading.

On the other hand, to speak of Harvard as *the* American university, in the sense of typifying them all, would be equally misleading. It does hold a unique position, if only because it is regarded as and regards itself as unique. Other Ivy League institutions may be Anglophile: Harvard is deemed the most Anglophile. Other universities may have a good conceit of themselves: Harvard is considered the most conceited. Even the men who told me of Harvard's weaknesses assumed without question that it is still the most conspicuous academic target in America. They might predict that it would slip from first place. They might insist that some of Harvard's boasted programmes—for instance, the plan of "general education" for freshmen—were actually pioneered elsewhere. They still conceded that Harvard leads the rest in a total assessment of social prestige, intellectual celebrity, and popular renown. Not all its departments were in the first rank. There were plenty of young Americans in high school who not only did not aspire to go to Harvard, but who knew next to nothing about it. Even so, cumulatively Harvard came first. Before long Berkeley might surpass it: their relative standings fascinate American professors. Yet Berkeley itself has no doubt that Harvard is *the* rival. It can cull professors from practically anywhere else in the United States: Harvard faculty tend to stay put, in the conviction that they have already reached the promised land.

THIS BEING SO, the criticisms that are made of Harvard can be seen as unavoidable consequences of American life, and of Harvard's very strengths.

If the average students leave something to be desired, so do average students all over the United States—and indeed not merely in the United States. The Harvard average is far above the national average. As for the Nicholas Nicklebys, I dislike the habit of entrusting so much instruction to graduate students. But it is a national habit and there are arguments in its favour. Nor can I think of any practicable reform that would abolish it: the cost of higher education would rise inordinately. I regret the sickly attachment to Harvard of so many of the graduate students; but what else is to be expected while Harvard's prestige remains so high? Such circumstances—and I include here the situation of faculty who do not have tenure—are reminiscent of the tight, despairing atmosphere of British universities where promotion is concerned. In Britain there are more able men than senior posts to put them in, and there is a roughly comparable gulf between senior and junior academicians. But the parallel is accidental. The problem arises in Harvard only because so many of its products wish to stay there. Loss of will, self-hatred, and hatred of Harvard are engendered; but one cannot say that Harvard is to blame.

POSSIBLY THE EMINENT professors *are* spoiled. Some of them have outside commitments. The Schlesingers and Galbraiths are, however, untypical in this respect; and in any case Schlesinger and Galbraith are widely known and much admired by Harvard students. They and their colleagues are more distracted by outside events than would be the case in such smaller colleges as Amherst or Dartmouth. Constant, informal contact between teacher and student is impossible on the Harvard scale. Something is lost in intimacy, but I think more is gained in general vitality. It is not only Harvard that has this difficulty to reckon with. All over the United States the college professor is in demand as consultant, editor, researcher, TV performer, policy-maker, speech-writer. Business and government both want him. Professors in the Big League are especially sought after. They are bid for, where they are thought to be open to bidding, by rival universities. To secure one of these men is a great prize. Harvard's prestige depends on having a generous share of scholars who enjoy national reputations. One Harvard professor told me that he had lately taught at a small though respectable liberal arts college. He published a book which was deservedly praised. Soon after the first enthusiastic reviews he received a telephone call from McGeorge Bundy, Dean of Arts and Sciences, to ask him whether he would like to come to Harvard. He came.

According to gossip, Harvard has not invariably succeeded. One hears rumours that *X* and *Y* could not be lured from Columbia. But usually *A*, *B*, and *C* can be lured; and it is no wonder that now and then Harvard's satisfac-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion at the process communicates itself unpleasantly to the outsider. At least it is an active, not an inert complacence.

ANGLOPHILIA is more difficult to write about. Even a disgruntled Englishman is pleased to find his country and his culture held in such esteem. The main difficulty, though, is that the word does not adequately define the phenomenon. Proper Bostonians and good Harvard men may admire some features of English life. But it is a culture rather than a country that they revere; and an ideal version of a culture—the England that might have been. And they admire it as an ally, or more precisely as a factor in their *own* equation, rather than as a mother-country. Nineteenth-century Boston-Cambridge has been dismissed as "genteel." Many Americans reject its spirit. The combination of intellect and gentility has not been favoured in the United States. It has often taken on a querulous, defensive, snobbish, inbred, nostalgic quality. But Boston-Cambridge at its best was far from being a conscious, weak imitation of England. It was capable of remarkable integrity and vigour.

Harvard's contribution varied in weight. A century ago it was a prim parochial college. Fifty years ago, transformed into a university by the long, energetic, and unpopular leadership of President Charles W. Eliot, it was still unlikeably staid. Nearly all its students were white, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, and from the north-eastern states.* President Abbott Lawrence Lowell, following Eliot, brought Harvard nearer to greatness, and so did *his* successor, President James Bryant Conant.

To-day it exhibits an interesting mixture of conservatism and radicalism. A third of the undergraduates are from New England, and two out of five from private schools. But those figures should be turned round, so as to stress that Harvard now draws its students from all over the country and that the majority are from public high schools. The trend will increase with the stiffening competition for places. The sons of alumni are by no means certain of being admitted. While there are still only a handful of Negro students, Harvard has ceased to be overwhelmingly Protestant and Anglo-Saxon. About a quarter of the undergraduates are Jewish and the proportion is higher in some of the graduate schools. The transition has been remarkable, and relatively swift. Hence the apparent confusion in popular American conceptions of Harvard: that it is "stuffy" and yet "long-haired," snobbish and yet left-wing, exclusive and yet a "Jew college."

The transition was also deliberate. Other Ivy League colleges have changed likewise, but not quite so wholeheartedly. Historic New England gave priority to intellect. The idea survived, somewhat debased and debilitated but still not without worth, in the image of the gentleman-scholar. To it, perhaps just in time to save Harvard from sterility, was added the newer zeal for pure intellect: intellect, that is, judged without regard for doctrinal soundness or social pedigree. The two styles combine a little oddly in the Harvard manner, but they do combine in Harvard intellectual life, and they do represent a concern for excellence.

"EXCELLENCE" HAS LATELY BECOME a catchword of American educators. How to reconcile it with the American passion for democratic uniformity is an urgent conundrum. Those who approach the problem fairly discover that Harvard has been making honourable and reasonably successful attempts to solve the insoluble.

My Middle Westerner poured scorn upon the Colonial "houses" built in Lowell's day. But the house system was a reform, not a pale imitation of Oxbridge. Other American colleges, including many said to be more "democratic," accommodate their students in fraternity buildings; the unloved minority who fail to secure election live elsewhere, as social outcasts. Harvard used to have its "Gold Coast" of expensive private rooms for wealthy students, and felt little or no obligation to look after the less wealthy. The house system, also introduced at Yale, was an experiment in the hope of avoiding both sorts of evil. True, the Harvard clubs (AD, Porcellian, etc.) remain, but they are non-residential and peripheral to the life of the place, archaic survivals rather than an inner élite. There is no Harvard spectacle of triumph and despair equivalent to Yale's annual *Tap Day*, when the Yale societies (*Skull & Bones* and the rest) pub-

* W. E. B. DuBois, a Negro who graduated from Harvard in 1890, says that by this period students from elsewhere were beginning to resent "the way New England students were dominating . . . college affairs. The class marshal on commencement day was always a Saltonstall, a Cabot, a Lowell, or from some such New England family." In 1890 the outsiders managed to elect their own candidate, a Negro, as class orator. ("A Negro Student at Harvard," *Massachusetts Review*, Spring 1960, p. 446.)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

licly select their new members. The Colonial style in architecture is a safe bore, but any alternative at the time—such as Yale's ventures in Gothic—might have been worse. The Harvard houses bunch together pleasantly; the warm brick is of an agreeable hue; and the river-setting helps a great deal. In recent years Harvard's architectural record has been far more enterprising than that of most British universities, though that may not be very high praise. It has even had the nerve to commission a building from Le Corbusier, his first in North America.

REBUTTALS, justifications. But is Harvard a great university?

I believe so, in part for reasons already suggested. It is old—the oldest college in the United States. Age alone does not guarantee eminence. William & Mary College in Virginia, the second oldest, would to-day not be listed among the first hundred, let alone the best dozen American colleges. But age is a benefit. Of the more venerable American establishments, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have, like Harvard, maintained a high rank over a long period. Age confers a certain momentum, a self-assurance, a style of doing things, a resistance (especially important in America) to cheapjack innovation and to *Hurrapatriotismus* among the trustees. It ought to entail the survival of some old buildings, to give the eye delight, and to confront the two-dimensional young with the extra dimension of time past. With luck and good management there ought to be a gradual accretion of buildings, covering all stages of the university's history and grouped in a coherent community. Harvard does not have quite as much room as it requires. But the very concentration is an advantage. One ought to be able to walk around a university, or at worst resort to a bicycle. Vast campuses have a boring melancholy quality; in so much space one feels like a fatigued dwarf. All of Harvard's main buildings, apart from the medical and dental schools, lie within walking distance of one another. Life swarms around the Yard, and around Harvard Square with its news-stand where you may buy the papers and periodicals of half-a-dozen countries. Many of the faculty live close in. They pay dearly for the privilege. Rents are high and quarters sometimes cramped. But the community has held together.

AND YET ONE LEARNS to distrust places that are always talking about themselves as a "community." They are invariably claustrophobic, when *D* knows beyond conjecture whom *E* has invited to dinner and begins to brood over the question of why *D* was not also invited. University communities should not have to live upon their own resources. Their inhabitants should not consider themselves exiles from the great world. In Harvard's case, "Greater Boston" may not be a genuine metropolis but it is good enough. It provides congenial areas to live in—notably Boston's Beacon Hill, where a number of Harvard professors are elegantly situated. It is an attractive enough region for professors to remain in when they retire: contrast the humane yet sad settlement of emeritus homes, nicknamed "the Graveyard," at Princeton. Boston is run-down and laxly governed. But it has museums, libraries, orchestras, galleries, a harbour, publishing houses—a large-scale variety and activity. If it is provincial, as New Yorkers contemptuously believe, Bostonians do not know this. Their city has been in a mess for a much longer time than is generally realised, and they are used to it. Moreover, though Boston is only a few minutes away from Harvard on the subway, it does not smother Harvard as London tends to obliterate the scattered colleges of its university. On the other hand, Harvard people are not the sole guardians of academic culture. Nearness to a metropolis ought to involve, as in the Boston area, a proliferation of other colleges —and so more people to talk to and talk about. With M.I.T., Brandeis, Wellesley, Boston University and others near at hand, Harvard is in no danger of becoming a hermetic congregation. Nor need it strive to turn itself into a universal emporium. For instance, it does not need to create overnight an Institute of African Studies when there is already one in existence a couple of miles away at Boston University.

ALL THE SAME, the university itself must be big in order to be great. There are obvious limits to desirable size. Above five or six thousand, the undergraduate population tends to become faceless to its teachers. But if the number is much smaller the college dwindles into an academy in which some branches of scholarship have only a token existence. And to the undergraduate college should be added graduate schools. For some of these, such as medicine and law, nearness to a large city is almost essential. Given this nearness, and a large and various university, other benefits follow—as they have for Harvard. It lies on one of the main academic trade-routes. Visitors pass

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through in quantity, not in an artificially stimulated trickle ("I know Professor Blank would like to continue this stimulating discussion, but I am afraid I must tear him away so that he can catch his plane back to. . . ."). There is a bigger selection of faces to look at on the street. There are genuine bookshops, not places that peddle greeting-cards and best-sellers. There are, as there should be, more lectures, concerts, plays, and club-meetings than the student can possibly attend. If they are so scanty that he can go to all of them, there is a risk that he will be expected to go to all of them and so be frog-marched into cultivation.

There should be women as well as men students. But colleges should not become matrimonial agencies or country clubs. Radcliffe has been a boon to Harvard, for it too now stands at the head of its league, as the most prestigious of women's colleges. Radcliffe girls are often pretty, and often married by Harvard boys. But they are not "co-eds" despite the fact of co-education. They do not act as cheerleaders for the Harvard football team. The Radcliffe Yard is not subject to the nasty imbecility of "panty raids."

HARVARD is a rich institution, in part through its own tireless fund-raising efforts. Private colleges in America cannot survive without such efforts. It is a question whether all will survive, when state universities can come by funds so much more readily. Here antiquity counts. Prestige begets prestige; money follows money. Rich, loyal alumni (*largiantur donatores* . . .) have long sustained Harvard. Time and money have endowed it with a library of 6½ million volumes, fine art museums and scientific collections. Faculty salaries are among the highest in the country. Because it is big and prosperous already, Harvard can count on liberal slices of money from the Federal government and from foundations.

Attitude and vocabulary coarsen ("slices of money") in discussing this topic. Many American academics deplore the emergence of the "affluent professor" with his research budget and his consultant fees, and the general intensifying of the hunt for money. But historically, wealth and culture have been concomitant. Bad libraries breed bad books, though great libraries will not infallibly breed good books. On the whole scholarships lead to scholarship. Amenities are conducive to amenity. As surely as Oxford or other ancient institutions, Harvard rests upon money. Its capacity to attract money to-day and its good sense in spending it are crucial.

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN to Harvard? Will Berkeley have supplanted it half a century from now? In Berkeley's favour are the westward drift of the Berkeleian prophecy, the California sunshine, the glitter of San Francisco, the resources of a rich state, the almost ferocious energy with which Berkeley applies itself to acquiring the best scholars, the best graduate students. Harvard's advantages are cancelled by some of these. But her lead in prestige means something. So does what has been more solidly accumulated—in business terms, the inventory as well as the good-will. Can even Berkeley match Harvard's library or its scientific collections?

The rivalry is dramatic. But it is not really relevant for Britain. Berkeley is hardly comparable with our Redbricks, or Harvard with Oxbridge. There are many other entrants in the competition and there is no chance that the leaders will outdistance pursuit. For this reason, among others, Harvard's eminence pleased me. It seemed a great university because of a whole sum of virtues. Faculty and students were confident and earnest and quick—though admittedly the bulk of students do not write as engagingly as they talk. The place buzzed. My main complaint is a surly, ungrateful one: that I drank and dined too well too often in a succession of good-looking houses among good-looking and extremely intelligent people, and became insomniac from the combination of physical and mental indulgence.

True, the Harvard faculty has its dull men and its frumpish wives. There were repetitious smugnesses in the conversation and repetitious topics—*Zhivago*, Durrell, C. P. Snow, presidential politics, the satisfaction of being at Harvard. But in the main talk was wide-ranging and excellent.

Brendan Behan once said it was his ambition to be a "rich Red." I liked the rich Crimson tone of Harvard and felt that the blend of prosperous piety and exuberant vitality did not fall hopelessly short, in a world of imperfect universities, of the ideal of a great university. Any day, crossing the Yard, you might encounter along with a score of other exceptional men, Harry Levin, hurrying to lecture on Shakespeare; Van Quine, the philosopher; Werner Jaeger, the classicist; Talcott Parsons, the sociologist; Crane Brinton, the historian; I. A.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richards, stepping as if along a mountain path, with a knapsack on his back; ancient Roscoe Pound, emeritus of the Law School, smiling reminiscently to himself.

I BELIEVE Harvard will continue to be a rare centre, that is good to be in despite the stultifying traffic and the surrounding frowsiness and the unkind climate. I was always happy to return there from visits elsewhere. After the gigantic state universities, after the demureness of the smaller New England colleges, my spirit lifted again to catch the view of the Harvard skyline, to be greeted with snatches of music or the rattle of typewriters from open windows on the Cambridge streets, to hear the applause from lectures I had not attended and to join in the applause at other lectures I *did* attend. Harvard's snobberies seem to me harmless and even essential, its weaknesses minor, its virtues firm and undeniable. If I were an American I would want my son to go there, and I would suspect that only his own ability could get him in.

A Fantasy

I see you from an eye-corner, innocence,
Your brightness compared with my crippled form!
But I have strength in these arms and legs yet;
The thing that makes a warm murmuring in me
Is that you do not know the knife I keep.
Do, yes, throw your head back, sweet-unknowing,
Dearest, soon you shall unburden me.
There is always a kiss hanging about my lips,
With nowhere to go—O how my heart pounds!
There! you are a darker darker darker red!
Do you scream? my legs have magic speed!

Richard Mayes

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Malcolm Muggeridge

The Queen and I

A Memoir and Some Reflections

SOME THREE YEARS ago I wrote an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* on the English Monarchy. It aroused, at the time, a good deal of controversy and abuse, and even now I am occasionally asked whether I think Princess Margaret ought to have married Group-Captain Townsend, or whether the Duke of Edinburgh is a good husband, as though I were some kind of expert on such questions. This is far from being the case. My knowledge of the Royal family is confined to what appears about them in newspapers and magazines. Since I read little of this vast and, to me, nauseous outpouring of printed matter, and am, in any case, sceptical about the authenticity of a great deal of it, I may be said to be more meagrely informed on the subject than are most of my fellow-citizens, who tend to read it all avidly and credulously. Even so, having, by a journalistic chance, been pitch-forked into the subject, with consequences quite unforeseen at the time, I find myself continuing to brood intermittently on it.

The deadly solemnity with which my article was received, and the furious indignation it generated, made me feel that the Monarchy, at any rate as a social phenomenon, deserved to be taken more seriously than I had previously supposed. Nothing is more illustrative of the true nature of society than a brush, such as I perforce had, with its manipulators. One sees then, in terms of a personal experience, how Lenin's famous axiom—*who whom?*—really works. The flywheels and pistons are discerned beneath the machine's quiet, reassuring hum. It is like the difference between being a prison visitor and doing a stretch oneself.

At one point, I went to see an eminent lawyer to consult him as to whether an action for libel lay in the distorted newspaper accounts of what I had actually written about the Monarchy, and in the offensive and professionally damaging comment based thereon. There might well have been libel, he said, pacing up and down his office, but I must never forget that, in view of the circumstances, and the particular matter at issue, I could not count upon a jury or a judge taking an unprejudiced view. It was eerie and a little alarming to have the theory of "People's" justice, as administered in Communist countries, thus expounded by this Dickensian figure—winged collar, dark suit, liability to press his finger-tips together—in the antique quiet and tranquillity of one of London's Inns of Court.

BEFORE I BECAME a delinquent, my natural impulse was to regard the Monarchy as essentially comical. With all the appurtenances of supreme authority, as crown, throne, regal address, the Monarch has come to exercise none. Any rural district counsellor, in practice, has more say in the conduct of public affairs. On those frail shoulders rests the burden of an empire, one of the more ponderous and high-minded commentators like Mr. Richard Dimbleby

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was liable to remark at the time of the present Queen's coronation. One might as well say of Miss Barbara Hutton that on her frail, or not so frail shoulders rests the burden of Woolworths. There is no Empire, but only a holding company—the Commonwealth—set up to dispose of its dwindling residual assets. The suggestion that the nominal head-ship of so flimsy and evanescent a body is arduous would have appealed to a Jonathan Swift or Mark Twain as decidedly humorous. It is a traditional music-hall joke, in which pretension and actuality are grotesquely at variance. A clown solemnly advances upon bulky rubber weights, which, apparently with immense effort, he just manages to lift; then suddenly tosses them in the air, and runs off the stage. In the same sort of way, courtiers back respectfully away from a Royal presence which can neither harm nor, appreciably, benefit them; ladies drop creaking curtsies to an image of authority which history has rendered ineffectual and irrelevant.

EVEN OBSEQUIOUSNESS and sycophancy, to have reality, must be directed towards some end. The captain who officiously helps his brigadier on with his overcoat hopes to become a major. The salaried underling who hurries forward to settle a millionaire into his Rolls Royce hopes to steer some of the other's wealth in his direction. The gigolo who declares passionate love to a wizened heiress hopes to participate in her affluence. If the brigadier disposes of no patronage, the millionaire of no surplus cash, and the heiress cannot be led to the altar, these acts become merely derisory. Nonetheless, it is an indubitable fact that the Monarchy, in its contemporary version, has attracted more adulation, not less, with the extinction of its power and authority. Ostensibly, at any rate, it is most beloved when it is most futile. Kings who claimed to rule by Divine Right were indifferent as to whether or not they were popular with their subjects. Divine approbation sufficed. Henry VIII would have seen no point in consulting Dr. Gallup had that worthy been functioning in Tudor times. Subsequent Hanovarian monarchs were too bestial in their ways, and exorbitant in their financial requirements, to even envisage the possibility of attracting the people's love. It was the people's cash they wanted. Now that the Royal family's sole responsibility is to present an image of domestic felicity, to flap a hand and flash a gleaming smile at the adoring multitude, it has become as sought after, crowded round, gazed upon, and generally adulated as any film star.

IT MIGHT PLAUSIBLY have been supposed that, as the English social structure became more theoretically equalitarian, the status of hereditary authority would decline. This has happened in, for instance, the case of the House of Lords, which, precisely because it has been deprived of all effective legislative power, no longer commands any respect, or even interest. Its proceedings are seldom reported in the popular press, and then only when a peer chances to make some eccentric pronouncement on matters like adultery or sodomy, which are inherently news-worthy. Other hereditary offices, such as Lord-Lieutenancies of Counties, have become almost totally forgotten. Incumbents are appointed to them as they fall vacant, but their names make little impact outside the columns of *The Times*, that Forest Lawn of expiring authority, where defunct offices and officers are interred, to the notes of sonorous background music, and encased in asbestos platitudes to ensure everlasting preservation. All the more curious is it, therefore, that the Monarchy should have undergone a quite contrary development, becoming, as it shed its power, ever more popular, and the subject of an ever more rapacious curiosity.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY, as such, has much to recommend it. The case for one is presented cogently and impressively by Walter Bagehot in his classic Essay on the subject. As he points out, a State requires a Head, who can communicate with, and receive, other Heads of State, and generally provide a focus for the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mystique, as distinct from the exercise, of government. There are decided advantages in making this Head-ship of State hereditary and Royal rather than elective, and so liable to be hitched on to the unedifying gravy-train of universal suffrage politics. The essential feature of a constitutional monarchy, however, is that it should be completely subservient to the legislature. If, as Bagehot graphically puts it, the legislature were to pass a Bill for the Monarch's execution, he or she would be bound to sign it or abdicate. Incidentally, I was imprudent enough to quote from Bagehot in this sense, thereby calling down on my head particularly vehement accusations of being scandalous and seditious. There can be little doubt that, were a popular English newspaper to-day to serialise Bagehot's Essay (which, rightly, continues to be used as a text-book for history students at State schools and universities), it would thereby bring itself into much public odium.

In the light of the undoubted advantages of a constitutional monarchy, its adoption in the United States deserves consideration. President Eisenhower, for instance, would have made an impeccable constitutional monarch. It is interesting, in this connection, that, on first taking office, he publicly stated that he saw the functions of the Presidency in such a light. His lack of interest in government, which laid him open to criticism as a president, would have been a virtue in a constitutional monarch. As for his addiction to golf—when I think of the relaxations of some of our past English sovereigns, this one seems innocuous, if not positively praiseworthy. The chance for an Eisenhower Dynasty would seem to have passed. We shall never now, alas, see on the stage of history King Ike I, or, better, in view of America's greatly increased power and extended responsibilities throughout the world, the Emperor Ike. Perhaps the Kennedy line, richly endowed, as it is, with heirs and successors, may yet find its way into the *Almanach de Gotha* and the Book of Common Prayer. Some of the photographs of the new President's charming little daughter, Caroline, as she gaily waved to admiring citizens and photographers, irresistibly recalled to me, across a span of two-and-a-half-decades, two other little girls, similarly waving, on their way to Sandringham or Balmoral. After all, if Mr. Kennedy serves his statutory two terms as President, he will still only be fifty-one. Having ruled for eight years, there will be many more years left to reign.

THE ABUSIVE LETTERS and telephone calls, and other public and private insults evoked by my, as I fondly supposed, sensible and amiable observations on the Monarchy, reflected a state of mind which I could not but regard as morbid and potentially dangerous. What, I asked myself, was the explanation? How did it come about that English people, who, in the ordinary way, are sane, humorous, and easy-going, should, on so trivial a pretext, behave like a Jew-baiting Nazi mob?* It is, of course, possible, and even probable, that the actual numbers involved were much fewer than might have appeared. The abusive letters, though largely illiterate, suggested, by their notepaper and manner of address, rather genteel than proletarian origins. The voices which screamed insults down my telephone had about them likewise a faint flavour of gentility. An anonymous correspondent who wrote to my wife rejoicing that our youngest child had been killed in a ski-ing accident, was able to type, and even, approximately, to spell. It was in clubs, expensive restaurants, and first-class railway carriages that I was made to feel uncomfortable rather than in omnibuses and pubs.

In these days of mass-communications, it is next to impossible to tell how far what purport to be manifestations of popular emotion are authentic or contrived. The press may be unanimous, but it is controlled, to a great extent, by a handful of not par-

* The comparison is not as far-fetched as might appear. When some patriots daubed my house with offensive slogans, they used the self-same yellow paint favoured by Nazis in similarly daubing Jewish shops and residences. It would seem to be a colour which makes a particular appeal to Yahoos.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticularly edifying individuals. Similarly, radio and television. The so-called Press-Council, which is supposed to uphold high standards of journalism, is a stuffed-shirt affair. Its members come straight out of *Absalom and Achitophel*, recalling Doeg, who "for almonds will cry whore to his own mother." When, from time to time, they administer ponderous and self-righteous rebukes to individual journalists and newspapers, I am always reminded of how Mr. Winkle, having got involved in a fracas along with the rest of the Pickwick Club, was seen to take off his coat and begin belabouring a small boy. It did not surprise me, therefore, that, far from providing any redress when I found myself in the stocks, they joined the caterwaulers.

WE SHALL NEVER be able to differentiate, nor will posterity, between our true hopes and desires, and those implanted in us or attributed to us. My own conclusion, drawn from this experience of momentarily interfering with the propagation of the legend of popular monarchy, is that only a specialised few invest authentic passion in such legends. The rest are swept along on a tidal-wave of subliminal, stereoscopic emotion. Skilled and numerically insignificant cheer-leaders know how to produce and manipulate the Voice of the People, while still righteously insisting that it is the Voice of God. Government by hysteria, unhappily, can easily be identified with government by popular acclaim. In the Country of the Blind he who can see is King, and in the Country of the Dumb, he who can speak.

HOWEVER FEW OR MANY, with conscious purpose, participate in the legend of popular monarchy, there can be no question about the efficiency and efficacy with which it is promoted and sustained. It goes from strength to strength. No fatuity is too oleaginous to serve its purpose. The spotlight which shines upon the Royal family grows ever brighter. Their doings, their comings and goings, are ever more minutely examined and displayed. A legend which can incorporate Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, not to mention his former friends and associates, as this one has with notable success, is strong indeed. It is true that, in the interminable expounding of the legend, there is noticeable, from time to time, a decided under-tow of irritation and malice. The most practised hands, constantly spelling out the same story, filling the same frames with the same pictures for the same strip, grow weary and sullen. Even so, the Monarchy's popularity-rating has never been higher. Gossip-writers cannot have enough of it. Pulp magazines thirst for it as the hart after the water-brook. For photographers it is Midas-treasure. Leader-writers and sonorous B.B.C. voices intone its rubric on all possible occasions. The characters may be few and ordinary, and, in themselves, of limited interest; the script may be repetitive, undergoing only occasional and minor variations; but the show remains triumphantly at the top of the Top Ten.

PART OF THE EXPLANATION of this is to be found in the intensification of snobbishness which has accompanied the transformation of England into a Welfare State. Never have class divisions been so acute and anguished as since they were, theoretically, abolished. The nerves of class-consciousness have been made raw and inflamed by the administration of what purported to be a sedative. Instead of a cure for this collective asthmatic condition being effected, new and virulent allergies have been set up. The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate, were, at one time, according to the well-known hymn, expected to take for granted one another's due estate. This was, admittedly, easier for the former than the latter, but such was the accepted arrangement. Now, death duties and surtax have forced the rich man to turn over his castle to the National Trust. The castle gate is open, on payment of a small fee, to all poor men who care to enter it, as many do, examining with eager curiosity the furnishings, the sanitation, the pictures and the *objets d'art*, if any. Class infiltration has taken place on a vast scale, but has only

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served to exacerbate class-consciousness. As poor Mr. Gaitskell has learnt to his cost, equalitarianism, preached by the Labour Party, and put into effect through legislative and fiscal measures, has produced an unprecedented sense of social inequality. The sheep have leapt out of their pens in search of better pasture, leaving the unhappy shepherds, who first opened these vistas to them, with a dwindling flock, and looking decidedly silly.

Public schools, which once counted those on their waiting-lists in scores, now count them in hundreds. The fees go merrily up, and so do the numbers seeking entry. Peers may be, as legislators, at a heavy discount, but socially they are booming. Their marriages and divorces, their travels and real-estate deals, their feasting and their fasting, are eagerly reported. In the days when Dukes of Bedford appeared in history books, they never had anything like the showing the present Duke gets on television when he opens a nudist camp in his ancestral seat, or joins Mr. Perry Como on a merry-go-round. Everyone wants to speak like a B.B.C. announcer, to dress like the Windsors; to experience, if only through the lush prose of women's magazine fiction, the sense of being socially superior. How ironical, and yet how like life, that this universal yearning should have come to pass, not as a result of insistence on the sanctity of class divisions, but as a result of an alleged passion to abolish them.

THE SOCIAL MOUNTAINEERS, setting forth with their nailed boots and climbing equipment, doggedly essaying now this peak, now that, see in the distant mists an ultimate summit —the Monarchy. This is the pinnacle, not, indeed ever to be climbed by them, majestically unattainable, but endowing their puny endeavours with validity. If there were no Everest, who would bother with Snowdon? Keeping up with the Joneses is glorified because of Armstrong-Jones. I remember, years ago, seeing in some Soviet museum a picture from Tzarist times, showing God in His Heaven beaming down radiance on the Tzar and his family, who in turn beamed down radiance on an ecclesiastical dignitary, who in turn beamed down radiance on a moujik and his family. A contemporary English version would show arc-lamps as the source of the original radiance, with this being passed on from crown to coronet to bowler hat to homburg. The Bolsheviks attacked the Tzarist social mystique from the top downwards. They abolished God, and butchered the Imperial family in a cellar, thereby disposing of the legend of the Little Father for ever. The Labour Party made a feeble and confused assault on our English social mystique from the bottom upwards. It has proved a ludicrous failure, leaving what they sought to destroy to flourish and proliferate as never before.

THE MONARCHY, then, in that Snobocracy into which the Welfare State, contrary to the ostensible wishes and expectations of its founders, has transformed itself, provides a distant and alluring horizon. It has also, at least in some minds, a more practical function. When the social fabric rattles from the deep reverberations of our time, and the winds of change howl and shriek in the outside darkness, it is comforting to feel that in our old English homestead we have one truly stable element, the Throne; one truly beloved figure, the Monarch. In Victorian times industrialists managed to persuade themselves that they were held in high regard by their employees, landowners that they were venerated by their tenants. Such fantasies have long ago been laid aside. Profitable, and possibly socially beneficial speculative enterprises like take-over bids, it is recognised, find little popular favour; landlords, of whatever variety, are not the recipients of affectionate glances and hearty greetings as they look over their building-lots or latest block of flats; a banker or stock-broker or company director may be a prince of good fellows in his club, but well knows that his public appearances are unlikely to be spontaneously applauded.

How reassuring, then, for such persons, that the Throne should be authentically

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

popular! The public esteem and affection in which it is held provide collateral against which they can increase their own already heavy overdrafts on their popularity accounts. Small wonder that the Stock Exchange roof is shaken when the Brokers, stiff as ramrods, sing the National Anthem. Company directors, over their third expense-account brandy, are liable to shed a loyal tear; real-estate, oil, and insurance men drink the loyal toast with full-hearted and full-throated ease; Generals and General Electric, Their Graces, Their Excellencies, Their Worships, Honourable and Right Honourable, Gallant and Learned Friends, all likewise lift up their glasses, and their hearts with them, to the Queen, God bless her. In green rooms and board rooms alike, in episcopal palaces, palace grills and *palais de danses*, wherever two or three are gathered together for whom the Garter, the Thistle, and even the humble O.B.E. are crocks of gold at the rainbow's end, there shall loyalty be found.

In the poker-game of politics the Monarchy is regarded as an ace, to be held in reserve, and only played if there are dangerous depredations on the bank. This doubtless accounts for the esteem in which it has lately come to be held in what Mr. Khrushchev calls "ruling circles" in the United States. There was a time when the Hearst and Luce publications, not to mention the *Chicago Tribune*, were little disposed to venerate the Court of St. James. Now it is very different. The subjects King George III lost crowd eagerly round Queen Elizabeth II. Crawfie goes down as well in Birmingham, Alabama, as in Birmingham, England, and a coronation is as unctuously presented by American television networks as by the B.B.C. itself.

Shortly after the appearance of my article on the Monarchy, Mr. Mike Wallace invited me over to New York to be interviewed by him on the subject. He kindly accommodated me in his house. While we were sitting chatting together, there was a long-distance telephone call from California. As Mr. Wallace found himself, when he picked up the receiver, getting involved in a long and obviously acrimonious conversation, he thoughtfully motioned me to listen in on an available telephone extension, which I cheerfully did. The voice I heard (belonging, as I subsequently learnt, to one of the chief executives of the T.V. network for which Mr. Wallace then worked) was raucous and deeply perturbed as it rebuked Mr. Wallace for interviewing me at all, and appealed to him, if the interview must take place, not to be "soft" with me. "Don't you realise," it said, in a final effort at persuasion, "that this Queen is the only bulwark against Communism?" I should add that Mr. Wallace persisted sturdily with our interview, though, presumably out of deference to the anxieties of his employers, it was not transmitted to Washington, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were then staying. The Founding Fathers of the American Republic would surely have been surprised, and perhaps amused, by the perturbation of Mr. Wallace's caller from California. They would scarcely have expected one of their Republic's more substantial citizens to regard an English sovereign as the mainstay of freedom and the American way of life. In the Kremlin, too, I can imagine an hilarious reaction. Among Mr. Khrushchev's preoccupations, as he labours to make the world safe for Communism, it is difficult to believe that the English Monarchy looms very large. If this ace were ever to be played, he may legitimately calculate, it will assuredly turn out to be a two of clubs.

Such considerations, however, are far from the minds of the crowds who throng the streets when a Royal car is going by, of the reader of *Women's Own* or *Woman's Realm* avid for details of Princess Margaret's home life or of the Duke of Edinburgh's latest quips; of the loiterers outside Buckingham Palace staring through the railings, irrespective of whether or not the Queen is in residence, in the vague expectation that something will happen, someone will appear. What impels them? What are they after? To

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see a vision of themselves transfigured. To commune with majesty in their own lineaments. To participate, however remotely, in the glitter of a palace and the splendour of a throne. Their faces wear the anonymous rapture of tele-viewers. Like a strip-tease audience, their ecstasy lies in the passing illusion of personally participating in a spectacle inexorably beyond their reach. They see through a glass coach darkly. They are kings and queens, not even for a day; just for a passing moment.

Monarchy, for them, is part of the mystique of our time, which is itself a kind of Caliban's dream, full of sounds and sweet airs, so that, like this strangest and last of Shakespeare's creations, when we wake we cry to sleep again. The dream passes across television screens, is recounted in print and spoken through microphones and written in neon lights, shines forth in chromium fittings, speeds along majestic highways, climbs into the sky in tall, gleaming buildings, is jet-propelled through space and rocketed into the very stratosphere, where it twinkles and orbits among the stars.

WHAT A DREAM it is! And yet, how perilous! Dreams which are earthly, or even stratospheric, so easily turn into nightmares. This one exudes its own inward, invisible nightmarish possibilities in outward and visible mushroom clouds. Though we cry to sleep again, we have at last to awaken. And then?—then we are confronted, as the first man was, and the last will be, with a seemingly illimitable universe, in which we briefly sojourn, not knowing why, or whence we come, or whither, if anywhere, we are going. Then the mystery of things once more enfolds us, and the shadows, out of which our dream was shaped, disperse, as night does when dawn breaks.

Dreams delude, and at last destroy, unless they are of heaven. Knees should never be bowed save before God. Worship and adulation which are directed towards mortality inevitably share the fate of all things mortal; soon give off a stench of decay, and cry out for burial. Suetonius describes how, as the earthly pretensions of Roman Emperors became more unconvincing, they were the more insistent on their divine ones. Their kingdom was shrinking to almost nothing, the barbarians were closing in, but a debauched and sycophantic Roman population was still induced, and required, to accord them divine honours, and mouth empty praises of their virtue and valour. Let us beware that a like fate does not overwhelm us. We, too, are well-endowed with bread, along with much other affluence. We, too, have circuses, piped into our homes, astutely and persistently whispered into our ears to reach the deepest recesses of our unconscious minds. We even have a Britannic Majesty, presiding over a non-existent Empire, and so ingeniously spot-lighted and produced as to reduce the wide world's dangerous and thronging stage to this small dimension.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary McCarthy

Americans, Realists, Playwrights

As soon as this title is announced for a lecture or an article, a question pops up: Who are they? Is there, as is assumed abroad, a school of realists in the American theatre or is this notion a critical figment? The question is legitimate and will remain, I hope, in the air long after I have finished. Nevertheless, for purposes of discussion, I am going to take for granted that there is such a group, if not a school, and name its members: Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Paddy Chayevsky, the Elmer Rice of *Street Scene*.

Behind them, casting them in the shadow, stands the great figure of O'Neill, and opposite them, making them seem more homogeneous, are writers like George Kelly, Wilder, Odets, Saroyan. Their counterparts in the novel are Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James T. Farrell, the early Thomas Wolfe—which illustrates, by the way, the backwardness of the theatre in comparison with the novel. The theatre seems to be chronically twenty years behind, regardless of realism, as the relation of Beckett to Joyce, for example, shows. The theatre feeds on the novel; never *vice versa*: think of the hundreds of dramatisations of novels, and then try to think of a book that was "novelised" from a play. There is not even a word for it. The only actual case I can call to mind is *The Other House* by Henry James—a minor novel he salvaged from a play of his own that failed. To return, one characteristic of American realism in the theatre is that none of its practitioners currently—except Chayevsky—wants to call himself a realist. Tennessee Williams is known to his admirers as a "poetic realist," while Arthur Miller declares that he is an exponent of the "social play" and identifies himself with the Greek playwrights, whom he describes as social playwrights also. This delusion was dramatised, if that is the word, in *A View from the Bridge*.

The fact that hardly a one of these playwrights cares to be regarded as a realist without some qualifying or mitigating adjective being attached to the term invites a definition of realism. What does it mean in common parlance? I have looked the word *realist* up in the Oxford English Dictionary.

> *. . . In reference to art and literature, sometimes used as a term of commendation, when precision and vividness of detail are regarded as a merit, and sometimes unfavourably contrasted with idealised description or representation. In recent use it has often been used with the implication that the details are of an unpleasant or sordid character.*

This strikes me as a very fair account of the historical fate of the notion of realism, but I shall try to particularise a little, in the hope of finding out why and how this happened. And I shall not be condemning realism but only noting what people seem to think of it.

When we say that a novel or a play is realistic, we mean, certainly, that it gives a picture of ordinary life. Its characters will be drawn from the middle class, the lower middle class, occasionally the working class. You cannot write realistic drama about upper-class life; at least, no one ever has. Aristocracy does not lend itself to realistic treatment, but to one or another kind of stylisation: romantic drama, romantic comedy, comedy of manners, satire, tragedy. This fact in itself is a realistic criticism of the aristocratic idea, which cannot afford, apparently, to live in the glass house of the realistic stage. Kings and noble men, said Aristotle, are the protagonists of tragedy—not women or slaves. The same is true of nobility of character or intellect. The exceptional man, whether he be Oedipus or King Lear or one of the romantic revolutionary heroes of Hugo or Musset, is fitted to be the protagonist of a tragedy, but just this tragic fitness disqualifies him from taking a leading role in a realist drama. Such figures as Othello or Hernani can never be the subject of realistic

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treatment, unless it is with the object of deflating them, showing how *ordinary*—petty or squalid—they are. But then the hero is no longer Othello but an impostor posing as Othello. Cut down to size, he is just like everybody else but worse, because he is a fraud into the bargain.

This abrupt foreshortening is why realistic treatment of upper-class life always takes the harsh plunge into satire. No man is a hero to his valet, and Beaumarchais' Figaro is the spokesman of social satire—not of realism; his personal and private realism turns his master into a clown. Realism deals with ordinary men and women or, in extreme forms, with sub-ordinary men, men on the level of beasts or of blind conditioned reflexes (*La Bête Humaine, The Hairy Ape*). This tendency is usually identified with naturalism, but I am regarding naturalism as simply a variety of realism.

Realism, historically, is associated with two relatively modern inventions, *i.e.*, with journalism and with photography. "Photographic realism" is a pejorative term, and enemies of realistic literature often dismissed it as "no more than journalism," implying that journalism was a sordid, seamy affair—a daily photographic close-up, as it were, of the clogged pores of society. The author as sheer observer likened himself to a camera (Dos Passos, Christopher Isherwood, Wright Morris), and in so far as the realistic novel was vowed to be a reflector of ordinary life, the newspapers inevitably became a prime source of material. Newspaper accounts impressed the 19th century with their quality of "stark objectivity," and newspapers, which appeared every day, seemed to be the repositories of everydayness and to give a multiple image of the little tragedies and vicissitudes of daily life. In America, in the early part of this century, the realistic novel was a partner of what was called "muck-raking" journalism, and both were linked with populism and crusades for political reform.

Hence, perhaps, in part, the unsavoury associations in common speech of the word *realistic*, even when applied in non-literary contexts. Take the phrase "a realistic decision." If someone tells you he is going to make "a realistic decision," you immediately understand that he has resolved to do something bad. The same with *Realpolitik*. A "realistic politics" is a euphemism for a politics of harsh opportunism; if you hear someone say that it is time for a government to follow a realistic line, you can interpret this as meaning that it is time for principles to be abandoned. A politician or a political thinker who calls himself a realist is usually boasting that he sees politics, so to speak, in the raw; he is generally a proclaimed cynic and pessimist who makes it his business to look behind words and fine speeches for the motive. This motive is always low.

WHATEVER THE FIELD, whenever you hear that a subject is to be treated "realistically," you expect that its unpleasant aspects are to be brought forward. So it is with the play and the novel. A delicate play like Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, though perfectly truthful to life, seems deficient in realism in comparison with the stronger medicine of Gorki's *The Lower Depths*. This is true of Turgenev's novels as well and of such English writers as Mrs. Gaskell. And of the peaceful parts of *War and Peace*. Ordinary life treated in its uneventful aspects tends to turn into an idyll. We think of Turgenev and Mrs. Gaskell almost as pastoral writers, despite the fact that their faithful sketches have nothing in common with the artificial convention of the true pastoral. We suspect that there is something arcadian here—something "unrealistic."

If realism deals with the ordinary man embedded in ordinary life, which for the most part is uneventful, what then is the criterion that makes us forget Turgenev or Mrs. Gaskell when we name off the realists? I think it is this: what we call realism, and particularly dramatic realism, tends to single out the ordinary man at the moment he might get into the newspaper. The criterion, in other words, is drawn from journalism. The ordinary man must become "news" before he qualifies to be the protagonist of a realistic play or novel. The exceptional man is news at all times, but how can the ordinary man get into the paper? By committing a crime. Or, more rarely, by getting involved in a spectacular accident. Since accidents, in general, are barred from the drama, this leaves crime—murder or suicide or embezzlement. And we find that the protagonists of realistic drama, by and large, are the protagonists of newspaper stories—"little men" who have shot their wives or killed themselves in the garage or gone to jail for fraud or embezzlement.

Now drama has always had an affinity for crime; long before realism was known, Oedipus and Clytemnestra and Macbeth and Othello were famous for their deeds of blood. But the crimes of tragedy are the crimes of heroes, while

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the crimes of realistic drama are the crimes of the nondescript person, the crimes that are, in a sense, all alike. The individual in the realistic drama is regarded as a cog or a statistic; he commits the uniform crime that sociologically he might be expected to commit. That is, supposing that 1,031 bookkeepers in the State of New York are destined to tamper with the accounts, and 304 policemen are destined to shoot their wives, and 1,115 householders to do away with themselves in the garage, each individual bookkeeper, cop, and householder has been holding a ticket in this statistical lottery, like the fourteen Athenian youths and maidens sent off yearly to the Minotaur's labyrinth, and he acquires interest for the realist theatre only when his "number" comes up. To put it as simply as possible, the cop in *Street Scene* commits his crime—wife-murder—without having the moral freedom to choose to commit it, just as Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman* commits suicide—under sociological pressure.

THE HERO OF TRAGEDY, on the contrary, is a morally free being who identifies himself with his crime (*i.e.*, elects it), and this is true even where he is fated, like Oedipus, to commit it and can be said to have no personal choice in the matter. Oedipus both rejects and accepts his deeds, embraces them in free will at last as *his*. It is the same with Othello or Hamlet. The distinction will be clear if you ask yourself what tragedy of Shakespeare is closest to the realistic theatre. The answer, surely, is *Macbeth*. And why? Because of Lady Macbeth. Macbeth really doesn't choose to murder the sleeping Duncan; Lady Macbeth chooses for him; he is like a middle-aged husband, nagged on by his ambitious wife, the way the second vice-president of a bank is nagged on by his Mrs. Macbeth, who wants him to become first vice-president. The end of the tragedy, however, reverses all this; Macbeth becomes a hero only late in the drama, when he pushes Lady Macbeth aside and takes all his deeds on himself. Paradoxically, the conspicuous tragic hero is never free *not* to do his deed; he cannot escape it, as Hamlet found. But the mute hero or protagonist of a realistic play is always free, at least seemingly, not to emerge from obscurity and get his picture in the paper. There is always the chance that not he but some other nondescript bookkeeper or policeman will answer the statistical call.

THE HEROES of realistic plays are clerks, bookkeepers, policemen, housewives, salesmen, schoolteachers, small and middling business men. They commit crimes but they cannot be professional criminals (unlike the heroes of Genêt or the characters in *The Beggars' Opera*), for professional criminals, like kings and noblemen, are a race apart. The settings of realistic plays are offices, drab dining-rooms or living-rooms, or the backyard, which might be defined as a place where some grass has once been planted and failed to grow.

The backyard is a favourite locus for American realist plays, but no realist play takes place in a garden. Nature is excluded from the realist play, as it has been from the realistic novel. The presence of Nature in Turgenev (and in Chekhov) denotes, as I have suggested, a pastoral intrusion. If a realist play does not take place in the backyard, where Nature has been eroded by clothes-poles, garbage cans, bottled-gas tanks, and so on, it takes place indoors, where the only plant, generally, is a rubber-plant. Even with Ibsen, the action is confined to a room or pair of rooms until the late plays like *A Lady from the Sea*, *The Master Builder*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, when the realistic style has been abandoned for symbolism and the doors are swung open to the garden, mountains, the sea. Ibsen, however, is an exception to the general rule that the indoor scene must be unattractive: his middle-class Scandinavians own some handsome furniture; Nora's house, like any doll's house, must have been charmingly appointed. But Ibsen is an exception to another rule that seems to govern realistic drama (and the novel too, for that matter)—the rule that it must not be well written. (Thanks to William Archer's wooden translations, his work now falls into line in English.) This rule in America has the force, almost, of a law, one of those iron laws that work from within necessity itself, apparently, and without conscious human aid. Our American realists do not *try* to write badly. Many, like Arthur Miller, strive to write "well," *i.e.*, pretentiously, but like Dreiser in the novel they are cursed with inarticulateness. They "grope." They are, as O'Neill said of himself, "fogbound."

The heroes are petty or colourless; the settings are drab; the language is lame. Thus the ugliness of the form is complete. I am not saying this as a criticism, only observing that when a play or a novel fails to meet these norms, we cease to think of it as realistic. Flaubert, known

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be a "stylist," ceases to count for us as a realist, and even in the last century, Matthew Arnold, hailing Tolstoy as a realist, was blinded by categorical thinking—with perhaps a little help from the translations—into calling his novels raw "slices of life," sprawling, formless, and so on. But it is these clichés, in the long run, that have won out. The realistic novel to-day is more like what Arnold thought Tolstoy was than it is like Tolstoy or any of the early realists.

This question of the beauty of form also touches the actor. An actor formerly was supposed to be a good-looking man, with a handsome figure, beautiful movements, and a noble diction. These attributes are no longer necessary for a stage career; indeed, in America they are a positive handicap. A good-looking young man who moves well and speaks well is becoming almost unemployable in American "legit" theatre; his best hope to-day is to look for work in musical comedy. Or posing for advertisements. On the English stage, where realism until recently never got a foothold, the good-looking actor still rules the roost, but the English actor cannot play American realist parts, while the American actor cannot play Shakespeare or Shaw. A pretty girl in America may still hope to be an actress, though even here there are signs of a change: the heroine of O'Neill's late play, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, was a freckled giantess five feet eleven inches tall and weighing 180 pounds.

EISENSTEIN and the Italian neo-realists used people off the street for actors—a logical inference from premises which, being egalitarian and documentary, are essentially hostile to professional élites, including Cossacks, Swiss Guards, and actors. The professional actor in his greasepaint is the antithesis of the pallid man on the street. But film and stage realism are not so democratic in their principles as may first appear.

To begin with, the director and a small corps of professionals—electricians and camera men—assume absolute power over the masses, *i.e.*, over the untrained actors picked from the crowd; no resistance is encountered, as it would be with professional actors, in moulding the human material to the director-dictator's will. And even with stars and all-professional casts, the same tendency is found in the modern realist or neo-realist director. Hence the whispered stories of film stars deliberately broken by a director: James Dean and Brigitte Bardot. Similar stories of brain-washing are heard back-stage. This is not surprising if realism, as we now know it, rejects as non-average whatever is noble, beautiful, or seemly, whatever is capable of "gesture," whatever, in fact, is free.

EVERYTHING I HAVE BEEN SAYING up till now can be summed up in a sentence. Realism is a depreciation of the real. It is a gloomy puritan doctrine that has flourished chiefly in puritan countries—America, Ireland, Scandinavia, northern France, non-conformist England—chilly, chilblained countries, where the daily world is ugly and everything is done to keep it so, as if a punishment for sin. The doctrine is spreading with industrialisation, the growth of ugly cities, and the erosion of Nature. It came late to the English stage, long after it had appeared in the novel, because those puritan elements with which it naturally allied have, up until now, considered the theatre to be wicked.

At the same time, in defence of realism, it must be said that its great enemy has been just that puritan life whose colour it has taken. The original realists—Ibsen in the theatre, Flaubert in the novel—regarded themselves as "pagans," in opposition to their puritan contemporaries, and adhered to a religion of Beauty or Nature; they dreamed of freedom and hedonistic licence (Flaubert) and exalted (Ibsen) the autonomy of the individual will. Much of this "paganism" is still found in O'Casey and in the early O'Neill, a curdled puritan of Irish-American stock. The original realists were half-Dionysian aesthetes ("The vine-leaves in his hair") and their heroes and heroines were usually rebels, protesting the drabness and meanness of the common life. Ibsen's characters complain that they are "stifling;" in the airless hypocrisy of the puritan middle-class parlour, people were being poisoned by the dead gas of lies. Hypocrisy is the cardinal sin of the middle class, and the exposure of a lie is at the centre of all Ibsen's plots.

The strength and passion of realism is its resolve to tell the whole truth; this explains why the realist in his indictment of society avoids the old method of satire with its delighted exaggeration. The realist drama at its highest is an implacable exposé. Ibsen rips off the curtain and shows his audiences to themselves, and there is something inescapable in the manner of the confrontation, like a case slowly being built. The pillars of society who sit in the best seats are, bit by bit, informed that they are rotten and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the commerce they live on is a commerce of "coffin ships." The action on the Ibsen stage is too close for comfort to the lives of the audience; only the invisible "fourth wall" divides them. "This is the way we live now!"—moral examination, self-extermination, are practised as a duty, a protestant stocktaking in the realist mission hall.

For this, it is essential that the audience accept the picture as true; it cannot be permitted to feel that it is watching something "made up" or embellished. Hence the stripping down of the form and the elimination of effects that might be recognised as literary. For the first time too, in the realist drama, the accessories of the action are described at length by the playwright. The details must strike home and convince. The audience must be able to place the furniture, the carpets, the ornaments, the napery and glassware as "just what these people would have." This accounts for the importance of the stage set. Many critics who scornfully dismiss the "boxlike set" of the realistic drama, with its careful disposition of furniture, do not understand its function. This box is the box or "coffin" of average middle-class life opened at one end to reveal the corpse within, looking, as all embalmed corpses are said to do, "just as if it were alive." Inside the realist drama, whenever it is genuine and serious, there is a kind of double illusion, a false bottom: everything appears to be lifelike but this appearance of life is death. The stage set remains a central element in all true realism; it cannot be replaced by scrim or platforms.

In *Long Day's Journey into Night*, surely the greatest realist drama since Ibsen, the family living-room, with its central overhead lighting-fixture is as solid and eternal as oak and as sad as wicker, and O'Neill in the text tells the stage-designer what books must be in the glassed-in bookcase on the left and what books in the other by the entrance. The tenement of Elmer Rice's *Street Scene* (in the opera version) was a magnificent piece of characterisation; so was the Bronx living-room of Odets' *Awake and Sing*—his sole (and successful) experiment with realism. I can still see the bowl of fruit on the table, slightly to the left of stage centre, and hear the Jewish mother interrupting whoever happened to be talking, to say, "Have a piece of fruit." That bowl of fruit, which *was* the Jewish Bronx, remains more memorable as a character than many of the people in the drama. This gift of characterisation through props and stage set is shared by Paddy Chayevsky in *In the Middle of the Night* and by William Inge in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, where an unseen prop or accessory, the housewife's terrible frowsty little dog, is a master-stroke of realist illusion and, more than that, a kind of ghostly totem. All these plays, incidentally, are stories of death-in-life.

THIS URGENT CORRESPONDENCE with a familiar reality, down to the last circumstantial detail, is what makes realism so gripping, like a trial in court. The dramatist is witnessing or testifying, on an oath never sworn before in a work of art, not to leave out anything and to tell the truth to the best of his ability. And yet the realistic dramatist, beginning with Ibsen, is aware of a missing element. The realist mode seems to generate a dissatisfaction with itself, even in the greatest masters: Tolstoy, for example, came to feel that his novels, up to *Resurrection*, were inconsequential trifling; the vital truth had been left out. In short, as a novelist, he began to feel like a hypocrite. This dissatisfaction with realism was evidently suffered also by Ibsen; half-way through his realist period, you see him start to look for another dimension. Hardly had he discovered or invented the new dramatic mode than he showed signs of being cramped by it; he experienced, if his plays are an index, that same sense of confinement, of being stifled, within the walls of realism that his characters experience within the walls of middle-class life. Something was missing: air.

This is already plain in *The Wild Duck*, a strange piece of auto-criticism and probably his finest play; chafing, restless, mordant, he is searching for something else, for a poetic element, which he represents, finally, in the wild duck itself, a dramatic symbol for that cherished wild freedom that neither Ibsen nor his characters can maintain, without harming it, in a shut-in space. But to resort to symbols to make good the missing element becomes a kind of forcing, like trying to raise a wild bird in an attic, and the strain of this is felt in *Rosmersholm*, where symbols play a larger part and are charged with a more oppressive weight of meaning. In *The Lady from the Sea*, *The Master Builder*, and other late plays, the symbols have broken through the thin fence or framework of realism; poetry has spread its crippled wings, but the price has been heavy.

THE WHOLE HISTORY of dramatic realism is encapsulated in Ibsen. First, the renunciation of verse and of historical and philosophical subjects in the interests of prose and the present

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time; then the dissatisfaction and the attempt to restore the lost element through a recourse to symbols; then, or at the same time, a forcing of the action of the climaxes to heighten the drama; finally, the renunciation of realism in favour of a mixed mode or hodge-podge.

The reaching for tragedy at the climaxes is evident in *Hedda Gabler* and still more so in *Rosmersholm*, where, to me at any rate, that climactic shriek "To the mill race!" is absurdly like a bad film. Many of Ibsen's big moments, even as early as *The Doll's House*, strike me as false and grandiose, that is, precisely, as stagey. Nor is it only in the context of realism that they appear so. It is not just that one objects that people do not act or talk like that—Tolstoy's criticism of King Lear on the heath. If you compare the mill-race scene in *Rosmersholm* with the climax of a Shakespearean tragedy, you will see that the Shakespearean heroes are far less histrionic, more natural and *ordinary*; there is always a stillness at the centre of the Shakespearean storm. It is as if the realist, in reaching for tragedy, were punished for his *hubris* by a ludicrous fall into bathos. Tragedy is impossible by definition in the quotidian realist mode, since (quite aside from the question of the hero) tragedy is the exceptional action, one of whose signs is beauty.

In America the desire to supply the missing element (usually identified as poetry or "beauty") seems to grow stronger and stronger exactly in proportion to the author's awkwardness with language. The less a playwright can write prose, the more he wishes to write poetry and to raise his plays by their bootstraps to a higher realm.

You find these applications of "beauty" in Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams; they stand out like rouge on a pitted complexion; it is as though the author first wrote the play naturalistically and then gave it a beauty-treatment or face-lift. Before them, O'Neill, who was too honest and too philosophically inclined to be satisfied by a surface solution, kept looking methodically for a way of representing the missing element in dramas that would still be realistic at the core. He experimented with masks (*The Great God Brown*), with the aside and the soliloquy (*Strange Interlude*), with a story and pattern borrowed from Greek classic drama (*Mourning Becomes Electra*). In other words, he imported into the American home or farm the machinery of tragedy. But his purpose was always a greater realism. His use of the aside, for example, was very different from the traditional use of the aside (a kind of nudge to the audience, usually on the part of the villain, to let them in on his true intent or motive); in *Strange Interlude* O'Neill was trying, through the aside, to make available to the realistic drama the discoveries of modern psychology, to represent on the stage the unconscious selves of his characters, at cross-purposes with their conscious selves but just as real if not realer, at least according to the psycho-analysts. He was trying, in short, to give a more complete picture of ordinary people in their daily lives.

It was the same with his use of masks in *The Great God Brown*; he was appropriating the mask of Athenian drama, a ritual means of putting a distance between the human actor and the audience, to bring his own audience closer to the inner humanity of his character—the man behind the mask of conformity. The fact that these devices were clumsy is beside the point. O'Neill's sincerity usually involved him in clumsiness. In the end, he came back to the straight realism of his beginnings: *The Long Voyage Home*, the title of his young Caribbean series, could also be the title of the great play of his old age: *Long Day's Journey into Night*. He has sailed beyond the horizon and back into port; the circle is complete. In this late play, the quest for the missing element, as such, is renounced; poetry is held to be finally unattainable by the author.

"I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now," says the character who is supposed to be the young O'Neill. "I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. I mean, if I live. Well, it will be faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people."

In this brave acknowledgment or advance acceptance of failure, there is something very moving. Moreover, the acceptance of defeat was in fact the signal of a victory. *Long Day's Journey into Night*, sheer dogged prose from beginning to end, achieves in fact a peculiar poetry, and the relentless amassing of particulars takes on, eventually, some of the crushing force of inexorable logic that we find in Racine or in a Greek play. The weight of circumstances itself becomes a fate or nemesis. This is the closest, probably, that realism can get to tragedy.

The "stammering" of O'Neill was what made his later plays so long, and the stammering, which irritated some audiences, impatient for

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the next syllable to fall, was a sign of the author's agonised determination to be truthful. If O'Neill succeeded, at last, in deepening the character of his realism, it was because the missing element he strove to represent was not, in the end, "poetry" or "beauty" or "philosophy" (though he sometimes seems to have felt that it was) but simply meaning—the total significance of an action. What he came to conclude, rather wearily, in his last plays was that the total significance of an action lay in the accumulated minutiæ of that action and could not be abstracted from it, at least not by him. There was no truth or meaning beyond the event itself; anything more (or less) would be a lie. This pun or tautology, this conundrum, committed him to a cycle of repetition, and memory, the mother of the Muses, became his only muse.

The younger American playwrights—Miller, Williams, Inge, Chayevsky—now all middle-aged, are pledged, like O'Neill, to verisimilitude. They purport to offer a "slice of life," in Tennessee Williams' case a rich, spicy slab of Southern fruit cake, but still a slice of life. The locus of their plays is the American porch or backyard or living-room or parlour or bus station, presented as typical, authentic as home-fried potatoes or "real Vermont maple syrup." This authenticity may be regional, as with Williams and Paddy Chayevsky (the Jewish upper West side; a Brooklyn synagogue) or it may claim to be as broad as the nation, as with Arthur Miller, or somewhere rather central, in between the two, as with William Inge. But in any case, the promise of these playwrights is to show an ordinary home, an ordinary group of bus passengers, a typical manufacturer, and so on, and the *dramatis personæ* tend to resemble a small-town, non-blue-ribbon jury: housewife, lawyer, salesman, chiropractor, working-man, schoolteacher....

Though Tennessee Williams' characters are more exotic, they too are offered as samples to the audience's somewhat voyeuristic eye; when Williams' film, *Baby Doll*, was attacked by Cardinal Spellman, the director (Elia Kazan) defended it on the grounds that it was true to the life that he and Williams had observed, on location, in Mississippi. If the people in Tennessee Williams were regarded as products of the author's imagination, his plays would lose all their interest. There is always a point in any one of Williams' dramas where recognition gives way to a feeling of shocked incredulity; this shock technique is the source of his sensational popularity. But the audience would not be electrified if it had not been persuaded earlier that it was witnessing something the author vouched for as a common, ordinary occurrence in the Deep South.

UNLIKE THE OTHER playwrights, who make a journalistic claim to neutral recording, Arthur Miller admittedly has a message. His first-produced play, *All My Sons*, was a social indictment taken, almost directly, from Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*. The coffin ships, rotten, unseaworthy vessels caulked over to give an appearance of soundness, become defective airplanes sold to the government by a corner-cutting manufacturer during the Second World War; like the coffin ships, the airplanes are a symbol of the inner rottenness of bourgeois society, and the sins of the father, as *almost* in Ibsen, are visited on the son, a pilot who cracks up in the Pacific theatre (in Ibsen, the ship-owner's boy is saved at the last minute from sailing on *The Indian Girl*). The insistence of this symbol and the vagueness or absence of concrete detail express Miller's impatience with the particular and his feeling that his play ought to say "more" than it appears to be saying. Ibsen, even in his later, symbolic works, was always specific about the where, when, and how of his histories (the biographies of his central characters are related with almost too much circumstantiality), but Miller has always regarded the specific as trivial and has sought, from the very outset, a hollow, reverberant universality.

The reluctance to awaken a specific recognition, for fear that a larger meaning might go unrecognised by the public, grew on Miller with *Death of a Salesman*—a strong and original conception that was enfeebled by its creator's insistence on universality and by a too-hortatory excitement, *i.e.*, an eagerness to preach, which is really another form of the same thing. Miller was bent on making his Salesman (as he calls him) a parable of Everyman, exactly as in a clergyman's sermon, so that the drama has only the quality—and something of the canting tone—of an illustrative moral example.

The thirst for universality becomes even more imperious in *A View from the Bridge*, where the account of a waterfront killing that Miller read in a newspaper is accessorised with Greek architecture, "archetypes," and, from time to time, intoned passages of verse; and Miller announces in a preface that he is not interested in his hero's "psychology." Miller does not

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand that you cannot turn a newspaper item about Italian longshoremen and illegal immigration into a Greek play by adding a chorus and the pediment of a temple. Throughout Miller's long practice as a realist, there is not only a naïve searching for another dimension but an evident hatred of and contempt for reality—as not good enough to make plays out of.

It is natural, therefore, that he should never have had any interest in how people talk; his characters all talk the same way—somewhat funereally, through their noses. A live sense of speech differences (think of Shaw's *Pygmalion*) is rare in American playwrights; O'Neill tried to cultivate it ("dat ol davil sea"), but he could never do more than write perfunctory dialect, rather like somebody telling a Pat and Mike story or a mountaineer joke.

The only American realist with an ear for speech, aside from Chayevsky, whose range is narrow, is Tennessee Williams. He does really hear his characters, especially his female characters; he has studied their speech patterns and, like Professor Higgins, he can tell where they come from; Williams too is the only current realist who places his characters in social history. Of all the realists, after O'Neill, he has probably the greatest native gift for the theatre; he is a natural performer and comedian, and it is too bad that he suffers from the inferiority complex that is the curse of the recent American realists —the sense that a play must be bigger than its characters. This is really a social disease—a fear of being under-rated—rather than the claustrophobia of the medium itself, which tormented Ibsen and O'Neill.

But it goes back to the same source: the depreciation of the real. Real speech, for example, is not good enough for Williams and from time to time he silences his characters to put on a phonograph record of his special poetic longplay prose.

ALL DRAMATIC realism is somewhat sadistic; an audience is persuaded to watch something that makes it uncomfortable and from which no relief is offered—no laughter, no tears, no purgation. This sadism had a moral justification, so long as there was the question of the exposure of a lie. But Williams is fascinated by the refinements of cruelty, which with him becomes a form of æstheticism, and his plays, far from baring a lie that society is trying to cover up, titillate society like a peepshow. The curtain is ripped off, to disclose, not a drab scene of ordinary life, but a sadistic exhibition of the kind certain rather specialised tourists pay to see in big cities like New Orleans. With Williams, it is always a case of watching some mangy cat on a hot tin roof. The ungratified sexual organ of an old maid, a young wife married to a homosexual, a sub-normal poor white farmer is proffered to the audience as a curiosity. The withholding of sexual gratification from a creature or "critter" in heat for three long acts is Williams' central device; other forms of torture to which these poor critters are subjected are hysterectomy and castration. Nobody, not even the S.P.C.A., would argue that it was a good thing to show the prolonged torture of a dumb animal on the stage, even though the torture were only simulated and animals, in the end, would profit from such cases being brought to light. Yet this, on a human level, is Tennessee Williams' realism—a cat, to repeat, on a hot tin roof.

And, in a milder version, it is found again in William Inge's *Picnic*. No one could have prophesied, a hundred years ago, that the moral doctrine of realism would narrow to the point of becoming pornography, yet something like that seems to be happening with such realistic novels as *Peyton Place* and the later John O'Hara and with one branch of the realist theatre.

Realism seems to be a highly unstable mode, attracted on the one hand to the higher, on the other to the lower elements in the human scale, tending always to proceed towards its opposite, that is, to irreality, tracing a vicious circle from which it can escape only by repudiat- the question—the question of reality.

To find the ideal realist, you would first have to find reality. And if no dramatist to-day, except O'Neill, can accept being a realist in its full implications, this is perhaps because of lack of courage. Ibsen and O'Neill, with all their dissatisfaction, produced major works in the full realist vein; the recent realists get discouraged after a single effort. *Street Scene*, *All My Sons*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Come Back*, *Little Sheba*, *In the Middle of the Night*, perhaps *Awake and Sing* are the only convincing evidence that exists of an American realist school—not counting O'Neill. If I add *Death of a Salesman* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, it is only because I do not know where else to put them.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Melvin J. Lasky

Africa for Beginners

A Traveller's Notebook (I)

"A traveller who has lost his way should not ask, 'Where am I?' What he really wants to know is, Where are the other places? He has got his own body, but he has lost them...."

WHITEHEAD: PROCESS & REALITY

IT ALL BEGAN very inauspiciously, and if I knew then what I know now about augurs and divination I would have been properly forewarned. The first sign was the taxi which made no progress in the mid-town traffic and only when I emerged to walk was there a burst of speed and it took away my meticulous little list of readers, writers, and revolutionaries whom I was to see; the second was the lift at home which paused darkly between floors and kept me incarcerated for an hour. Then, at the airport, there was the final ordeal of departure. All the others were through, all the baggage was cleared, but the concertina folds in my passport were still being inspected like the fragments of an antique scroll.

"Papers not quite in order," was air-line officialdom's dry, curt conclusion, coupled with the absurd recommendation that I try flying off again in five days in which time all the necessary clearances and visas could be gathered.

Ridiculous! I shouted. They were adamant. Wildly I implored, and they were unmoved. I simply had to be on that plane! They thought it unlikely. I was being met by a whole clan of tribesmen who were coming down on their camels all the way from Kano! They were quite cool to both the diplomatic and anthropological implications of the crisis.

Was it conceivable that everybody else's papers were faultlessly in order, that I alone was without a visa? For a fleeting moment I was deeply troubled: panged by conscience, upset by my mindless irresponsibility, haunted by the grotesque amnesia which set me out on a journey to Africa armed only with pen, pencil, and paludrin.

"The others? All the others have their proper visas, or they are merely in transit."

"Transit?" I cried. "That's it. That's what I am—*in transit!*"

But where *to*? I had *no* proper visa for arrival in Accra, or in Khartoum, or in Addis Ababa, or in Nairobi, or in Zanzibar, or anywhere else between Nile and Niger. Was there any forsaken spot in all of Africa where I could simply land—Chad? Gabon? Togo? Upper Volta? All had already registered the proper demands commensurate with the official dignity of new nations. Modern travel has its perils, which Burton, Livingstone, and Stanley knew nothing of.

"Lagos to Rome—" was my last hoarse mutter, "—a daily plane—*no?*"

It was so. Then I was—could be—might be—properly and legally and officially *in transit*... and hurry, *hurry!*...

"But that's madness, sir, to fly from London to Rome via Lagos, Nigeria."

"Do you also require a certificate of mental

M. J. LASKY, *whose previous travel impressions of Japan and of India were published in* ENCOUNTER *(November and December 1953, and September 1958), has just returned from a two-month journey in Africa which took him to Nigeria, Ghana, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Rhodesia, and the Congo. A second article will appear next month.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

health? If I want to fly to North Pole via South Pole you will fly me, *no*?" In a sovereign frenzy I grabbed and paid for a new ticket back across the Sahara and Mediterranean and raced for my safety belt.

In Lagos, the next morning, where I continued to refuse to admit defeat and crawl on to Rome, they hoarded my baggage, removed my passport, sat me down in a waiting-room under a fan and a photo of Zik, swept under my feet every two hours, and finally made me a little speech: "You are obviously a beginner. We are a proud nation. But you are a foreigner who has come to us. So we will give permission to begin the journey here. You will be honouring us if you are favourably impressed. We can only hope we will hear nothing which dishonours the high calling. . . ."

Fait-divers

THE FIRST glimpse or the first impression in strange new lands is not really decisive nor always very revealing, especially when it is the traveller's wont to reach lazily for the local newspapers rather than rush out eagerly that first bright morning towards market or mosque, peering or sniffing at odd smells and colours. In Japan, I remember, it was a curious editorial caption about how the day's sensational story (a fire in the Ginza? a suicide in Kyoto?) had been delivered by special pigeon to the roof of the *Mainichi*'s skyscraper. In Greece it was the account in the Athens *News* of the trial of the grandson who had murdered the old man for having seduced the daughter, the niece, and wife. In India it had been a law report about the suit of a number of butchers, hide-merchants, and cattle-dealers pleading the unconstitutionality of the legal provisions for the protection of cows. Here, in this morning's *West African Pilot*, on page four (underneath a grandiloquent Fenner Brockway leader on "The Struggle for Freedom") I find an editorial calling for "the Nationalisation of Witchcraft."

> NATIONALISE WITCHCRAFT!
>
> It is now time we nationalise witchcraft in Nigeria. We should do so with a view to putting a full stop to the perennial havoc being done to humanity since ages.
>
> Let me say right here that witchcraft in the hands of civilised men is god-ordained but in the hands of the ignorant a bedevilled instrument. It is just like a scalpel (life-saving instrument) in the hands of a surgeon or a dagger in the hands of a lunatic.
>
> It should be noted that in civilised countries as an agency of scientific promotion, witchcraft was being nationalised and national observatories were being built to promote research on it. That is why most civilised states big or small are being reckoned with as World Powers. We cannot become world power if we ignore this fact.
>
> To make our independence worth the name I would suggest that a commission be set up forthwith by the Federal Government or any of its agencies, to take evidence in camera from the appropriate quarters for in this venture lies our hope for a national armoury.

Nothing much else in the papers. Except a report of a speech by a Minister who "urged Nigerians to work hard in order to make this country a laughing stalk in the eyes of the world." And another editorial which warns against visits by British industrialists: "We should apply the age-long English principle of *caveat temptor*. . . ."

In the Roy Thomson-owned *Daily Express* of Lagos the front-page story announces: "A man from Babechi Village in Bornu Emirate went in search of his wife's lover with a matchet in hand. He found the lover standing by a door of a house and without a word chopped off his head. The man, Isa Banana, was on Wednesday found guilty of homicide by the Shehu's Court in Maidaguri and sentenced to death for killing Dan Biu, also from Babechi Village. . . ." In the Cecil King-owned *Daily Times* the story is:

> A 25-year-old trader, Sunday Omega, told an Onitsha Magistrate's Court that his father practised witchcraft against him. Sunday was giving evidence in his defence in charge of wilful damage of property belonging to his father. He said that the items he damaged were what he thought his father used as implements for practising witchcraft. . . . When Sunday had a sleepless night and suspected his father of the disturbance he broke into the house and damaged the property. The presiding magistrate said that he gave Sunday benefit of the doubt. He was cautioned and discharged.

Things, obviously, I should get around to to-morrow: (1) Boxing championship contest in which "Julius Caesar" will defend the lightweight title. (2) Second day in court of the outraged relatives of "disciples" in the so-called Regeneration Group, which meets on the first floor of the Jolly Food Centre under the leadership of Immanuel Olufunmilayo Odumosu, the "self-styled Jesus." (3) The debate between Apapa (West) and Apapa (New Layout)—which follows a controversial District Council's decision to raise dowries payable in court from £7 to £35

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—on the topic: "That high bride price should be discouraged in Nigeria."

The Poet

SAT MOST of the afternoon at the "literary café," watching the black cat kill red-headed lizards on the verandah, and talking mostly with a young poet named "Salty" Jones. We drank, as always, beer ("THERE'S HAPPINESS IN HEINEKIN'S," all the billboards promise), and kept shifting tables to keep away from the burning sun which, I was consoled to note, bothered him quite as much.

"You Europeans will just have to learn to understand!... You go to a reception with the Oné of Ife, and there is always the same foolish shock when the Elders come in and prostrate themselves. The custom may be dying out, but it never was all that obsequious.[1] When I go home I still prostrate myself before my older brothers and the younger ones before me...."

I ask him to tell me about his own family. "What is there really to tell? It's the usual pattern. My brothers and sisters are my senior or my junior in multiples of three.... Why? Because there's no intercourse during pregnancy or during the extended breast-feeding of the child.... I should, of course, have said my half- or uterine-brothers, for my father has ten wives.... But times are changing. My great-grandfather had 85 wives, my grandfather only 35 wives.... Naturally, this isn't *precise* information! How could it be? My father never counts his children—it would be tempting the fates. He would never even say that he had five or ten fingers. It would be a dare to specify how many. If you were to ask him directly he would reply "two wives, or so" and perhaps "five or six children," although the truth would be double, or maybe triple that; I am not quite sure, being so much away from home.... As for myself, how can I afford more than one wife on modern standards? Or afford to give higher education to more than a few children? So I will be marrying for romantic love, and for better or worse raise a monogomous family. I have no choice. You've seen some of the new housing estates—sixty pounds a month will get you a 3- or 4-room flat. Will I be able to manage that when I begin in the Civil Service at £750 per annum?... No, I am afraid it will be a terribly different life that we will be leading...."

Then he peeled off his shirt. He made me look at his back, marked by dozens of small cuts. "Those are all my illnesses and all my treatments, where hundreds of herbs have been rubbed in. I used to laugh about it all when I came home from school. But my mother used to say, 'And what is vaccination? Only a cut with some medicine put in!'... I remember once when my aunt was paralysed. She couldn't move either leg and we used to carry her. We also carried her to visit doctors in government hospitals and nurses in nearby clinics. Nothing helped. Then the local tribal doctor finally cured her with special steaming broths. When I was at the University I tried to interest the chaps at the medical school in this and similar cases, but to no avail. We have our own 'two cultures,' and they don't talk to each other either...."

He offered to walk with me on my next engagement, and we strolled along the streets, past the shops with German portable typewriters and Japanese transistors and Italian Fiats, through the mixed pungency of bars, urinals, and perspiration, and from the nearby hill, looking back in the early evening towards the tens of thousands of mud huts with their rusty sheet-metal roofs, the view was a wondrous study in Braque-brownish hues.

"You see," said the poet, "anything can be beautiful."

When we were there he begged me at the door not to mention that we had not driven. His

[1] In the account which that most remarkable man and educator, Tai Solarin, gives of his struggle to defend the existence of his Mayflower School in Ikenne (Ezekiel Mphahlele tells me his sons are there), he writes (and I heard even more dramatic stories of political debates being conducted from the prostrated position): "My greatest worry was with His Highness, the late Orimolusi of Ijebu Igbo, who was Chairman of the Board of Governors of the College... I wanted to make sure that my formal letter of resignation was in his hands... I took it to him and, on my knees, I proffered it. The Chief's very intelligent face searched me through. He opened his mouth to speak but did not. He covered his face with both hands and sobbed. I did not dare look up any more. Two of his subordinate chiefs dashed in and prostrated, whispering, 'Kabiyesi, Kabiyesi' (Your Highness, Your Highness). The Chief rose and walked into the anteroom. I was glued to where I lay.

"Presently he came back, his eyes blood-shot. I could please myself, he thundered: he would not accept the letter of resignation I brought. He was not used to destroying what he himself had built. His chiefs re-echoed, 'Kabiyesi'...

"I got up dazed... straightened myself out and swallowed hard... I felt so ashamed... 'Your Highness,' I called, 'I will not resign.' I put my letter into my pocket and returned to school...."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

car was smashed again, and it had just been taken out of the repair shop.

"What's wrong? Oh I don't know. Something always seems to happen. My father has been terribly worried. So much so that he has been consulting our village oracles. He ordered me to employ a driver until we knew for certain. Apparently he now knows. His last letter said for me to come home. It all has to do with my Uncle. Yes, my Uncle, and he is now going to be reburied from improper and evil ground to some consecrated place. That may solve everything. But would the police accept all this if I got into another scrape before then?..."

I limped in, dust-covered and exhausted, and promised to say nothing of our walk. A discussion was in progress. About cocoa. Somebody was saying: "No wonder we're beggars in the world! What do we do with our cocoa? Do we process it here? No. Do we have a factory? No. Do we make any chocolate? No. We don't even drink the stuff.... Things have got to change, but will the old Cadburys let us?" Somebody else took up the theme (apparently for my benefit): "You should know this: we make nothing locally, not even a pin! Well, you did let us make one thing—beer. To swill away. To be contented...."

When we finished our *lager*, we left and the poet said, "Oh, such a bourgeois house! But that's the New Class for you! They at least seem to be making things locally: money, and more money, and more shiny things. They're only out for prestige and a place in society and maybe an interesting artist to patronise...."

"What should they be out for?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe just that...."

The Colour of God

WHAT COLOUR is God? If European Christianity arrived to persuade the African that He was white, African nationalism emerged to convince him that He was really black. This is a most natural transvaluation of colour values, and I find in Sundkler's study of Bantu prophets descriptions of what a heavenly apartheid would be: on those pearly gates was a sign which read FOR BLACK MEN ONLY. Of Isaiah Shembe, perhaps the most famous of the Zulu prophets (known as "the Promised One" and "the Liberator" for he came to displace the pale Christ of the Missions), he writes: "Jesus came first as a White man. But now he has come as a Black man, in the flesh, through Shembe...".

African liberalism begins under the spell of the principle of whiteness, but African militancy triumphs with its reversal. I read in Chief Awolowo's autobiography that as a young man he had thought "the white man was a superman. To me, his colour symbolised delicacy, innocence, and purity.... What a mighty man I thought he was, so specially favoured by God to have a white skin and to occupy such a position of exalted superiority." Hodgkin, in his book on *Nationalism in Colonial Africa*, argues that

> ...even in the Gold Coast, with its much higher level of economic and educational development, the effort of the Convention People's Party to build up a mass political movement involved the use of religious rituals—the singing of *"Lead, Kindly Light,"* the reciting of nationalist prayers, and a Creed in which Kwame Nkrumah took the place of Christ and Sir Charles Arden-Clarke was substituted for Pontius Pilate.

But what happens when the nationalist prophets have their victory and the promised land is reached? The millennium may become Marxianised, as in Sekou Touré's Guinea. Or the Leader may be able to install himself as "the Black Christ," as in Nkrumah's Ghana. I have been looking through some of the West African newspapers, and in the *Evening News* (January 26th, 1960) of Accra, I find an editorial which states that "Nkrumahism is the highest form of Christianity" and reminds us that "the infant Christ sought refuge in Africa and when Christ was being led to Golgotha it was an African volunteer who helped him bear the heavy burden;" after mentioning the Congo, the Sahara, Hola, and Algeria, it concludes that

> ...Christian civilisation is to-day busily dragging Christ to Golgotha, and an African again is bearing the cross for the son of man. This African is Kwame Nkrumah. Ye men of little faith, Pharisees, false prophets and friends, behold: he comes disguised. But for Africa and the world, he may well be the second Christ who cometh when the babes in the womb are suffering from strontium 90....

And in Nigeria? Here, I suspect, there are very few State careers open to mystical and prophetical talents. Two local stories would seem to suggest that they are going into private enterprise or private utopias.

The first concerns our friend Odumosu who has been having legal troubles with some of the relatives of his disciples. His difficulties began when he advanced himself from the role of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Messiah" to that of "Jesus;" his downfall began when he made the ultimate promotion, namely, to "God." His followers saw the point of working for a Messiah, even of sacrificing themselves for Christ; but if Immanuel Olufunmilayo Odumosu is truly the Almighty, what real need remains for their menial services and monthly dues? He still insists that "I am The Lord the GREAT I AM—the Trinity—The Father—and he who believes in me will receive eternal life." When he was asked whether his recent promotion did not amount to a blasphemy, he replied: "What do you mean by blasphemy? I am the Father! God! Who else can I blaspheme against?... If you don't want to accept me as your God, go and tell whichever God you believe in to send his thunder and strike me dead! I challenge that to your foolish God! Go and tell him so!" As for the charges of corruption and immorality in his Galilee, he said: "I marry because I am The Father who has come down to earth in flesh to show the people of the earth an example of how to live. My relationship to my wives is that of a father with children, not a husband.... And money? It means nothing in my kingdom. I am the source of all wealth, and all wealth belongs to me. Work is the medium of blessing....

"You see, you are an educated man, and I like intelligent argument, but you will never understand. I do everything according to the voice I hear in my heart. I do not have to think. And my followers don't need to think because I do all the thinking for them...."

But what of the prohibitions against doctors, medicines, and hospitals? And what of the profits from the transport, catering, dry-cleaning, and haberdashery businesses? And what of the television sets, the limousines, and the grand life? (Nugotaf, who was doing the talking with him, was a relentless questioner.)

"I found that some members had no faith in my prayers and my healing powers, and so I have revoked the law. Whenever they are ill they may now go to doctors."

"And you—are you afraid of illness or death?"

"No, my friend, too much education worries you. I shall never die. I have no sin. *My* soul is saved. And I would save *yours*—even to-day."

"If you wish to convert me, you can do so very easily. You need only to agree to make me the treasurer and sole auditor of all your businesses."

"Oh no!" Odumosu said, with a laugh, "not so fast! You cannot rise so quickly. You must pass through the ranks, and obey all my laws, and do all that I ask. I must first save your soul!"

"And your own soul, when you make no sacrifices and carry no cross?"

"The first Jesus came to sacrifice and to suffer. He took care of all the necessary cross-carrying and crucifixion. The second Jesus comes to enjoy himself. I have come to enjoy life, my friend!"

And with a laugh he turned to his remaining disciples for confirmation, and they all nodded.

THE OTHER STORY concerns the phalanstery established by that remarkable man known as Ethiopia Eratan. He led a small band of his "Cherubim and Seraphim" out of intolerable lives of sin ("infanticide, idolatry, adultery, fornication, and hideous other crimes") and in the name of a new church of the holy apostles fashioned a kind of "floating Utopia" which would have pleased some Fourierist son of a Venetian doge. In his city-on-stilts, set into the water, where a thousand families conduct the communal life, Ethiopia Eratan (now known as Oba Peter) has just completed his new £100,000 palace in Aiyetoro, with three storeys, seventy rooms, and air-conditioning. As B.G. tells me (he has just returned from the place, about a hundred miles from Lagos), "God has smiled upon these people. They began with nothing, except possibly their dream, their vision—and the rules of the New Testament. At first they were only fishermen. When their neighbours persecuted them, they cut through seven miles of mangrove forest to make a canal to the Mahin Lagoon. Now the canal is forty feet wide, and they will soon be asking some government for a dredger in order to facilitate their new big launches!... They still all eat together, buy and sell everything in common. Nowadays some fish, others make textiles and furniture. And the schoolchildren are all literate in both Yoruba and English. They have several new diesel-engine generating plants, and three of their young men are studying engineering in Germany.... If this isn't Utopia, isn't it Christian democracy at its purest? I found no jail or hospital or any need for them; I heard of no divorce or drunkenness...." But alas! the doors of Utopia are closed. They accept no candidates for holy apostleship, and marriage with outsiders is strictly forbidden. So even my friend's desperate exogamous bid to join the floating city came to naught. God may be black, but He is still all too exclusive....

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Honey Mouth

WALKING through the winding, crooked streets of Oshogbo with Ulli Beier (who lives here), I wonder: what will give way to change here in the next five or ten years? He suspects: very little. A few more water pumps on various street corners: a "dubious sort of progress," because water is always overspilling and running downhill and being caught up in little stagnant pools in front of huts and shops. Main sewage? Hardly. More electricity? Not really. A few additional gas stations, perhaps, and so constructed probably as to block the rest of the view of the fine Oshogbo mosque. We look in at the Popular Club, and take a beer at the Gemini Bar.

But everywhere the children scream and laugh and point at me. What is it—my beard, my nose, my skin, my feet? Some 19th-century missionaries were known as "spirits without toes" (on account of their shoes). And even earlier that observant Scotsman, Mungo Park, had recorded how "they rallied me with a good deal of gaiety on different subjects, particularly upon the whiteness of my skin, and the prominency of my nose. They insisted that both were artificial. The first, they said, was produced when I was an infant, by dipping me in milk; and they insisted that my nose had been pinched every day till it had acquired its present unsightly and unnatural conformation. On my part, without disputing my own deformity, I paid them many compliments on African beauty. I praised the glossy jet of their skins, and the lovely depression of their noses; but they said that flattery, or (as they emphatically termed it) *honey mouth*, was not esteemed in Bondou. . . ."

Nothing much has changed, and the gay raillery still is and remains, especially after Ulli's reassurance that the word *oyimbo* (white man) doesn't carry quite the irony and aggressiveness here that it has elsewhere in Yorubaland. I spend the rest of the afternoon on a verandah engaged in my own inadequate form of *honey mouth*: chanting odd bits of songs and rhythms for a band of tireless children who dance and whirl for hours and keep the dogs, calves, and sheep away from the front door.

Just outside Oshogbo town was where the great Fulani *jihad* had finally been halted and defeated. I ask perfunctorily about the military details (Salamis, Crécy, and Gettysburg are equally meaningless to me), and hear about the local forests where the Northern cavalry couldn't be used, about the prowess of the Ibadan warriors, about the legend of the river-goddess (Oshun) who poisoned the food of the enemies, about the ultimate British intervention which ended the holy war and drew the definitive boundaries between Nigeria's Northern and Western regions. But the *jihad*—and with it the whole stuff of the African past—was to come a little more alive for me. Back in Ibadan I wander through the book-shops—what names! Never since Gutenberg has the printed word been associated with so much light-spiritedness: "Happy Book Shop," "Freedom Book Shop," "Rational Book Shop," "God First Bookshop," "Easy Life Bookshop"—and I do manage to find a volume of 19th-century history, with fascinating bits on the nature of the *jihad*. Apparently the correspondence between Muhammad Bello and Al-Kanami constitutes a "great debate" between the two opposing philosophers (or even propagandists) of the struggle. The main questions seem to be:

> Was the Fulani *jihad* justifiable on accepted Muslim principles? That is to say, was it conducted against states which were in the strict sense "pagan" (*kafir*), and therefore *dar al-harb*, not *dar al Islam*? Was Bornu in fact such a state? Were there appropriate precedents for such a *jihad*?. . . Was its real purpose the spreading of the frontiers of Islam, not of Fulani imperial power? Had the *jihad* been conducted according to the strict rules which ought to be applied in such cases, or had there been excesses? Had the Fulani been the aggressors, or had Bornu, by allying itself with supposedly pagan Hausa governments, been responsible for provoking the conflict?

In one letter to Bello, Al-Kanami writes: "We believe in writing. Even if it makes no impression on you, it is better than silence. Know that if an intelligent man accepts some question in order to understand it, he will give a straightforward answer to it. Tell us therefore why you are fighting us and enslaving our free people. . . ." The bill of particulars was, however, well known, and it included sacrifices, bribery, licence, embezzlement, oppression, and illegality. Al-Kanami argues closely: "As for uncovering the head in free women, the Qur'an has prohibited it. But she who does it does not thereby become a pagan. It is a denial which leads to paganism. Failing to do something while believing in it is rather to be described as disobedience requiring immediate repentance. . . . The taking of bribes, embezzlement of the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

property of orphans, and injustice in the courts are all major sins which God has forbidden. But sin does not make anyone a pagan.... Acts of immorality and disobedience without number have long been committed in all countries.... No age and no country is free from its share of heresy and sin...."

Bello, in his reply, is hard-pressed to make his case against the enemy. He quotes a verse from the Qur'an to the effect that *"If two parties of the believers fight, / put things right between them."* But still: Al-Kanami's were "false arguments and mischief-making words, refutable contentions for the most part and worthless propositions...." His conclusion is not unfamiliar: "How can it be said that it is not legal, for him who is able, to reform immorality or put an end to corruption?"

Half through the night I follow the impassioned dialectics, my heart with Al-Kanami, my head with Bello,[2] and most of me altogether pleased that the Northern crusade was stopped there outside Oshugbo town by jungle underbrush and the poisons of the river-goddess.

---

[2] How can one really resist the man of whom the following two portraits have come down to us? Clapperton (in his *Journal of the Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa from the Bight of Benin to Soccatoo*, 1829): "Saw the sultan this morning, who was sitting in the inner compartment of his house, with the Arabic copy of Euclid before him, which I had given him as a present. He said that his family had a copy of Euclid brought by one of their relations, who had procured it in Mecca; that it was destroyed when part of his house was burnt down last year...."

And this from Hajji Sa'id's *History of Sokoto*: "He was much occupied with composition, and whenever he composed anything he used to issue it to the people, and read it to them, then become occupied with another composition. The reasons for the large number of compositions were requests for information and points of disagreement. If he was asked about a question he composed a composition on it, and if it reached him that so-and-so were disagreeing on a matter he composed a composition on it.... One day I heard him say that the Hausas mislead our children in telling them—'Your house is a saintly house,' and in causing them to abstain from learning; that all that was a lie, deceit, falsehood, and incorrect, because knowledge is only attained by learning, and learned men are nearer to it than anyone.... On account of this he said to his brother—'If you judge according to the truth, I will not interfere with you. Be you on the side of truth wherever it is'..."

His description? "Ruddy, tall, bald, with a long thick beard, always veiled: he never removed the veil from his face."

Diary

IN THE MORNING, several hundred miles through lovely savannah country, past (mostly) Baptist churches and schools, Catholic churches and missions, punctuated by gasoline stations, and, in Ogbomosho, beyond the leper colony, to the house of the Yoruba Prime Minister, Chief Akintola. His handsome visage is marked by deep V-shaped scars which cut upward from both cheeks to the forehead and I feel moved by a remarkable impression of softness not at all like the scarfaces I know from Chicago and Heidelberg with the associations of danger, masochism, violence, aggression. He smiles and laughs through most of our long talk. Is indignant over the "betrayal of the European left," for what business have socialists and democrats apologising for dictatorial personalities in African politics? Insists on the importance of an Opposition. Is sceptical of the future of the "Nasser Club" in all-African politics, critical of the Ghanaian role in the Congo, grateful to the Israelis for technical help and advice. Proud of modernising Nigeria and points to the paved road out there and all those electric wires, all new. Is somewhat distressed by the outbursts of narrow party-politics since Independence and says that dirty linen has to be washed in public because that's better than not washing it at all. Remarks that democracy means government by the people and not necessarily by the wise people. Confesses that they will often be stupid and he will just as often be mistaken and "still we must always be able to drink a beer together and laugh a little...."

In the afternoon, with the Attorney-General. Discovers ten pages missing in one of his law books, curses the Lagos printers, and sends for the original manuscript. Talks passionately about the Rule of Law and bitterly about misdemeanours in Accra and Kumasi. Hates fear and intimidation in public life and would "rather return to the mud-huts" than be a minister who needed protection by political police....

To the office of Chief A., a senior civil servant. Was a student of Laski, from whom only one lesson has remained: "the relationship between the intellectual and the poor, how to be concerned with poverty, how to understand it, change it...." Thinks of himself to-day as a right-wing Labour man, or perhaps even a Liberal. Feels that the greatest dangers are inefficiency leading to corruption leading to power

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lusts. Scornful of simple-mindedness. A cocoa-and-chocolate factory for Nigeria?—for what market? with what skilled labour? with whose money to purchase the machinery? and then the tariffs go up to keep out cheaper foreign products and who pays for it all?—the taxpayer with the sweet tooth. "No, no, that's not the way. We've got to think more and do better than that if we're to move forward." Speaks of a middle way between the ultra-radicals and their simplism and the conservatives who are holding on to power without any real notion of what they're to do with it....

In the evening, sitting around in the board-room of the local TV station ("First in Africa"), with plush chairs and elegant wooden panelling and a fancy bar in the cupboard but nobody could find the key. A *Blaupunkt* apparatus is running silently in the corner, and all of us turn our heads fitfully to stare for a moment at the 22-inch pictures of horses and gun-play and then turn away again desperately to continue our talk. Suddenly a Northerner, in flowing robes, enters and it was as if the place had been invaded. A stranger, a tall almost overwhelming Muslim from Kano. Our own conversation ceases, and he begins to pick a few political bones with "the Southerners" (in this case, Westerners). He was on some official governmental mission, and was distressed to find no Northerners in service, nowhere. Knew that his Northern applicants would be less trained, more backward, but how was a real nation to be forged if nobody ever worked side by side? An argument ensues. The Northerner is marvellously clever, and evidently sincere in his plea for national integration. The Westerners are surprisingly defensive, but then they fear the strange backward Emir-ridden North and whisper to me tales of the medieval horrors of the "Alkali" courts. I tell them tales of the strange backward American South and the tragic dangers of regional estrangement and secessionism....

Midnight, and we drop in for a drink to the Heavenly Club and a few other *ju-ju* places. "Low-down joints," says Wolé, "mostly tarts." The dancing is a wanton delight; hasn't changed much since Mungo Park was here.[3] On the way out somebody is packing a bevy of girls, all shapes and sizes, into the back of what looks like a Model-T sedan and he calls out to me, "You can have any one you want, provided she's black," roars with laughter and roars off.

Homewards, driving on the longest, darkest short-cut ever taken, Wolé suddenly brakes, reverses, lunges the Land Rover forward and backward a half-dozen times, criss-crossing over the same patch of road, before explaining with a cry *"Snake!"* I tip-toed out behind him, and peered out at an enormous elongation glistening in the moonlight. It was still quivering slightly; and well it should. Wolé's tyres had twisted a derelict piece of 35-mm celluloid into an agitated wriggling strip. Tonight's lesson of the jungle: one looks for the beast and finds only a film.

Conversations

An English Expatriate: "Who can guess what our deepest motives were in going out to Africa—to realise ourselves? to run away from ourselves? Curious, how we came to take on a new identity. We became 'Europeans' which no Englishman in his born days ever thought himself to be (and living, at that, in 'reservations' like Red Indians). Or we were the 'expatriates,' which always had a nice Anglo-American ambiguity (Hemingway and Gertrude Stein in Paris were lost runaways, were *expatriots*, but we were really, I suppose, just patriots living outside our own country).... And the Africans, now that the days of Empire are over, have moved from being 'indigenous personnel' to 'Nigerians' which is the tag invented only sixty years ago by Flora Lugard for the 'natives.' Sometimes I feel that some of them are almost as alienated as we are. Nigerian officials who have replaced Britons still insist on the clause in their government contracts which guarantees a regular 'home leave,' but where is 'home'? Is it Iboland or Yorubaland or is it England? Possibly what we both mean by 'leave at home' is merely some kind of expensive foreign voyage.... Who knows where anybody truly belongs? In one department I know we hold 'Staff Meetings,' then there are African staff meetings followed by Nigerian staff meetings and finally Yoruba staff meetings (where, presumably, the real stuff is discussed). What is a real sense of identity? In Lagos the most exclusive association by far is the so-called 'Brazilian Club' and the membership consists only of the descendants of Latin America's African slaves!... Will change strike a balance

[3] *Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa* (1799): "The ladies vied with each other in displaying the most voluptuous movements imaginable..."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with continuity? Oh, it must and it will, especially here where (yesterday!) the grandson of a village rainmaker becomes director of the new meteorological institute...."

A Trade Unionist: "We are weak now, and divided, but potentially we are the most powerful pressure group in the country. Some day soon all our cities will be organised! But for now there is too much confusion. There is a pro-Western group orientated towards the ICFTU, there is a leftist group with sympathies for the Communist WFTU, and there are John Tettegah's agents from Ghana who are working for a separate 'All-African' labour movement.... At the moment there isn't much ideology, but watch it come swirling[4] into this vacuum in the next years! Zik was telling the story the other day of a young student who came up to him and asked, 'Can you recommend to me an informative book on Communism?' When he asked her why, she replied that 'everybody seems to be so afraid of it I'd like to find out for myself'! Zik said that he thought 'this is typical of the spirit of inquiry which is now surging in our youth and is creating an intellectual ferment among them.' But it also has its wilder side. The Government continues to ban Marx and Lenin and makes them forbidden fruit. How wrong! Your 'child-like African' has grown up now—he's over 21—and no matter what Papa says he wants to go down all the forbidden streets, red lights or no...."

A Foreign Expert: "*Dash* is the operative word, and it can mean everything from the little tip for the waiter or porter to the deepest corruption which can make a Pakistanian shambles of a new and promising nation. I find it a little difficult to judge how much bribery and nepotism is merely 'disturbing' and how much is already 'alarming.' In and around every government in the world there are crooks and trimmers; here there are probably less, but the fragile structure can probably stand less. Last week at the Lagos court a young University lecturer was convicted on charges of 'Sedition.' He had merely written a furious pamphlet against the illegal privileges of the 'new class' growing up around us.... More basic is the question (but isn't it really part of the same psychology?) whether local entrepreneurs will re-invest in the economy—or will those deposits in Swiss Banks keep mounting?... Equally basic: will there be jobs for all those tens of thousands who are being given more and better education—or will this only be the reserve for radicalism and rebellion?... Finally: will the component parts of the national régime hold together? If there were an open policy in the civil service, the south (especially the Ibos) would fill all posts for two generations! So there has to be not only a policy of 'Nigerianisation' to place Africans where Britons sat, but also one of 'Northernisation' to guarantee participation of the more numerous and more backward Muslims.... Still, this is a most viable country. It is rich and energetic. And now that Shell has gushers and wells in the Port Harcourt area I even envision a small Venezuela-like Oil Boom here.... Maybe that will drown my sorrow at not being able to find a house to live in without giving gigantic *dash* to the very highest places...."

A Nigerian Economist: "We will have our troubles, but I don't think we can go very far wrong.... Of course, our bureaucracy is top-heavy, and our cocoa fluctuates much too much on the international market (when will the world learn to stabilise these things?), and only half of our population is engaged in producing for the market (the rest are in 'subsistence'), and we don't really have enough children in schools to train adequate manpower for the future. But our soil is good and we have rain. There is coal and petroleum. And I am not at all unhappy about the rate of our gross domestic capital formation over the last years—better than Egypt and quite as good as Ghana.... With time our crops will be better through improved seeds, and our marketing boards will be more skilful in selling our products, and our banks

[4] Whirling in came an ensemble of Soviet Russian "artistes" (jugglers, acrobats, and all that), and the "dazzling display," according to the critic of the Lagos *Express*, raised the question: "Is everything about Russia scientific?" His conclusion: "To my mind, as they left the arena, I feel the Russians apply the principles of science to all they do these days."

Another conclusion, the same day, by a writer in the *West African Pilot*: "Have you ever paused to know why racial discrimination is rampant in Britain, United States of America, South Africa, and other Western European countries? Have you also tried to know why such racial segregation is unknown in the Soviet Union?... Well, fellow Nigerian, you should know that racial discrimination is a product of Capitalism."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be more experienced in handling credits and deposits and currency stabilisation. Maybe in a few years we will even have adequate statistics! Then I won't have to be so vague about everything!... My greatest concern is for us to be judicious. How much money has been wasted in schemes which are set up in a hurry and call upon our farmers to adopt too many ideas and techniques all at once and expect from our managers skills in technology which are simply not there!... The Japanese at the turn of the century did these things impressively better. They were ambitious but also modest....[5] Naturally we will need considerable foreign capital. Only 3 per cent of our public money is being earmarked for our industrial development, so loans and grants and investments from abroad will have to fill the gap; but our local efforts will be bearing the greatest burdens.... One last—but very fundamental—thing, and this is what Arthur Lewis has taught us: 'All the countries which are now relatively developed have at some time in the past gone through a period of rapid acceleration, in the course of which their rate of annual net investment has moved from 5 per cent (or less) to 12 per cent (or more). That is what is meant by the Industrial Revolution.' I suspect that our present annual rate of net investment is around 8 per cent. Will we be able to push it to 12 per cent? That's the crux of our problem.... But with this proviso. My text is again from Professor Lewis: 'Some deny that dictatorship can achieve high levels of output and of consumption. I do not agree. I believe that a dictatorship can increase output faster than a democracy, because democracies value many institutions which are obstacles to rapid growth. Since I value democracy more than material output, I do not think countries should develop more rapidly than is feasible within the democratic framework....' He wrote it as advice for Ghana—alas, in vain!..."

An American Businessman: "What a jungle of words! How can one possibly cut through the verbal thicket?... What does 'Nationalisation' here mean? Usually something very far from 'socialisation' and 'expropriation.' The other day several branch offices of European firms were incorporated as domestic companies—some people mean only this. Others mean when the white manager is shipped home and the operational staff consists only of Africans. But all this is very confusing for foreign investors.... And what of the cry of 'neo-colonialism'? I would say that foreign capital to-day recognises that no vestige of extra-territoriality will be permitted to firms which it finances from the outside. But does everybody else recognise that all capital—whether in the hands of the City, or Wall Street, or a Soviet Planning Board—requires a fair and profitable return? It is not there invested to be wasted or to be lost. I'm afraid that investor confidence is not as durable as the good-will of the British Government which can be slapped in the face and still produce fatherly guidance....

"My own feeling is that the most dramatic things will not be the decisive things. They're all after Mammoth Projects—the Aswan Dam, the Kariba Dam, the Volta Dam—and these are all primarily political. I don't mean to be disparaging. This kind of politics is important. Like our own TVA it can capture imaginations and keep a hopeful and enthusiastic sense of progress alive. But I seriously doubt whether any of them will have much bearing in the practical economics of the present and near-future.... If any profound change is going to be achieved in the condition of life of the African peoples, it will be by almost invisible revolutions in the countryside, on those plots of ground which hardly deserve the name of 'farms.' Have the French or the British in all their colonial years made much impact on agriculture? Scarcely. This is where things must happen. And in various small-businesses. I would like to see more individually-owned taxis and buses, small trading stores, repair shops, etc.

"Here, I think, is where the building of the middle class begins all over Africa. Just as it did in Europe, six and eight and ten centuries ago...."

[5] Is this surprising? I found it so. In fact, the amount of intelligent cautiousness on so many sides struck me as extraordinary and impressive. One would have expected the new Nigerian enthusiasts to tend towards extravagance and for the whites to be muttering caution. Yet it is the challenging report prepared by a commission under Sir Eric Ashby which argues: "We believe it would be a grave dis-service to Nigeria to make modest, cautious proposals, likely to fall within her budget, for such proposals would be totally inadequate to maintain even the present rate of economic growth in the country. Accordingly we reject this approach. Our recommendations are massive, unconventional, and expensive...." *Investment in Education* (Lagos, 1960), p. 41.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WOMAN OF LAGOS: "I don't know anything about your Ibn Battuta and his ideal of 'beautiful stoutness' which he found in our African women. But nowadays that's out. Somewhere over in Calabar, in the right-hand corner of Nigeria, you may find the old-style Fatting Rooms, and there's nothing splendid about them. No soft mattresses and no easy chairs. Bare to the mud floor and the girls sleep on straw mats. They follow a strict daily diet of water and plain half-boiled plantains with rich palm oil and instead of going to schools laze around for seven years putting on a couple of hundred pounds....

"No, the new problems of our ladies are different, and it's not at all just slimming. There's the matter of Bride Price, which is too high, and the question of Divorce, which is too easy.... Still, I feel that the amount paid as dowry keeps most women faithful to their husbands, and in some places (say, Eastern Nigeria) the custom which frowns on marrying a divorced woman keeps down legal separations....

"But for most young men just getting married is a problem. He has to pay £80 for an illiterate girl, between £100 and £120 for a standard-six-certificated one, nearly £200 for a Grade III- and £250 for a Grade II-teacher. Doesn't this mean that a poor clerk or technician uses up his life's savings for a marriage?... According to Ibo custom, a lady's break with her first husband is not recognised until she marries a second husband who refunds the dowry of the first husband. But what of a woman who doesn't want to marry a second time?...

"Look into our newspapers and you will be able to follow the raging discussion.[6] But please don't believe that silly old cow who writes in to-day's *Express*, 'Our women have so degenerated! The saying the-mother-of-a-child-is-obvious,-but-the-father-is-purely-a-matter-of-opinion cannot be truly said of other women than Nigerian....' Oh, she's been moaning like that ever since Lord Lugard sailed up the Niger!..."

A JEW: "Have you been surprised by the omnipresence of our six-pointed Star of David? I was puzzled too when I first came and found it everywhere, on all the coins, on coats-of-arms, and sometimes in huge yellow lines—what a momentary shock it is, if one has German memories of *der gelbe Stern*!—on the walls of old buildings.... If only historians and archaeologists would get to work on some proper excavations, we might be able to find out its true origins in the past. At first I thought it might have something to do with that famous 14th-century school of Jewish cartographers in Majorca. Of course they were treated with contempt, but they enjoyed a few privileges (denied to Christians) and I was once told of some of their maps of Africa which had tiny *Mogen David* emblems smuggled into the folds. I imagine this is one way of asserting oneself even if it accidentally confuses somebody else's sense of identity.... But now I am entertaining another explanation, and it is not too far-fetched a theory. A French scholar once advanced the thesis that it was the Jews who established the ancient empire of Ghana. Go and talk to Dr. B. in Ibadan—his theory is that the Yorubas are really one of the lost tribes of Israel.... Of course I am being serious! When you get back home, look up the Cambridge history of West Africa. Written by a man called Fage. Read

---

[6] *Item:* "Don't advocate freedom to divorce! Don't put the prices of women up! But give dignity to native law and custom...." *Item:* "Big men should stop seducing other people's wives and let every man take good care of his own wife. And wives should be contented with their married partners...." *Item:* "You want a happy marriage without a first love affair? [Don't be] a typical old-time Nigerian parent with priggish ideas about facts of life! You want to see your child happily married but you do not want him to have any love affair. This is probably why you say that 'it is not too late to love at any age.' It is doubtful if many people will share this view. Surely if you allow your youthful vigour to slip off untapped, you will look back in gloom...."

But, as Stephen Potter must learn to say, it's different in the North. An Islamic authority, writing this morning in defence of polygamy, says: "It is a hard fact which cannot be denied that there are persons whose sexual instinct is too strong to be satisfied with one wife. This is a physical necessity inherent in man and it is playing with fire to make light of this, the most powerful of all physical instincts. The only sane and proper course to a man whose sexual powers are abnormally strong is to marry another, if one wife does not satisfy him.... A perfect religious system, as Islam claims to be, has to provide for the physical and spiritual requirements of all people...." Again (in the case of sick or barren wives), "no course is left open to him but either to contract another lawful marriage or, failing successfully to combat the attacks of his passions, to lead a dissolute life."

Finally: "It will thus be seen that the objects of a polygamous marriage are, to a certain extent, the same as those of a monogamous marriage...." (Only more so.)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

page eighteen[7] and then begin speculating anew. . . ."

A TEACHER: "My difficulty may well be that I am a *Bintu*—been to England, been to America. And I know my indescribable sensations when I return to Mother Nigeria. Has anything changed in Lagos? There are a few new skyscrapers, but the deep open gutters are still there with their stagnant and deathly green waters. Where else is there so much stench and filth and noise? And I always get dysentery again in the first forty-eight hours. . . . But I shouldn't tell you this—how shocked my countrymen always are when foreigners write about our miseries! But like the workers in sewers, we slowly lose our sense of smell. Still, my image remains: looking out of my backyard window and seeing a little girl of eight, squatting near the urinal and washing with soap and cold water last night's dishes in preparation for the new day's meals. . . . Yes, we want and welcome the new and modern world!

"Do you know H. G. Wells? He once wrote: 'The poor cannot extract themselves from their poverty unless they affiliate themselves to some rich people.' Well, we still need that economic affiliation. But not at the price of our souls! Do we really need the heritage of silent sherry parties in mission houses, of Chaucer and 1066 and all that? Our students can get courses in Middle English but not in African languages. And the piety of our nice Nigerian Christian clergymen—I challenge any of them to allow themselves and their families to be cursed by the Alagemos!. . .

"Naturally, my reaction has been violent. I can still remember my schoolboy bitterness when I first learned about the American War of Independence and that awful severance from England and from that wonderful redness on the map which symbolised the British Empire. I remember too a small post-office in Wiltshire where I once took a small book parcel to be mailed to Nigeria. The young clerk had apparently never dispatched anything to my part of the world before and searched vainly through her index until, a little desperate, a little shyly, she asked: 'Is it ours or the French?' 'Ours, of course,' I said. . . .

"No, we must emancipate ourselves! Until a few years ago I never believed that a white man could use the pick-axe or shovel. I would not have believed that in the U.K. there were beefy navvies who broke the stones and poured the tar and made the roads just as we did in Africa. I couldn't believe that on the boats of the seas white men scrubbed decks and stoked coal into ships' furnaces. Were there really white men who were painters and waiters and street-scavengers and even sewer-men? Don't you see—there never was in the long history of our education under the British the remotest reminiscence of life as it really was! . . .

"What did we know? The District Officer, the Resident, the Engineer, and the Governor, and they were so clean and so exquisite and so stiff and so distant in the little world of their own, the 'European Reservation,' far from the stench of the villages. Have you seen some of our chiefs, those half-men half-birds who wear Eton straw-hats from which flutters a solitary ostrich feather? Well, the style was started about fifty years ago by a playful Englishman who appeared in this headgear and created a sensation at a local party. How flashy and how vain! But we assimilate everything. How stupid and ridiculous!. . . And have you seen some of our names in the newspapers? Nehemiah Alexander Babington John. Jax Malingo Wellingo Nelson. Patience Henrietta Rose-bud Adetunji-Hadrimus. What a hollowness they depict in us! No, we must put the superficial memory of the European behind us. The grieved Africans carried the lifeless body of

[7] J. D. Fage, *An Introduction to the History of West Africa* (1959), pp. 12–14, 18. "A dominant theme in the history of West Africa for the last 2,000 years has in fact been the contact and conflict of its Negro peoples with intruders from North Africa and Europe, . . . the Berbers, the Arabs, and the Jews. . . . When the Arabs first invaded North Africa in the 7th century, they found Jewish colonies established among the Berber tribes to as far west as Morocco. The greater part of the Berbers in North Africa were sedentary agricultural people, and the Jews had settled among them as craftsmen, merchants, and cattle farmers. . . .

"According to Delafosse, the first permanent settlement of peoples from North Africa in Negro-land occurred after the Jewish risings against Roman rule in Cyrenaica in the 1st and 2nd centuries A.D., which led to an exodus to the south and west. Some of these Jews, or more probably, perhaps, Judaised Berbers, crossed the Sahara and settled . . . (on) the Niger bend between the site of Timbuctu and Massina. . . . The newcomers eventually established the kingdom of Ghana, . . . the earliest of the great empires of the Western Sudan. . . . There is some reason to believe that if not actually Jews, they were Berbers who had come under Jewish influence and who may have possessed some Jewish strain. . . ."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Livingstone a thousand miles to the coast. How many will now qualify for a hundred feet?

"Once it was different. Do you know that passage in Mungo Park's book where he tells how 'they were very inquisitive and examined my hair and skin with great attention, but affected to consider me as a sort of inferior being to themselves, and would knit their brows and seem to shudder when they looked at the whiteness of my skin.' To-day there are Africans who would swallow any amount of drugs or import oriental ointments to turn their epidermis into a European hue. Once the idea would have been considered monstrous. To-day there are Africans who, in a temperature of 90° in the shade, would rather rest their cheek-bones on choking two-inch white collars and Ascot ties. There were days when European trousers were considered an indecent item of social dress and the Christianity which goes with them as a mental aberration.... When will we recall that it doesn't snow here, and we don't need classrooms with glass windows and white ceiling boards? I seat my students under a flowering tree and conduct the lessons in the shade....

"Now we are beginning to think honestly and work honestly, and when we all do we will achieve as much as either Finland or Germany, and blast into smithereens the wanton allegation of the incompetence and mediocrity of black men...."[8]

"Does everybody think as I do? Of course not. Do you know Nicholas Murray Butler? He once said, 'I divide the world into three classes—the few who make things happen, the many who watch things happen, and the overwhelming majority who have no idea of what happens.'..."

"The African Personality"*

My ears are ringing with this ubiquitous phrase—what does it mean? Is it a philosophy or a form of nationalism? Sometimes it seems to be a political slogan and other times a psychological device. Is it myth or reality?

—It is many things, sometimes based on the anger of our African protest gestures, sometimes based on real and undeniable facts of our cultural heritage. No doubt, some of it is bogus. You know those reconstructions about African institutions as they are supposed to have existed in some remote past, and now must justify some current political policy or practice. In that sense it is an *ideology* by which some African groups are seeking to maintain their position. But it is also a *utopia*—because others are seeking to change the existing order of things.

You mean the existing order in which the dominant notion has been one of a non-African —or European—personality?

—Well, for a century now most Africans have been subject peoples under the rule of Western powers. True, there were some European scholars—and artists—who recognised and accepted that the African has a culture of his own. But the stereotype has been that we were a people "without history," "without culture." How many books and films have there been about this! The notion of the African Personality is our denial. It is an angry protest against the inferior and infantile role in which the West has cast the African on the stage of world history.

But isn't it only the intelligentsia which is usually concerned about such matters?

—I would agree that the protest has not been

[8] According to the official estimates of "Nigeria's future" (prepared by Frederick Harbison, of Princeton University): "In the decade prior to independence, Nigeria's national income probably was increasing at a rate of 4 per cent per annum in real terms. And, after allowing for increases in population growth, the probable annual increase in income *per capita* was about 2½ per cent. In comparison with many other newly developing countries, Nigeria's rate of growth is fairly high.... Of all the resources required for economic development, high-level manpower requires the longest 'lead-time' for creation. Modern dams, power stations, textile factories or steel mills can be constructed within a few years. But it takes between 10 and 15 years to develop the managers, the administrators and the engineers to operate them. Schools and college buildings can be erected in a matter of months; but it requires decades to develop high-level teachers and professors...."

What the Russians call the "technical intelligentsia" may well be the key factor. "The present number of persons in the high-level manpower category (both senior and intermediate) is about 30,000. This is less than one-tenth-of-one-per-cent of the population.... Ghana already has over three-tenths-of-one-per-cent.... In more advanced countries such as Egypt or India, high-level manpower is probably a little over one-half-of-one-per-cent, or five times Nigeria's present level. In the most advanced countries, such as the U.K., the U.S., West Germany, or the U.S.S.R., the range may be from two to five per cent...."

* An interview with *AYO OGUNSHAYE*, one of the deans of the University College in Ibadan and one of the most formidable personalities in new Africa's young intelligentsia.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very articulate among the ordinary people. Their lives have been relatively less disturbed by western contacts. Nor, I would add, among peoples like those of Nigeria's Moslem North, where traditional society was deliberately shielded by British rule. Those who have protested loudest are the intellectuals. They were Westernised but they became only second-class Western citizens. Under French rule a ruthless policy of "assimilation" had left them culturally naked as Africans. Certainly it is they who have raised the banner of the African Personality and of *Négritude*.

But still you believe that this negative—or negating—aspect of the "African Personality" was necessary?

—Not only necessary, but inevitable. Before the African could come into his own, he had to break out of the shell in which others had sought to contain him. He had to destroy the stereotyped idea of himself as an inferior being.

In what sense, if in any, do you think it goes too far?

—Well, let me give you an example. Because some Africans were carried into slavery in the new world, there are those who think this is a "racial insult" which has marked the African with some kind of complex forever. I think this kind of thinking is a neurotic trap. The sooner these Africans rid themselves of their "slavery complex" the better. Some Europeans enslaved some Africans, but some Europeans also enslaved other Europeans. Our tragedy was one of the accidental turns of history. No need to wallow in an eternal apologia about it!

My own impression is that beyond the protest and the denial, the "African Personality" goes on to insist that there are distinctive African values which are not only, as they say, "worth preserving" but also worth exporting. What values do you have in mind?

—I would say, first, the African's deeply historical conception of society as a unity made up of the ancestors, the living and future generations—then his spiritual attitude to life and his attachment to communal life and communal responsibilities—finally, his sense of rhythm as manifested in his poetry, his music, and his sculpture. The trouble has been that the education of the African in modern times has been such as to make him not only ignorant of but sneakingly ashamed of his own cultural heritage. He has to be re-educated. Then he may be able to understand himself and his past and appreciate what is good in it.

But would you subscribe to the notion that there is an inherent quality of "Africanness," something with which people are born because they are Africans?

—No, this seems to me a racial myth, and a dangerous one at that. All human beings are what they are because of their environment, their history, their culture, their upbringing. The African is no exception. There is nothing peculiar in his blood (except, probably, a relative immunity to some tropical diseases). If he looks at life in a certain way, if he has certain conceptions of beauty and rhythm, it is because he has learned to do so. In this respect the African is at one with the rest of humanity. There are some distinctive African values, but I am convinced that the African shares with other peoples—who are at the same stage of development, or who live under similar geographical conditions—similar attitudes and problems.

But surely all myth-making italicises traditional virtues and deletes ancient sins. Aren't there a few skeletons in the African cupboard?

—Yes, like in everybody else's, so let me be the first to raise the issue of cannibalism. "Skeletons" interfere with a romantic picture of the past and they are consequently wished away or ignored. I think this is an unhealthy attitude to take. Where are the cupboards of the past that are empty and clean? The Romans forced slaves to mutilate and murder for the Empire's amusement. Some Germans were geniuses who made music and science, and others were monsters who made gas-chambers to destroy millions of Jews. Here, again, I think the African must learn to accept his history and his culture for all it is worth, the good with the bad. Are we, in this respect, any worse than other peoples?

In view of the claims made for the "African Personality' and for "Négritude" wouldn't it be pertinent to ask to what extent African culture is in point of fact reflected in the day-to-day lives of those who preach it?

—My answer would be: disappointingly little! Some of the apostles of *Négritude* are cosmopolitan denizens of Paris for whom the French cut of cloth, and food and wine and women, are the finest joys of civilisation. Even when they live in Africa, how do they live but as "black Frenchmen"? Others preach "African culture," but do you ever find in their homes African paintings and sculpture? Then there is the celebrated chief propagandist for the "African Personality" who wears African

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clothes only on ceremonial occasions and has taken to himself an Arab wife. Here in Nigeria you will rarely see African art in the homes of the professed nationalists—and when they invited you to their homes did you ever get anything but English food?

You seem to be suggesting that for many of its devotees the "African Personality" is something of a pose.

—Yes, a pose and an intellectual fighting slogan and even a style, but not a truth by which they live. And can any culture which is merely theorised about—and not really *lived* —flourish or even survive?

Earlier on you referred to a conservative, ideological function. Who uses it to justify what?

—For example: in a neighbouring country it has been decided not to recognise and give separate seats to the Opposition in Parliament. Reason? Because organised opposition did not exist in traditional African society! This argument seems to be bogus—sheer rationalisation. Of course it's true that there was no "organised opposition" in the past—but it is also true that power was not concentrated in the hands of a single individual! Power was in fact divided among various groups and this constituted a kind of system of checks and balances. The Paramount Chief was the spokesman of decisions arrived at by the council of chiefs and elders. The situation to-day is quite different—because it is possible for a single individual to control the army, the police, the judiciary, the parliament, trade unions, farmers, youth. Not only is there no *distribution* of power within the body politic, but the traditional remedy against oppressive authority—*destoolment*—is ruled out. What is it but a travesty to invoke "African tradition" in support of such a state of affairs? We must be on guard to-day against the tendency of those in power to twist "African traditional ideas and institutions" to their own ends in the name of "the African personality."

Hasn't, then, all that you have been saying cast serious doubt as to the usefulness of the whole concept?

—I think that it has something to offer during the struggle against foreign rule. But thereafter, I feel, we need something more positive, something more constructive.

If I were to press you to write a prescription for your fellow Africans, how would it go?

—Oh, I suppose it would go something like this: "Be yourselves. Know your past and your culture, for a people without a sense of values and the past is like a ship without a rudder. To your cultural heritage don't hesitate to add from other cultures some ideas and some techniques which you think will help you build a better world. In doing this you will only be returning the compliment of the Western world —which did not hesitate to draw on your art and music in order to revitalise its own. In the world of culture we are all builders, all borrowers and lenders. . . ."

A Letter

DEAR M.—It has been almost a fortnight now; in Lagos a bit, up to Ibadan (where the university is), over to Oshogbo (Ulli Beier's town) and to Ogbomosho (to visit Chief Akintola), back to Lagos and the Federal Palace Hotel, this splendid piece of pseudo-Hilton built on pure white island sand. My new room still overlooks the dazzling "Independence Motor Pool" and its hundreds of green, shiny, once-used limousines, all purchased in a riotous outburst of African cosmopolitanism from Fiat, Peugeot, Mercedes, Opel and Volkswagen, Rootes and General Motors (and they would have imported Swedish and Japanese vehicles too for the happy day if only they could manage to find their trading agents). . . .

Did I know anything about the place before I came? Probably not. Each day I thought I learned something so new and so possibly important that yesterday seemed like utter *tabula rasa*. So forgive me if I say some obvious things: I didn't quite realise that what was apparently so obvious was also so true, so decisive, so interesting. I've collected a bag full of books and pamphlets and clippings and scribbled a note-book full of notes; but all that for another time, and for then too all the heat and colour including the bugs in the bed and the flies in the rice and the good tang everywhere of stale beer and fresh sweat. For now only some leading notions, sketchily and oversimply put, but recorded when the place is still with me.

Once again the obvious thing, but registered on me with overwhelming force: this is a giant. The near 40-millions make of the Nigerians "the potential leaders of Africa." They are just beginning to feel it—five times as big as Ghana, a national income equal to that of Egypt, what's all this shouting from Nkrumah and Nasser? So they seem to be coming around to thinking of playing a role in all-African affairs. Their

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diplomats are beginning to be encouraged, and the neighbouring leaders are trooping in to Lagos—Léopold Senghor will be here next week, Sylvanus Olympio the week after. The new Government feels that it has to speak out on "all the burning issues," South Africa, the Bomb in the Sahara, the Congo, etc. In general, my impression is that Nigeria is likely to play the kind of role which her leaders confess to only with a touch of embarrassment: namely, "counter-balancing . . . Western . . . responsible. . . ." If all goes well, it might well be what some of the foreign diplomats refer to as "the democratic model" for Africa. In political and press circles the feeling runs strongly (sometimes unfairly so) against Ghana; I was constantly hearing cracks against Kwame Nkrumah, some out of envy (he got in there first and is eloquent and celebrated and listened to) but more out of dislike for "dictatorship," "intrigue," and general "trouble-making." I was surprised that even among the Muslim Northerners there appears to be an interesting distance from Nasserism (Z. told me that even the Sardauna had said, "We are Muslims—but not Arabs. . . ."). More than all this: Nigeria has a gratifyingly experienced and mature leadership class; a core of intellectuals who are beginning to run institutions like schools, newspapers, and radio; and a good temperament and character remarkably attuned to the psychology of progress, change, and co-operation. I felt few real tensions in the land, practically no racialism, and much open-mindedness (and -heartedness) towards whites and West.

All in all: I was reminded of that old "discovery" in Delhi almost ten years ago—"India" *or* "China" as the models for Asia. An oversimplification, to be sure (and by now a platitude), but still the basic and illuminating overall perspective. Here it may be "Nigeria" *or* "Ghana" for West Africa (even for all Africa south of the Sahara); or maybe even "Nigeria" *or* "Egypt" for the continent. The most important unknown factor in this equation is only whether there will, in point of fact, be an enlightened and systematic *major Western effort* in this direction.

With a little bit of luck, Nigeria in the next five to ten years should be richer, more powerful, more stable, and a profoundly constructive influence in Africa. There are so many ill-starred areas that this becomes an almost imperative antiseptic reserve. Festering sores like some of the Belgian and French areas, the coming troubles of the Portuguese, the racial eruptions in East, Central, and South Africa, will need all the cauterisation that can be found. Put me down among the conventional and simple-minded: Nigeria is "a great hope." I found it a vivifying experience to see this still unbelievably primitive country (those mud-huts! those shanty-towns!) working intelligently with all the instruments of the modern mentality ("gross national product," "post-secondary education," "diversified extension services," etc.) in order to build up something viable. And it can be just that: "viable." It will practically double everything in a year or two or three: its production, its schools, its hospitals, its factories, its what-not. It will do iron and steel, and it may even have a little oil boom.[9]

Too rosy a picture? Probably, for there will be difficulties. Not "Ghanaian" ones, because the federal structure here appears to be a fairly solid buffer against centralising authoritarians. But "Pakistan"? The New Class (about which the youth seemed always to be talking to me) may become more affluent, more alienated from the masses. Bureaucrats who are already far from the soul of honesty will become more corrupt. Some of the planning will go haywire, and the "academic proletariat" will start jumping up and down at meetings and demonstrations. Could there be such a breakdown? . . . Nor is that all. There will probably be continuous over-the-border intrigues and interventions. The Chinese aren't around yet, but they will be after the Nigerian Economic Commission visits Peking. The Russians are beginning to take an interest, but they have for the moment better investments to make. Awo talks of revoking old colonial orders which still bar the Communists and their literature, and Zik speaks of students wanting to read about Marxism because

[9] In the Ashby Commission's report: "The upsurge of Africa is so dramatic and so powerful that proposals which to-day appear to be reasonable and sensible will in a very few years appear to be short-sighted and timid. One has only to read reports written fifteen years ago to realise how even wise and experienced men under-estimated the pace at which West Africa is growing up. One of the wisest of them wrote: 'Somewhere in West Africa, within a century, within half a century . . . a new African State will be born. It will be strong. Its voice will be listened to. . . . It will have a vital need for counsellors, its own counsellors. Now is the time, and the time is already late, to train them for their work.' That was written in 1945. Already by 1960 the prophecy had come true. . . ."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they hear so much against it. Last-but-not-least there are the trade-unions and the ideological struggle going on inside them to determine control of the apparatus of a small (but, in a crisis, influential) labour movement....

Wolé has just come in, and I leave off here. I tell him about the alarmism I am spreading and he says, "Well you might! I myself have never felt like a militant nationalist. But when I think of our new national anthem which was written by a Kensington school-teacher in six minutes flat for a thousand-pound prize—that's enough to inflame my patriotism and convert me to roaring radicalism...."

L'Envoi

ON THE ROAD south from Abeokuta our car breaks down. We search for an hour "in the bush" for a station and find an inspiringly confident mechanic who quizzes me closely like a doctor. He wants to know exactly what the motor did when it conked out and I sing it all out, gurgling and booming like talking drums. Good, he'd come along and fix it. I suggest taking along a tow rope. He says no, he'd fix it. I suggest taking the watchman along whom we could pay to sleep in the car overnight. He says we wouldn't need him, he would fix it (and anyway the watchman wouldn't come because it was just too dangerous because of the kidnappings and disappearances and a man just isn't safe these days). So out we went, back to Ulli stranded on the side of the road in his Opel *Rekord*. Our man fumbled in the dark interminably and then lit a few matches to see what he was doing. (We insisted on providing him with safer, more distant illumination.) When parts of half the motor were nicely spread out in oily order on my precious copy of that morning's *West African Pilot* he suddenly announced that it just couldn't be fixed. Back we went to search for a "toe rope," and Ulli, with creditable fearlessness, went to sleep at the wheel. We stopped trucks, limousines, police Rovers, mammy wagons. Nobody had anything. We finally located an assortment of string, jute, and hemp, knotted it all inextricably a few times, and returned to the unkidnapped, undisappeared Ulli, a little jittery for he'd never been towed before, and it is a bit eerie, especially on these roads where every lorry driver barrels down the centre of the narrow lane, and (to be fair) so he must because the sides of the roads are littered with dead and dying hulks of cars and trucks, grazed, smashed, crushed, overturned, rusting. Down the centre of the road, sometimes without lights, and all you can make out is the noise coming like some mechanical elephant's charge, down the centre they always come playing the game of Nigerian chicken, and Wolé Soyinka curses them and vows himself "never to veer in fear" or, at least, never to veer in fear for more than six inches (very big lorry? maybe nine inches), and so by six to nine inches we scrape our way home to a city garage, cooled by the close winds of the passing traffic.

And then—oh good, sweet Yorubaland!—we had to go off to awaken all friends and explain (it's one in the morning) why we never turned up for dinner and they smile and laugh and join us and take us to their brothers and their cousins who also wake up laughing and smiling (it's now two in the morning) and improvise arrangements for their emergency guests on cots and couches. We were safe at last. Outside stood an old night watchman, in his silent sandals cut out of rubber tyres, and at the ready his home-made rifle with its barrel of water-pipe....

AFTER BREAKFAST, at the airport, I am upbraided by the air-line clerk: "Where have you been? We spent all of last Monday searching for you! Were you lost? You should have been on our flight to Rome...."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C. A. R. Crosland

Some Thoughts on English Education

I. Equal Opportunity?

THE WAY to the top is being re-built. But the process is confused and muddling; and no one seems certain whether we are making a narrow ladder or a broad highway. We must try to find some landmarks.

TWO CONTRARY TRENDS are at work in the recruitment and selection for the élites which run the country. On the one hand, the increasing complexity of technology and organisation, and the continuing growth of specialisation, place an ever-higher premium on educational and professional qualifications. This is most obvious in industry: studies of management recruitment show (as one goes down the age-levels) a steadily-rising proportion of public and grammar school boys, university graduates, and persons with recognised professional qualifications, and a declining proportion of men who have climbed up the ladder after starting at the bottom as clerks or manual workers. Increasingly one reaches the top, not from the bench via night school through Lord Heyworth's "University of Hard Knocks," but from the sixth form or the university via selective management training. This trend is equally evident in other professions. The advantages of a university education in particular are now enormous. University graduates (especially from Oxford and Cambridge) virtually monopolise the senior positions in the Civil Service, the bar, the church, the Conservative Party (not to mention 40 per cent of the Parliamentary Labour Party), teaching, medicine, banking, scientific research, and the B.B.C.; and they are moving rapidly into advertising, journalism, television, and (above all) industrial management. Accountancy, the commissioned services, solicitors, and banking still recruit 18-year-old apprentices; but it is doubtful if they can do so much longer, and in a few years' time their new recruits also will mainly be graduates.

Access to education has thus become all-important. The youth with the university degree or the *Dip. Tech.* or even three *A*-levels has the world at his feet. The youth who leaves school at 15 and starts at the bench as an apprentice has *less* chance of climbing to the top than his father had. The critical selection now takes place at 11 (for grammar schools), at 13 (for public schools), or at 18 (for universities). Only those who pass one or other of these crucial tests, and so enter the educational-élite, have much prospect of later joining the income- or occupational-élite.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the educational élite has expanded in size and is now more broadly based than fifty years ago. As the managerial, professional, and technical classes have grown as a proportion of the labour force, so the demand has grown for trained and educated people. Although the public schools have expanded and added peripheral new schools to their number,

THIS *is the last in a series of commentaries which Mr. Crosland, Labour M.P. for Grimsby and the author of* THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM, *has contributed to recent numbers of* ENCOUNTER: *"New Moods, Old Problems" (February), "Towards a Welfare World" (March), "On Economic Growth" (April), and "Public Ownership" (May).*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they have not expanded proportionately to the population; the additional demand has been met mainly by an expansion of the grammar schools' fifth and sixth forms. Hence, as the occupational pyramid has widened at the top, a higher proportion of top positions has become available to non-public-school boys.

Thus in the Civil Service, as the number of senior posts has increased, so the proportion filled from public schools (and especially major public schools) has slowly fallen and that filled from grammar schools has risen. In part, since 1951, this has been due to the falling prestige of the public service; but the long-term trend is still there. In the Conservative Party, although the Etonians still rule the roost in the oldest age-group, they will soon be challenged by the rising cohort of grammar school (or *very* minor public school) boys—Mr. Marples, Mr. Powell, Mr. Maudling, Mr. Heath, Mr. Watkinson, and Mr. Bevins. In industry, it is true, while the proportion of grammar school boys in top positions has risen, it has risen more slowly than the proportion of public school boys. But this is due to a factor on the supply side: namely, the higher proportion of public school boys who *choose* to enter industry now that so many of their traditional careers—in the Indian Civil Service, the Colonial Service, and the Army—are closed to them. And the growing pressure for efficiency has (except in traditional enclaves of privilege like the City of London) reduced the amount of nepotism and the number of hereditary nincompoops—at least at the decision-making levels; a Lord is still good for the Board. The grammar school boy therefore has a more open run than he did thirty years ago. The four largest industrial concerns in Britain—British Railways, the National Coal Board, Unilever, and I.C.I.—all have non-public school educated Chairmen.

To sum up: with the broadening of the occupational pyramid at the top there are now relatively more high-income and high-status jobs. True, these are available mainly to those with educational qualifications; it is harder to reach the top without passing examinations. But opportunities for gaining these qualifications have markedly expanded. The increased demand for trained recruits has been met by an extension of selective education to wider classes of the population. There is thus more room at the top; and the grammar school has been the escalator by which, from one generation to another, a new social class of ability has risen there. It is significant that both parents of two-thirds of the present grammar-school population themselves left school at 14.

THEN SURELY we must be on the way to true equality of opportunity?[1] We may be less *efficient* than other countries, virtually undefended, with a slower rate of growth, worse social services, uglier towns, and a meaner attitude to the arts, but at least we must be more *platonic*? Our leaders may be leading us nowhere—slowly—but in the long run quality will out; for, unlike America, Sweden, Germany, or Russia, we satisfy the platonic ideal by having a superior, segregated educational élite, and the democratic ideal by permitting access to it without regard to birth or wealth. We must surely be achieving, at long last, equality of opportunity.

Now the phrase "equal opportunity" can bear either a weak or a strong interpretation. I start by discussing the "weak" interpretation: namely, that access to élite education is based not on birth or wealth, but solely on "intelligence" as measured by I.Q. tests, and hence that all children of the same measured intelligence at the appropriate age have completely equal access.

Even this limited ideal is far from being realised. Elite education in Britain consists of the public schools, grammar schools, and universities. Obviously, first, there is no equal access to the public schools, since access depends on having parents who can afford £500 a year. I argue later that the public school system has damaging social effects and breeds the wrong type of leadership. But it does retain marked educational advantages. True, a handful of famous direct-grant schools such as Manchester, Bristol, and Birmingham are not only equal but vastly superior to many public schools; and some maintained grammar schools such as Watford and Maidstone are at least their equals. But the *average* public school is still in some important respects educationally superior to the *average* maintained grammar school; it has a better staffing ratio (and so gives more individual attention), a higher academic standard of sixth-form teachers, better libraries, more laboratories and science equipment, and better playing fields. In other ways it is often deadly; but it does get educational results. And even if this were not

[1] *Education and Democratic Leadership*, by Lord James of Rusholme (Oxford, 1961).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the case it would still confer a better prospect of a job; for some employers (whether from old-school loyalty, or for reasons of accent and manners, or from a belief in public school "character" and "dependability") still favour the public-school over the grammar-school boy. Thus the attachment of parents even to minor public schools is not solely (though it certainly is partly) due to snobbery; it is also a sensible recognition of the persistence of unequal opportunity amongst children of equal measured intelligence.

WITHIN THE STATE SECTOR, access to the grammar schools is now completely equal in the limited sense. True, the class distribution of the grammar-school population is badly askew, the middle classes being over-represented and the manual working classes under-represented. But this accurately reflects the class distribution of measured intelligence at 11. For we know from many investigations over many years that the mean I.Q. falls steadily as one goes down the social scale from the professional and managerial class, through clerical, skilled, semi-skilled, to unskilled manual workers; the 11-plus is partly a test of class and income background. Given this fact, however, we have equal entry into the grammar schools.

> Virtually the full quota of boys with the requisite minimum I.Q. from every class was admitted to grammar schools, and the distribution of opportunity stands to-day in closer relationship to that of ability (as measured by intelligence tests) than ever before.[2]

But after entering grammar school, children do not in practice have equal access to the sixth form and later the University (and these, after all, constitute the real élite element in the state system). As is well known, performance at grammar school, length of school life, and academic promise at the time of leaving all deteriorate as one goes down the social scale. Working-class boys, for example, constitute 66 per cent of the top intelligence group at the age of 11, 47 per cent of the group with the best examination results at school-leaving age, and 36 per cent of grammar school University entrants. The variation in performance between social classes is much greater than can be explained by any differences in mean I.Q. between the classes; that is, we have to explain why children of broadly the *same* I.Q. perform so differently.

The Crowther Report, for example, in its analysis of National Service recruits to the Army, found that within the top "ability-group" (10 per cent of the whole) two-fifths had left school at 16 without attempting to enter the sixth form, and within the second ability-group (20 per cent of the whole) two-thirds had left school at 15. Again, early leaving was closely correlated with social class background. It seems clear that even amongst children of broadly similar measured intelligence, social factors—the less sympathetic attitude of parents who themselves left school at 14; the attraction to a working-class boy of an immediate high-earning job; the inadequacy of the present maintenance grant; the difficulty which a working-class boy finds in adapting himself to the mainly middle-class and even snobbish atmosphere of some grammar schools—are operating to reduce the chances of those from working-class homes.

Access to the redbrick Universities is equal in the limited sense that all applicants of equal academic attainment at 17 stand an equal chance of acceptance. But this is certainly not true of Oxford and Cambridge, where the public-school boy is still favoured over the equally able grammar-school boy—not usually now by overt favouritism (though this can still be found), but by the complexity of procedure for entry, the fact of admission at the age of 16 or 17, and the close links which exist between particular colleges and particular public schools (sometimes in the form of actual closed scholarships, but more often via "reliable" housemasters' reports and the like). There is a community of spirit between some schools and colleges which is difficult to pin down (John Vaizey tried to do so in *The Establishment*), but which is often decisive. Of admissions of men to Cambridge in 1955, 55 per cent came from public schools and 25 per cent from grammar schools; this ratio in no way reflects the ratio of total academic ability in the two types of school. In their finals, 4 per cent of the public school boys but 8 per cent of the grammar school boys obtained Firsts, while 27 per cent of the public school boys and 19 per cent of the grammar school boys took Thirds.

THUS, EVEN ON THE WEAK DEFINITION, we do not have equal opportunity in Britain. The public schools remain, to all intents and purposes,

[2] *Social Class and Educational Opportunity*. By J. E. Floud, A. H. Halsey, and F. M. Martin. (Heinemann, 1956), p. 143.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closed to poorer children, however talented and deserving. The grammar schools, although selecting fairly on the basis of intelligence, suffer a serious wastage from leaving at 16, caused by deficiencies not in intelligence but in social background. And those who can afford to purchase private schooling have a significant advantage in obtaining entry to Oxford and Cambridge; as a corollary, many of our most gifted children are still excluded from two of our premier seats of learning.

We might, however, correct these deficiencies in the fullness of time, and ensure by social and educational reform that all children of equal intelligence at 11 or 18 had the same opportunities for further education. True, the resultant distribution of further education would still be slanted towards the higher social classes; for mean I.Q. at these ages, as we have seen, varies with social class. But we might assume, as the Victorians did, that intelligence is an innate characteristic, and attribute the variation to the influence of heredity. The race goes to the strong, and only the fittest survive—but luckily a eugenically-minded providence ensures that "the fittest" are mostly to be found in the middle and upper classes. We should then have completely equal opportunity on the "weak" definition; and Baron James would be created Duke of Rusholme.

But we now know that measured intelligence is *not* a purely innate characteristic; it is at least partly an acquired one. With this knowledge, the whole discussion of "equal opportunity" takes on a new aspect. True, psychologists differ as to the relative importance of the hereditary and environmental factors. But none to-day takes the Victorian view that heredity is the *sole* determinant. Nor, outside the Marxist countries, does anyone take the extreme opposite view that *environment* is the sole determinant, and that all men are literally "born equal;" this seems too hard to square with the defective from the ducal home and the genius from the slums, or with the broadly similar characteristics shown by twins brought up in different environments. There is general agreement that both heredity and environment play a part. But this at once raises the likelihood that the correlation between I.Q. and social class is due as much to environmental as to hereditary factors.

Intelligence is acquired by teaching, stimulation, and encouragement; and the amount of these available to the child will vary with social background. A child's vocabulary, its interest in its environment, its very ability to perceive, are conditioned by its early family life; the less educated the parents, the less these will be stimulated. Material poverty causes ill-health and poor school attendance, and encourages early leaving for reasons of family income. Bad or overcrowded housing makes evening or holiday work impossible. Parents who themselves left school early are more likely to persuade their children to leave school early. The fact of early leaving, since I.Q. is partly a function of the amount of education, still further increases the gap between children from different backgrounds; in other words, the child from the less fortunate background is penalised at a series of successive stages—and its own children will be penalised in the next generation.

Naturally, given the hereditary factor, children can never start equal in life; moreover, those with talented and cultured parents will have an immense environmental advantage. Different infantile experiences, leading to varying possibilities of neurosis in later life, provide a further random element. But once we admit that measured intelligence is even partially acquired, and furthermore that many of the environmental influences are susceptible to social action, we can see why the previous interpretation of equal opportunity was described as a "weak" one. For measured intelligence at 11 or 18 is *not* a fixed quantity, but is partly a function of opportunities in earlier life. The "strong" definition of equal opportunity is therefore that, subject to differences in heredity and infantile experience, every child should have the same opportunity for *acquiring* measured intelligence, in so far as this can be controlled by social action.[3]

[3] Of course this discussion begs the still more fundamental question of whether educational "opportunity" should be based on measured intelligence at all. I suggested in *The Future of Socialism*, and Dr. Michael Young argued more fully and brilliantly in *The Rise of the Meritocracy*, that there was a certain injustice in singling out this one trait, not indeed for *different* treatment, but for exceptionally *privileged* treatment. The strongest of all definitions of equal opportunity would be that every child has an equal chance of developing his interests and personality *regardless* of measured intelligence; and this might mean, as Mr. Raymond Williams has suggested, giving more education to the subnormal than to the brilliant child. But in this essay I am concerned to show that even the more conventional view of equal opportunity is usually misinterpreted.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IMPLICATIONS of the strong definition for policy are, to put it mildly, considerable. For we should have not only to eliminate inadequate incomes and bad housing (which we are still a long way from doing), but also to carry through a major educational revolution—so that parents, having been properly educated themselves, will stimulate the faculties of their children, and so that the children may develop their intelligence to the maximum by full-time education (or its equivalent) up to the age of at least 17. Moreover, the practice of selecting the brightest children at 11 or 13 for a separate and superior education would immediately become suspect; for this, so far from ensuring equal opportunity (as its advocates maintain), positively *denies* it, being based on the false assumption that intellectual capacity at that age is fixed for life whereas in fact it is partly a function of educational experience. This does not mean that all testing is wrong in principle, or that selection should never occur—obviously it must, for example, for the Universities. It does mean that testing before the age of (say) 17 should not lead to physical separation into superior and inferior schools (for later transfer is always a complicated business), but at most to "streaming" in a school taking a wide range of measured ability.

We can now see how misleading is the antithesis often drawn (and I myself have been guilty of this in the past) between "equality" and "equal opportunity."[4] When Socialists speak of "equal opportunity" in terms of a narrow ladder up which only a few exceptional individuals, hauled out of their class by society's talent-scouts, can ever climb, they concede the narrow, reactionary interpretation of their opponents. It is ironical that the New Left and Lord James should both implicitly accept the weak interpretation of the phrase—the only difference being that the New Left would like to pull down the building, while Lord James would like the poorest to get to the top. Both are behind the times, for as soon as we adopt, as of course we should, the strong interpretation, we see that the phrase takes on a rather revolutionary connotation. Its realisation would entail an immensely high standard of *universal provision*. The emphasis shifts from individual mobility to the general standard. If we think what this would imply for income-distribution, the quality of housing, opportunities for stimulation at work and in leisure, and above all the amount and calibre of universal education, we see that the achievement of truly equal opportunity would carry us a distinctly long way towards equality and a socialist society! In fact, a high degree of equality is a pre-condition of equal opportunity.

II. The Public Schools

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS offend not only against the "weak," let alone the "strong," ideal of equal opportunity; they offend even more against any ideal of social cohesion or democracy. This privileged stratum of education, the exclusive preserve of the wealthier classes, socially and physically segregated from the state educational system, is the greatest single cause of stratification and class-consciousness in Britain.

It is not, of course, the only cause. The effect of being for so long a great imperial power, and the psychology of discipline, hierarchy, and master-subject relationships which this induced; the persistence (and indeed the continual, and—as in the disgraceful case of Wedgwood Benn—compulsory, reinforcement) of a hereditary aristocracy; the flummery surrounding the Monarchy; the obsessive snobbery (even amongst a section of the intelligentsia) about birth and titles; the deep-seated differences in accent; the national propensity to kowtow and manœuvre for precedence—these would produce strong feelings of social deference and superiority whatever the educational system.

But the school system is the greatest divisive influence. It is no accident that Britain, the only advanced country with a national private élite system of education, should also be the most class-ridden country. The Scandinavian countries, the least class-ridden, have no significant private sector of education. The United States and Germany both have a private sector (though most of it denominational); and they even have a handful of would-be English public schools. But these in no way constitute a *national* élite system. They are geographically localised (*e.g.*, on the Atlantic seaboard); only a minority even of wealthier children go to them; and most of the country has never heard of their existence. Old Salem and Groton boys may care as passionately about their *alma mater* as an Old

[4] Mr. Richard Wollheim has reached the same conclusion by a different route in an interesting recent article, "The English Dream," in *The Spectator*, March 10.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harrovian; but their prospective employer or their bank manager, let alone the rest of the population, could not care less.

Indeed no historically-minded champion of the public schools could possibly deny that schools can have either an integrative or divisive social influence. For it was the historic function of the public school in the 19th century to assimilate the sons of the new and self-made middle class into the ranks of the hereditary ruling class; and even to-day it fulfils an integrative role for the sons of self-made men. Similarly the American high school, whatever else may be said about it, has brilliantly fulfilled the function of assimilating ethnically diverse groups into a common national culture. (As a matter of fact, most of what else is said about it by English critics is false. They always assume that its lower educational standards are due to the fact of its being "comprehensive," whereas in reality they are due, as the quite different Swedish experience demonstrates, to certain specifically American factors—the attachment to "life-adjustment" education, the automatic "social promotion" by age-groups and the lack of grading by ability, the preference for vocational courses, the acute shortage of teachers, the low quality of many of the teachers, and so on.) A school system can either increase or diminish social disparities; and the British public schools manifestly increase them.

AND THEY DO NOT EVEN, to-day, provide "efficient" leadership. It is again no coincidence that Britain, the only country with a national élite system of private boarding schools, from which its leadership is still disproportionately drawn, should be falling so badly behind other democratic countries in the achievement of widely-accepted national goals—behind Germany in economic performance, Scandinavia in social welfare and urban planning, the United States in technology and innovation. In the 19th century (as Mr. John Pringle argued in February's ENCOUNTER), the public schools, disagreeable as they may have been, did at least fulfil the role of training a leadership perfectly adapted to the needs of a growing empire. For this training, their characteristic features—the boarding, the hierarchical discipline, the emphasis on games, the carefully-nurtured sense of innate superiority—were precisely apt. They are not, however (although now somewhat modified), equally apt for a mid-20th-century world of computers, Communism, trade unions, and African nationalism. This is hardly surprising. The quality of leadership is not, after all, an absolute and unvarying quality. It is specific to particular situations; and what makes for good leadership in one situation may make for bad leadership in another. The public schools to-day, although providing "a good education" in a rather narrow sense, do not generate the right type of leadership for a democratic, scientific, welfare world.

Almost every emphasis which they inculcate—on manners and "character," on the all-rounder and the amateur, on the insular, the orthodox and the traditional—is wrong from the point of view of contemporary goals.[5] It is this which largely explains those national characteristics—the reluctance to innovate, the distaste for the expert and professional, the refusal to *grapple* with problems—which are at long last becoming the subject of widespread hostile comment. Fundamentally this reflects a failure of English élite education to achieve the highest of all educational ideals: that of fostering enquiry, dissent, and critical intellectuality. A country in which the most damning insult which Lord Salisbury can fling at Mr. Iain Macleod is that he is "too clever by half" is not a good prospect in the modern world. In the first Elizabethan age it was held a virtue in Robert Cecil that he was clever. His descendants are as anti-intellectual as the Know-Nothings.

BUT THIS attitude might be attributable to aristocracy, not to the schools themselves. Unfortunately, parallel faults can be found in those fields which traditionally represent the culmination of the British élite system of education: the Civil Service, and Oxford and Cambridge. Beautifully adapted to its pristine task of administering a going concern without excessive interference, the British Civil Service remains notable for its honesty, industry, and administrative competence. But it has failed to adapt to a world which requires the long rather than the short view, active planning rather than passive administration, novel rather than traditional ideas. Thus the Treasury remains astonishingly behind France, Holland, and Sweden in long-term economic planning. The Foreign Office was ponderously slow to wake up to the existence of new and revolutionary

[5] Luckily for us, the Americans, with their increasing emphasis on the "well-rounded man," are chivalrously refusing to take advantage of our weakness.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post-war situations in the Middle East and elsewhere. The Ministries of Health and National Insurance have introduced new social policies without even a research unit to investigate their probable effects. The Ministry of Education takes decisions for or against different types of school without conducting any research into their different consequences, and has little idea of how many teachers we need to carry out its own policies. The typical Whitehall attitude of mind—thorough and precise, but pedantic and unadventurous—is in part a reflection of the Oxford and Cambridge background from which most civil servants come. But are Oxford and Cambridge really as good as Harvard and the Sorbonne? Their recent farcical performance over the introduction of sociology—a lamentable compound of hidebound traditionalism and facetious superciliousness—makes one doubt it.

EDUCATION is of course highly relevant to national efficiency. As an investment it yields a generous return; and we badly need more of it in Britain—more full-time secondary education (only one child in eight now receives full-time education between 16 and 18), more technical education, and more higher education. Only 5 per cent of young people receive higher education in Britain, compared with 25 per cent in the U.S.A., and 12 per cent in the Soviet Union. There are more Negro university students in the U.S. than total university students in Britain; and the proposed expansion of University places will not keep pace with the expansion of the sixth forms. Meanwhile industry is crying out for more graduate scientists and engineers; we need many more teachers and social workers; students from Asia and Africa are queueing up for places; yet we allow a continued wastage of potential university ability from our secondary schools. In the face of these facts the attitude of some university dons who talk superciliously of "scraping the barrel" is as misleading as it is reactionary.

But none of this has anything to do with the public schools. The need is not for more public-school-type education for the top 2 per cent or 3 per cent of the population. Indeed the whole notion of an élite-type education is inappropriate in Britain to-day. For both our greatest need and our largest untapped resource now lie below the level of the cleverest few per cent—although disastrously many even of these are still slipping through the net. From the viewpoint of efficiency as well as equality, we need less concentration on an educational élite and more on the average standard of attainment.

THE CASE AGAINST THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, then, has grown stronger even in the last few years. First, the type of leadership which they provide is seen to be less and less appropriate to the national goals of the 1960s. Secondly, as we grasp the fact that intelligence is partly an acquired characteristic, we see even more clearly that the whole notion of an exclusive and privileged education is inconsistent with equality of opportunity. Thirdly, despite the gradual process of democratic reform in other directions, the socially divisive influence which these schools exert shows disturbingly little sign of abating.

III. A Possible Solution

THEN what do we do? In the immediate post-war flush of radical optimism, people supposed that the public schools would quietly wither away as a result of high taxation and the gradual improvement of the state schools. This was never a likely prospect; it now lies in the realm of fantasy.

Ten years of Conservative rule have made the middle classes better-off both absolutely and relatively. Their real incomes have risen absolutely with economic growth, and relatively through a large reduction in middle-class taxation and the sensational growth in the bargaining strength of middle-class professional organisations (*e.g.*, civil servants, doctors, farmers). Moreover, as people grow richer they spend a rising proportion of their incomes on education. And if all this is not enough, the Treasury allows ample ways (*e.g.*, tax-free seven-year covenants) by which a child's education can be paid for other than out of the parents' earned income; Mr. John Vaizey has suggested that one-third of private school fees are effectively paid by the Exchequer. There is thus plenty of money about for the public schools; and it is hardly surprising that, so far from withering away, they are growing in size and yet still have record waiting-lists.

Even if the gap in standards between state and private schools could be completely closed, a lot of this money would still be spent on private education. The Oxford Savings Survey showed that 95 per cent of parents with an income of £1,000 and over (of whom 65 per cent had themselves been privately educated)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were buying private education for their children. Even allowing for the fact that the better private schools have clear academic advantages over the average grammar (let alone secondary modern) school, this percentage figure cannot reflect solely on educational preference; partly it reflects a form of social insurance—buying the child a better future job—but partly, also, a powerful social snobbery which will not disappear even if the gap in standards is closed.

In fact it will not be closed in the foreseeable future. The state sector still has a massive legacy of dreary, sub-standard schools to be eliminated; its staffing ratios are inferior by a depressingly wide margin; the average age of leaving school is lower by almost two years; in some over-crowded secondary modern schools, where the staff changes frequently, children are scarcely being educated at all. True, education expenditure has in recent years been on a rapidly-rising curve; more pupils stay on voluntarily every year; and many of the new schools are of wonderfully high quality. Yet these improvements may be largely offset by the recent unexpected rise in the birthrate, which will pour yet another huge bulge into the schools during the late nineteen-sixties; and with a Conservative Government it is doubtful whether the local authorities and the Exchequer will be prepared to finance the additional expansion now re-

Out of Touch

The picture of Oxford as a nursery for idle, high-spirited aristocrats presided over by ineffectual dons has faded in recent years, but the suspicions remain that the university pays too much attention to old members' sons and public school background in its choice of entrants, and has no real wish to dilute the social quality of its intake by opening its doors much wider. These suspicions may have been confirmed by a recent article in the periodical Oxford *written by the senior censor of Christ Church, Mr. J. Steven Watson. Mr. Watson conceded that candidates for awards should be chosen purely on intellectual merit, but argued that in selecting candidates colleges must necessarily pay attention to general character and background, connections with old members, and the duty of the university to "civilise those born to great responsibilities."*

This view has been indignantly repudiated by the editor of the Oxford Magazine, *qualified by many other dons in the magazine's correspondence columns, and upheld by the Lord Mayor of London. Meanwhile television viewers have heard from the philosophy tutor of Worcester College that his college takes more public school men "because they are better," and an* Isis *survey has argued that the entrance system as a whole favours the public schools.*

THE ECONOMIST, *April 22*

The headmaster of Eton said yesterday that boys from working-class homes should be admitted at public expense to Britain's public schools. If 10 p.c. of the boys at these schools were paid for it would cost about £1,000,000. Mr. Robert Birley, Eton's head since 1949, was speaking at Manchester on the future of the public schools.

"I think that there is a social need here which we can meet," he went on. "At present we have too many boys from the same background."

Those boys were out of touch with the life of the average man. Only one boy in a senior class at Eton was able to write a lucid essay set by the head on The Welfare State. He came from a working-class home and was at Eton at the State's expense.

"The time has come," said Mr. Birley, "when people should think seriously about these schools and the way in which they fit into the social pattern. We must not let public schools become too far out of alignment with the social development of the country."

DAILY MAIL, *April 26*

I know two boys of 16, one at a State school and one at a Public school. . . .

John works in a beautiful building with mosaic walls, acoustic ceilings, non-glare lighting, panels of coloured glass on the exterior, and an ornamental pool. His dinners are well-cooked and rich in vitamins and protein. His head teacher is a man of moderate qualifications who earns about £1,100 a year.

Joe lives in an icy, ill-lit dump, is rather dirty, rarely gets a hot bath, and eats unspeakable food —the same conditions in a State school would cause a public outcry. His head teacher is one of the finest teachers in the country and earns (with house and perks) about £3,000 a year.

It is a waste of breath to rail at the Public Schools as bastions of snobbery. They will survive every attack as long as they buy the best teaching and give the finest education.

Most middle-class parents aim at Public Schools for their children for honest educational reasons, not *to get in with the polo crowd and the yachting set. Spread the top teachers over* all *schools by offering them top conditions and the queues for the Public Schools will melt away. The last of the great class distinctions will painlessly evaporate.*

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES
DAILY MAIL, *May 3*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quired.[6] The Labour Party should make educational spending the over-riding domestic issue of the 1960s. But the present prospect is that it will be nearly a decade before most classes are reduced (surely an appallingly modest aim) to 40 in primary schools and 30 in secondary schools, and the school-leaving age raised universally to 16; while County Colleges still lie in the distant future. The gap is actually widening in some directions—notably in technical and scientific teaching, due to the large subventions which private industry has recently made to the public schools.

FACED WITH THIS situation, some young radicals adopt a counsel of despair, and propose that the public schools should simply be abolished. This is of course politically out of the question; to advocate it is therefore to postpone all change until the Greek Kalends—quite apart from the rather obvious consideration that, as Mr. Raymond Williams observes in *The Long Revolution*, "it is not easy to argue that this limited social group has no right to provide the education it thinks fit for its own members."

What, then, can be done? One improvement would be a great expansion of university places, which is in any case to be desired on other grounds. The greater the number of university places, the less the importance of school compared with university background, and the less the privileged position of any particular type of school. At the same time we must drastically weaken the present link between Oxford and Cambridge and the public schools, and secure a more even distribution of pupils from different schools amongst different universities. The social and educational dominance of Oxford and Cambridge is now the most "élitist" single factor in our society. Indeed they exert an attraction which even New Left militants and ex-anti-Establishment-angries seem unable to resist; as from next Michaelmas, Mr. Raymond Williams, Mr. Alasdair MacIntyre, and Mr. Kingsley Amis will all be taking up Oxford or Cambridge posts.

We must then grasp the nettle of selection for the public schools. The most obvious solution is "Flemingism," that is, the proposal of the 1944 Fleming Report that the public schools should offer a proportion of their places to non-fee-paying pupils from state primary schools. We could have either weak Flemingism or strong Flemingism. Under weak Flemingism, the proportion of free places would be only (say) 25 per cent. This is quite unacceptable and the Headmaster of Eton's ridiculous recent suggestion of 10 per cent free places is even more so). It would merely strengthen the public schools by giving them an appearance of democracy, without in fact changing their basic character; and this is quite apart from the familiar "guinea-pig" objection. One must either apply the scheme on a large scale or not at all.

We are left with strong Flemingism—*i.e.*, 75 per cent or 100 per cent free places. But how to select the free places? If we throw them open to competitive intelligence tests, as now with the grammar schools, two bad results would follow (quite apart from Dr. Michael Young's "meritocracy" objection). First, the state schools would be creamed of a proportion of their best pupils and hence would bitterly oppose the scheme. Secondly, we should still not (given the existing distribution of I.Q. at 11 or 13) get a social mixture; middle-class children would be heavily over-represented, and indeed the effect would largely be (as it was when fees were abolished in the grammar schools) that the same pupils would win most of the places but henceforth would be subsidised by the state. This is not at all the object of the exercise. We must therefore find a new method of selection which will ensure a social mixture. Mr. John Vaizey suggests one such ingenious method in the memorandum which follows:

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS are often exceptionally good as schools. Their bad characteristics—the emphasis on leadership and "character," and the snobbery—spring directly from their socially selective entry. An intellectually selective entry would be nearly as disastrous, because it would harm the grammar schools, be purely "meritocratic," and impossible to select. So the problem is to keep them going while changing their entry.

Fortunately they are public bodies in more than name, having been reorganised by public authority in the 19th century; so Parliament has a special right to intervene. Our argument starts from the proposition that existing schools must be kept going, whatever we as individuals may think of them, so long as they are recognised as efficient by Her Majesty's Inspectors. It would not be necessary to deal with all private schools which, including preparatory and day schools, educate half-a-million children. The leading 100 or 150 public schools (the Headmasters' Conference ones) are

[6] They will certainly not finance it so long as educational expenditure relies so largely on a tax (namely, local rates) which does not rise automatically with rising national income. We shall never get the required expansion without a fundamental change in the method of financing.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those which most of us would like to see democratised. And within the system there are many teachers (including headmasters) who believe in their work, but object strongly to the social basis of their schools. Why not try to help them, rather than antagonise them? We should certainly try for an agreed scheme first; and if most of the major schools came in, this might be sufficient. Only if a majority declined would the Government have to consider compulsion.

All these "top" schools, specified by statute, would be put under an Educational Trust consisting of independent and impartial persons. The Trust would be charged with maintaining, so far as possible, the existing character of the schools—whether religious as at Downside, pedagogic as at Dartington, or occupational as at the Royal Commercial Travellers' School. But the schools would be required to take only boys and girls of at least 15 (in order to make the problem of educating children from non-preparatory schools easier), and to take their entrants from a pool composed of a completely representative sample, socially and intellectually, of the whole population aged 15. Within this limit the schools would be free to choose their own recruits, although they would have to explain to the Trust any serious deviation from their representative character.

The pool would be chosen by asking every secondary school (private and maintained) to nominate, in strict proportion to the number of its pupils aged 15, several pupils for a "pool" of those who wished to go on to the Educational Trust schools. For example, if there are 800,000 pupils in the age-group and 20,000 places in the Educational Trust schools, each school (grammar, comprehensive, secondary-modern, technical and private) would get one place in the pool for each 40 pupils in the age-group. Each Educational Trust school would be required to draw all (or most) of its pupils from this pool, having regard to its special characteristics. Thus Downside, for example, would still recruit Roman Catholics; but its entrants would be drawn from all Roman Catholic schools and not a few expensive preparatory schools.

Tuition fees would be abolished, but the boarding element of charges would be subject to a means test. The cost to public funds would be of the order of £15 million.

THERE WOULD BE TWO MAIN SNAGS. First, the choice of the children to go in to the "pool" might be invidious. I doubt whether this is likely to be so. If a secondary modern school has to choose two boys, it will ask parents for nominations and draw up a list of its own. There will be discussion and argument; certainly jealousy and annoyance in the grammar schools; but I doubt whether a great many parents will really want to choose these schools on other than educational grounds when the social cachet they hold has gone. If they are chosen on *educational* grounds, then we should simply build more of them.

Secondly, it will be argued, each school will choose its "best" boys and girls; the most "middle-class child" in each school will be nominated. This is obviously possible. But anyone who knows about the social class distribution of school populations knows that there are hundreds of non-grammar schools with no child who could remotely be called middle-class. And once the social cachet is gone, it is extremely unlikely that schools will be anxious to push their "best" pupils away from them. Scalp-collecting ("I got 6 Winchesters and 12 Royal Commercial Travellers this spring") would be prevented by the quota system.

At the same time, it is urgently necessary to make entry to direct-grant schools wholly non-fee-paying. This will further reduce the "social cachet" element in education. If we added to this a tightening up of the various public subsidies (through tax-remission and payment of fees) now given to independent schools, the public school problem would effectively disappear, while the good schools would survive to do a worthwhile job.

The prep-schools, for example, would no longer be able to ensure entry to the "top" schools, because their quota would be the same as that of every other school—and if they had no pupils of 15 they would not have one. Only parents who positively believed in sending boys of 7 or 8 away from home would continue to do so. It would be interesting to see what would happen to the schools in that case.

AS I SEE IT, there are two contradictory principles of selection. One is that the race is to the swiftest—the Grand National principle—with all its disastrous consequences in enforcing narrow curricula, intense competitiveness at an early age, and a close correlation between merit, social origin, and prestige education. The other is the principle of food-rationing. These places are scarce and there should be a roughly equal chance of going to them. Is this not the better English tradition?

THE VAIZEY PLAN would be simple, inexpensive, and fair. It would command wide support from all those who believe that, whatever the educational merits of the public schools, their present system of entry is indefensible. Since the Headmasters' Conference presumably accepts this, there is no reason why the scheme should not be initiated at once with general support. And once this is accomplished, public policy could be addressed to the goal of equal oportunity in the strong sense of the term; confident, at least, that the weak sense was finally being achieved.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theodore Draper

Cubans and Americans

A Report from New York

THE ILL-FATED INVASION of Cuba last April was one of those rare politico-military events—a perfect failure. So many things went wrong that it was relatively easy to fix the blame on anyone or anything connected with it. So far, the organisation responsible for the operation, the Central Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.), has come in for the largest share of criticism. But experience should warn us that the "intelligence failure" is usually the initial stage of a post-mortem. When a fiasco is really pure and complete, something deeper and more fundamental has probably been responsible. I do not think that the Cuban invasion is going to be an exception to the rule.

THERE WERE TWO SIDES to the failure, Cuban exile politics and United States policy. The first Cuban exiles to take refuge in the United States early in 1959 were the former *Batistianos*. Numbering only a few thousand, they succeeded mainly in giving Fidel Castro a propaganda point to score against the United States for harbouring them. But they were no serious threat to Castro's régime. They were thoroughly discredited, morally and politically. They were leaderless, since not even the most hardened and highly-placed of dictator Fulgencio Batista's former henchmen dared to wish him back in power. They were, above all, utterly without support in Cuba itself.

Then came the frightened rich. Some of them were a step ahead of, or behind, Castro's newly-formed Ministry for the Recovery of Illegally Acquired Property. Some simply preferred the rather less revolutionary atmosphere of Florida. Almost all had backed or belonged to parties of the Right, respectable or otherwise. Some had held their noses or had averted their eyes during the dictatorship, and a few had even contributed to Fidel's cause in the past.

The main exodus came the following year. It started in the spring, speeded up in the summer, and took on the proportions of a mass flight by the end of 1960. Among the spring refugees were the older politicians of the pre-Batista period, such as the former premier, Manuel Antonio de Varona, and the ex-Minister of Education, Aureliano Sánchez Arango, some of them urged on by the threat of physical violence, as in the case of Sánchez Arango. The large-scale expropriations that summer induced a large portion of the business community, big and small, to go. The purge of the Universities and secondary schools drove out hundreds of teachers. The Communist take-over of the trade unions added many of their formerly pro-Fidelista officials to the stream. Professionals and intellectuals fled in increasingly large numbers. And, finally, Castro's own 26th of July Movement began to send a flow of disillusioned members and sympathisers to the United States, among them the former Minister of Public Works, Manuel Ray, the ex-Minister of Finance, Rufo López Fresquet, and the ex-President of the National Bank of Cuba, Felipe Pazos.

In view of the great amount of interest aroused by Mr. Draper's article, "Castro's Cuba," in the March ENCOUNTER, *we have asked him, as a leading American authority, for his interpretation of recent events in Cuba. In the next issue of* ENCOUNTER, Mr. *Anthony Hartley will comment on this article and on some English attitudes. We also call the attention of readers to the letter on pages 98–99 of this number.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By 1961, over 100,000 political emigrés had gathered in the United States. And this number was only a fraction of those who had tried to get out but could not. If all who wanted to leave had been able to do so, the figure might easily have reached a quarter of a million, an incredible percentage for a small island with a total population of 6·5 million. The emigration was top-heavy with businessmen, professionals and intellectuals, but skilled and semi-skilled workers were conspicuous in the later stages of the outpouring. Nevertheless, the Cuban exiles were hardly representative of Cuban society as a whole.

Havana, Miami, Washington

POLITICALLY, the world of the exiles seemed like a crazy-quilt. A staggering number and variety of *"organizaciones," "movimientos," "asociaciones," "comites," "frentes," "juntas," "uniones"*—and these categories do not exhaust the list—proliferated in Miami. The fragmentation, however, was less bizarre and alarming than it seemed because so many of the groups were little more than cliques of self-appointed leaders. In the profusion and confusion, three main tendencies could be distinguished—the traditional Right, Centre, and Left—within which there were, of course, many different forms and shades.

In general, the Right had benefited from the old order in Cuba and was less opposed to it than disappointed that it had not lasted longer. It was passionately anti-Communist, but cast its net so far and wide that some of President Kennedy's closest advisers could be—and, indeed, were—caught in it. The Centre chiefly came out of the 1944–1952 pre-Batista régimes of Ramón Grau San Martín and Carlos Prío Socarrás, with their peculiar mixture of promise and disappointment. Unlike the Right, its most responsible leaders had rejected and even conspired against Batista, but they had also rejected and in some cases had conspired against Castro as Batista's successor. The Left was mainly distinguished by its concern for social as well as political reform. It was almost entirely drawn from the former ranks of the 26th of July Movement which, in the course of 1959, had split into pro- and anti-Communist segments.

Into this turmoil and strife among the thousands of desperate and impatient Cuban exiles, a catalyst injected itself, both of its own volition and by invitation.

FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT Richard M. Nixon has let it be known that he advocated training Cuban guerrilla forces to overthrow Castro as early as April, 1959. In that month, Castro and Nixon spent three hours together in Washington, as a result of which Nixon wrote a three-page memorandum. Evidently he called Castro not a Communist but a "captive" of the Communists, and, therefore, even more dangerous. Since only the conclusions, but not the text, of Nixon's memorandum have been "leaked," it remains to be seen what Castro could have told Nixon to have justified such drastic action. Whatever it was, it was not enough to convince the other policy-makers, and American policy continued to be cautious and indecisive.

But what would have happened if Nixon's recommendation had been accepted? In the spring of 1959, the bulk of Cuban exiles in the United States were repentant or unrepentant *Batistianos*. The internal situation in Cuba was still fluid, whatever Fidel Castro's personal position may have been. The vast majority of Cubans as yet were admittedly under his spell. The Cuban Communists had already made great headway but they had run into a resistance in Castro's own movement—as we now know, within his Cabinet—the full potential of which could not yet be determined. On his return to Cuba in May, Castro found such dissension in his own ranks on the issue of Communism, and it was so openly expressed in the organ of the 26th of July Movement, *Revolución*, that he considered it necessary to make a major speech on May 8th in which he went to great pains to dissociate himself from "Communist ideas."

A Cuban guerrilla force in the spring or summer of 1959 would necessarily have been organised with the material at hand, and that material was almost exclusively composed of ex-Batista officers and soldiers. It would have been forced to invade a Cuba which was only beginning to show signs of disillusionment with Castro and which, in any case, still infinitely preferred—and perhaps always will prefer—him to Batista. And even if an invasion would have been "successful," it could only have been the first stage of a military occupation, wholly dependent on American arms, if not more, and faced with the hostility of the great majority of Cubans.

One can only marvel at this proposal of April, 1959. If Fidel Castro wanted the United States to do anything, it was to ally itself with the *Batistianos* in its midst. He had defeated

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them when they were in power, and he had least to fear from them when he was in power. In his eagerness to overthrow Castro, Nixon could think of nothing better than a military operation, and he was limited, whether he knew it or not, to the means at hand. His military "solution" was, in effect, political abdication. It was rejected, and better judgment prevailed. Yet, a residue of Nixon's thinking remained, and it always hovered in the wings as an alternative policy if the situation continued to deteriorate.

Much remains obscure and controversial about Castro's trip to the United States in the spring of 1959. Castro's propagandists have made much of the fact that he was not invited by the American government and that no American offers of aid were made to him. The truth is, as several of his closest associates were aware, that Castro had made it known he did not want an official invitation and he was not interested in offers of aid. Whatever Castro may have said to Nixon, his public statements, speeches, and interviews in the United States were among his most "democratic" utterances. After his departure, the Eisenhower administration decided to send a new ambassador to Havana, Philip W. Bonsal, with instructions of a conciliatory nature. But Castro would not see him for almost three months and then brushed him off publicly as a person of no importance.

Castro's Turn

THE REAL POINT of no return in Cuba was passed in the fall of 1959, long before any overt American action was taken against the Castro régime.

It was marked by the arrest of Hubert Matos, a school teacher by profession, who had brought the first plane-load of arms and ammunition from Costa Rica to Castro's besieged forces in the Sierra Maestra mountains in March, 1958. Matos fought through the rest of the rebellion, rose to the highest rank of major, and was entrusted after the victory with the military leadership of Camagüey province. He was, therefore, in an exceptional position to know what was going on, and he began in the spring of 1959 to question why Communists were being put into leading positions in provincial and town administrations at the expense of 26th of July members. When an epidemic of such replacements broke out in the Rebel Army itself, he decided to demonstrate his opposition. After vain efforts to discuss the matter with Castro, Matos' protest took the form of a resignation, which he sent on October 19th. His case was not an individual aberration. A majority of the Camagüey army leaders, the head of the 26th of July Movement in the province, and others, resigned with him. The scandal of the increasing Communist take-over in Camagüey was an open one, and opposition to it in the army and the movement had been building up for months.

Matos was arrested at home (not "trying to escape," as one canard has it) on October 20th. Castro rushed to Camagüey and cracked down on the dissenters. The repercussions of this incident might have been less explosive in Castro's own top leadership if he had not insisted on charging Matos with "treason." The charge was too much for a group within the Cabinet, which had itself been watching with increasing misgivings the curious favouritism shown to Communists. One Minister, Faustino Pérez, the former head of the Havana underground, refused to sign the Cabinet resolution denouncing Matos as a traitor. Towards the end of October, six Cabinet members came together for a private discussion—President Osvaldo Dorticós, Minister of Education Armando Hart, Minister of Public Works Manuel Ray, Minister of Transportation Julio Camacho, Minister of Communications Enrique Oltuski and Faustino Pérez of the Ministry for the Recovery of Illegally Acquired Property. They agreed among themselves about the Communist danger, but one or two of them, probably Dorticós or Hart or both, reported the tenor of the discussion to Castro. He came to the Cabinet meeting the next day determined to force a show-down and insisted that anyone without full confidence in him did not belong in the Cabinet. Pérez and Ray expressed their views firmly. Oltuski and Hart spoke up more ambiguously. Pérez had presented his resignation before the meeting, and Ray did so afterwards. Half-hearted efforts were made to change their minds, but they were permitted to go on November 26th. At the same time, Major Ernesto "Ché" Guevara replaced Dr. Felipe Pazos as head of the National Bank of Cuba.

Matos' trial was held in December. I have read about ninety published pages of the record, including all of the most important testimony by Fidel Castro, and I found that not a semblance of treason, in any meaningful sense of the term, was proven, or even charged,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against Matos. He was merely accused of having been worried about the Communist advance, and it was contended that his resignation could have been so contagious that the régime might have been endangered. So it might have been, and so it is, in every system which provides no means for peaceful change and in which even the most passive forms of resistance take on a significance unthinkable in anything resembling a democratic order. Matos was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, in odd contrast with the fifteen years—of which he served only twenty months—to which Fidel Castro had been sentenced by the Batista dictatorship for leading a full-scale attack on an army barracks.

The implications of Matos' punishment were boldly exploited by the Communists. Early in February, 1960, Juan Marinello, President of the *Partido Socialista Popular* (P.S.P.), the official Cuban Communist party, for the first time publicly equated anti-Communism with treason: "He who raises the flag of anti-Communism raises the flag of the traitor." In the same month, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan signed the first Soviet-Cuban agreement in Havana, amidst an official reception that betokened more than trade relations. In March, Blas Roca, the P.S.P.'s general secretary, associated his party with the government and orientation of Fidel Castro, and offered the Communist programme "to illuminate the road towards the historically inevitable transition to socialism." Blas Roca's boasts provoked a reply from the popular writer and radio commentator, Luis Conte Agüero, whose personal and political ties to Castro had been extremely close, but who now voiced the fear that the Communists were "achieving their purpose, pulling us instead of marching by our side." Immediately, Conte Agüero was crushed. The pro-Castro press attacked him so violently that he decided to go off the air. An organised crowd of demonstrators prevented him from making a farewell appearance. Castro himself devoted a four-hour television programme to ridiculing, insulting, and denouncing him. Conte Agüero took the hint and sought refuge in a foreign embassy on his way out of the country.[1]

These were episodes in what had become, for Fidel Castro, a second civil war. In the first, he had represented a democratic cause, and it had required a civil war against Batista's dictatorship. In the second, he represented a totalitarian alliance with the Communists, and it required a civil war against the democratic elements in his own movement. Castro waged the second civil war as ruthlessly as the first, striking down all those who stood in his way and leaving them only the alternatives of following him blindly or fighting back in a second underground.

Exiles' Return?

In the spring of 1960, the Eisenhower administration made the decision which it had refused to make the previous spring and which led directly to the invasion attempt the following spring. For months, a strong, if not the dominant, wing of Cuban exiles had been seeking American support for every conceivable means of overthrowing Castro, including the arming and training of an invasion force. The exiles at this time were still predominantly representative of the Right with little desire or ability to organise a democratic underground or to wean the masses of Cubans in Cuba away from Castro. After a year of resisting this pressure, the administration, influenced by the course of events in Cuba, agreed to help organise a force of Cuban exiles—not necessarily to use it but to have it ready. The implementation of this decision, requiring the greatest secrecy, was entrusted to the Central Intelligence Agency. It need not be imagined that the administration had to look for Cuban exiles to carry out its plan; plenty of exiles were perfectly satisfied with it and displeased only with the delay.

The first problem was which Cubans to work with. The initial choice fell on a group known as the *Movimiento de Recuperación Revolucionario* (M.R.R.), of which the secretary-general was a former captain of the Rebel Army in his late twenties—Manuel Artime. In the spectrum of Cuban exile politics at that time, the M.R.R. stood somewhat left of centre. It was, however, a relatively small group incapable of uniting the mass of exiles. To overcome this weakness, a united front was fostered, and the *Frente Revolucionario Democrático* (F.R.D.) was formed by five groups early in June, 1960.[2]

[1] Indeed, the Cuban Delegation at the First Latin American Youth Congress in Havana in the summer of 1960 issued a long denunciation of the Trotskyist delegates from Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Peru, and Paraguay. It used the following language: "The project of the manifesto presented by the Trotskyists repeats in its observations on the Cuban revolution the same counter-revolutionary calumnies that issue daily from the imperialist arsenal by the mouthpieces of the United States State Department." (*Revolución*, August 5th, 1960, p. 8).

[2] The five groups were: *Movimiento de Rescate Revolucionario*, headed by Manuel Antonio de

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In effect, the F.R.D. represented the Centre of the exile world at a time when the Right was still unduly prominent and the Left had not yet arrived in large numbers. Since Artime was put in charge of the F.R.D.'s military activity, he remained the chief link to the C.I.A.

But the F.R.D. also seemed unwieldy to the C.I.A. It was headed by a five-man Executive Committee, each with equal power, each jealous of his own status and distrustful of the others. The C.I.A. made known that it preferred to deal with a single president or chairman of the committee, and this demand precipitated a crisis in the F.R.D. One of its strongest personalities, Aureliano Sánchez Arango, had been complaining for some time about the very thing that outraged some of the Cuban leaders in the invasion attempt six months later—the treatment of the F.R.D. as if it were an appendage of the C.I.A., subject to the latter's orders and incapable of living a life of its own. "The brief history of the relations between the F.R.D. and the organism assigned to deal with Cuban questions is the history of an incessant series of pressures and impositions," were the first words in a confidential memorandum submitted by Sánchez Arango to the F.R.D. on September 30th, 1960. His protest went unheeded, and he took his organisation out of the F.R.D.

But the other leaders of the F.R.D. were satisfied with the arrangement or at least not sufficiently dissatisfied to change it. "Tony" Varona was named "co-ordinator" of the remaining four groups, and the F.R.D. became more dependent than ever on the C.I.A.

This split in the F.R.D. presents the Cuban-American problem in essence without any of the lurid details associated with the later invasion. Too many Cuban exile politicians of the Right and Centre, with the notable exception of Sánchez Arango, were content to accept the dictation of the C.I.A., just as the C.I.A. was content to dictate to them.

For the amenable Cuban politicians, the arrangement was most convenient. At one stroke they solved most of their financial and organisational problems outside the stresses and strains of the Cuban community. The best of these politicians were free of any taint of the Batista dictatorship, but their own pasts identified them with régimes that by their corruption had prepared the way for Batista, and they were hardly the symbols of a new Cuba determined to get something better than Batista or his predecessors.

On the American side, the Eisenhower administration was, at best, cautious and indecisive; at worst, it played into Castro's hands. Such an administration was attracted, in time, to a military "solution" of the Cuban problem—tightly controlled from above, with a minimum commitment to any programme that might disturb the sensibilities of the Cubans or the Americans who had benefited most from the *status quo ante*. For this purpose, the Eisenhower policy needed Cuban exiles who had not been compromised by the Batista or Castro régimes, but were not compromised by anything very different from the pre-Batista régimes either.

Yet the Eisenhower administration was not capable of carrying out even this course consistently or successfully. The invasion force of Cuban exiles, which the C.I.A. undertook to organise, did not reflect the political complexion of the F.R.D. Since the military operation was ostensibly a "non-political" one, former members of Batista's army were readily admitted on the ground that their training and availability made them desirable. Most of them were, in fact, typical of the career officers and conscripts who had made up Batista's army, which had been in large part the pre-Batista army, and had not fought very hard for him. But the sadists and "criminals" among them had enabled Castro to make the entire army a byword of shame and to disband it amidst a popular sigh of relief. Even on this unselective basis, moreover, the so-called invasion force did not amount to much. It numbered, I have been told, less than one thousand, until January 1961. In effect, the Eisenhower administration dawdled along without a serious political or military policy for a revolution that was plunging from stage to stage at breakneck speed.

While this set-up was able to withstand Sánchez Arango's walk-out, it was threatened from another direction. By the summer of 1960, a different kind of Cuban exile began to arrive in the United States. José Miró Cardona, the Cuban premier in the first six weeks of Castro's rule, sought asylum in July, and Manuel Ray, the former Minister of Public Works, went underground in May and left Cuba the following November. Except for his association with

---

Varona; *Movimiento Democrático Cristiano*, of José Ignacio Rasco; *Movimiento de Recuperación Revolucionario*, of Manuel Artime; *Asociación Montecristi*, of Justo Carrillo; and the *Frente Nacional Democrático* (Triple A), of Aureliano Sánchez Arango.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Castro régime, Miró Cardona was not noted for a radical social outlook, but Ray and others were unrepentant critics of Cuba's former political and social order. They were representative of that portion of the 26th of July Movement which had taken Castro's original programme of democratic social reform seriously, had believed in him, and had reluctantly come to the realisation that he was heading inexorably towards a form of Communist totalitarianism. They were not willing to repudiate all that had been done in Castro's first months in power, but neither were they willing to tolerate at any price the surrender of all political and intellectual freedom. They organised the *Movimiento Revolucionario del Pueblo* (M.R.P.) and their first manifesto stated:

> To fight against the *"fidelismo-comunista"* faction is not to fight against the Revolution for which thousands of Cubans gave their lives, but to redeem it from those who have betrayed it.

The influx of this group for the first time made the Left a serious rival of the Right and Centre in the Cuban emigration. It did not take long for the other two wings to wake up to the threat and to launch a major political offensive at the newcomers. The issues may seem theoretical, but the implications were not.

WAS THE revolution betrayed? For the Right and a portion of the Centre, the answer was emphatically No. They took the position that Fidel Castro and his closest aides had never been anything but, or anything better than, Communists, and that his revolution had always been Communist in character. They treated the 26th of July Movement as if it had been and was a branch of or a cover for the official Communist party. They condemned anyone who ever belonged to it, and especially anyone who had occupied a post of some responsibility in Castro's government, as unfit for decent Cuban political intercourse.

I cannot pretend that I am a neutral bystander in this controversy, because I have already written at some length on it. It has seemed to me that the merest acquaintance with Castro's statements and promises before he took power demonstrates that he has used his power for altogether different ends. Like many arguments, however, this one may go on forever because the opposing sides tend to talk about different things. One side is really concerned with the inner intentions of Fidel Castro and his closest associates, especially his brother, Raúl, and his political mentor, Guevara. I would not rule out the possibility that Fidel always knew where he was going, and the likelihood is much greater for the other two. But from the available evidence I strongly doubt it, at least in Fidel's case, and it is mildly amusing that his enemies on the farthest Right should attribute to him a political consistency and integrity that he has done little to deserve. Whatever the answer to this question may prove to be, it will at most tell us something about Fidel, not about his entire movement.

For the 26th of July Movement was never homogeneous, and the larger it grew in 1957 and 1958, the less homogeneous it became. It included those who merely wished to restore the constitution of 1940 and those who demanded "a real social revolution." It attracted those who admired and those who detested the United States. It took in fervent anti-Communists and ardent fellow-travellers. To hold this conglomeration together, Castro had progressively moderated his programme and propaganda. By 1958, he had voiced little more than the traditional aspirations of the socially-conscious, democratic-minded Cuban middle and working classes. He may not have been sincere, but many of those who followed him undoubtedly were.

Those who insist that Castro has led a Communist revolution from the start have never thought through the implications of their position. The overwhelming majority of Cubans of all classes were admittedly pro-Castro in January 1959. If they wittingly supported a Communist revolution and knowingly preferred a Communist régime, the anti-Communist cause in Cuba was lost at the outset. But no one, least of all Fidel Castro, has even intimated that this was the case. He took special pains in the first months of his régime to assure the Cuban people that he was not a Communist; the organ of the 26th of July Movement conducted a war of words with the organ of the official Communist party; and the anti-Communists in his Cabinet made no secret of their views. All this may have been a blind, but it was a blind made necessary by the non-Communist character of the revolution. Whatever may have been Castro's personal intent, it should not be confused with the entire anti-Batista rebellion which was much larger and broader than even the 26th of July Movement.

NEVERTHELESS, Castro's ex-associates in exile were met with a furious campaign which

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accused them of something called *"Fidelismo sin Fidel."* It is not clear how *Fidelismo* can exist without Fidel, since he has always been the essential charismatic ingredient that made it possible. And it is not clear what *Fidelismo* is, since it has been several different things in its relatively brief life. In its public expression, the *Fidelismo* of 1958 was only distantly related to the *Fidelismo* of 1960 and even less to the *Fidelismo* of 1961. But whatever *"Fidelismo sin Fidel"* may mean, it served the purpose of making the break with Castro's régime by Ray, Pazos, and the rest of the M.R.P. seem superficial and untrustworthy. If *Fidelismo* was just the same or just as bad as Communism, it made them seem just the same or just as bad as Communists, with or without faith in Fidel. And yet, paradoxically, they had broken with Fidel precisely because they had believed him when he used to say that *Fidelismo* and Communism were intrinsically different and because they had refused to follow him into Communism.

These controversies were not altogether theoretical. They were intimately related to a practical question of crucial importance—whether the underground in Cuba or the exiles in the United States should constitute the primary front in the struggle against Castro. For some, the underground came first, and the role of the exiles was mainly to assist and support it. For others, the exiles came first, and the underground had virtually no place in their plans. This choice between the underground and the exiles was one of the chief dividing-lines between the Left and the Right. The Left invariably stressed the underground, the Right was almost exclusively in favour of the exiles, and there were elements of the Centre in both camps. Those with an underground orientation could not hope to be effective in Cuba with the same type of programme and propaganda that might appeal to many exiles in the United States. The underground had to live and work among Cubans who in the great majority had once believed in Castro and who were most likely to turn against him because he had disappointed them. Many of the exiles had never had any faith in Castro to lose, and he was just as obnoxious to them before taking power as after.

Thus the war against Castro was inextricably bound up with the war among the exiles, and theoretical issues were inextricably bound up with practical implications. A debate over the "revolution betrayed" was also a dispute over the overthrow of Castro primarily by forces in Cuba or by forces in the United States. A decision to organise a relatively small, tightly-controlled, professionally-led invasion force was an expression both of American policy and of Cuban exile politics.

Final Rupture

MEANWHILE, in Cuba itself, another turning-point was reached. I have already suggested that a decisive step was taken in the fall of 1959 with the arrest of Hubert Matos in October, the replacement of Ray, Pérez, and Pazos in November, and the cruel punishment of Matos in December. American policy played a relatively minor role in this period. The crisis came from within Castro's own 26th of July Movement and had been brewing from his first month in power. It was generated not by the United States but by the Communists or rather by their sponsors and protectors in the Cuban government.

The next major step came in the summer of 1960. Although it was far more closely related to actions taken by the United States and has received much more publicity, it was but another stage in a continuous process rather than an impulsive, unpremeditated beginning.

The final rupture between Cuba and the United States was precipitated in June 1960 by the Cuban demand that three U.S. and British-owned oil refineries in Cuba process two barge-loads of Soviet crude oil. The companies refused, and their refineries were quickly taken over. In July, after hesitating for months, the Eisenhower administration suspended the 700,000 tons that remained of Cuba's total 1960 sugar quota of about 3,000,000 tons. Cuba retaliated with a decree expropriating all enterprises and properties wholly or partially owned by U.S. citizens or companies. Most of this expropriation was carried out in August, the rest in September.

These events cannot be understood by themselves, and the "cause" of the wholesale expropriation of American property was only superficially the oil and sugar disputes. The Cuban government had not been paying the three companies for over two years and had piled up a huge debt of $16,000,000 for oil imports and $60,000,000 for previous refining. The companies had given up hope of ever getting their money back and expected to be taken

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over anyway.[3] Indeed, the oil companies accounted for only a small portion of the U.S. credits extended to the Castro régime, the total of which amounted to over $200 million.

As for the sugar quota, the Cuban attitude had been stated by the clairvoyant Guevara early in March, 1960: "there is some talk about lowering the Cuban sugar quota, indeed, of suspending it altogether. The sooner the better. For Cuba, it is a symbol of colonialism. We shall be better off without imperialist yokes." After that, it was a tussle between the Castro régime and the Eisenhower administration to see which could manœuvre the other into providing the best alibi and bearing the most blame for lowering or suspending the quota. I doubt that the Eisenhower administration came off best in this contest, but I am also sceptical that more adroit tactics would have changed anything fundamentally.

Moreover, Castro's wave of expropriation did not stop with American-owned companies. On October 13th, 1960, at one blow, Law No. 890 nationalised 376 all-Cuban enterprises, including 18 distilleries, 5 breweries, 4 paint factories, 61 textile factories, 16 rice mills, 11 movie theatres, and 13 department stores. Some, as in the case of the well-known Bacardí company, had supsupported Castro against Batista. The Castro régime expropriated over 3 million acres of U.S.-owned land, but soon afterwards also expropriated almost as much Cuban-owned land. The expropriation of foreign properties was clearly only a part of a much larger transformation, and the latter cannot be accounted for by the refusal of three oil companies to refine some Soviet oil or the suspension of 700,000 tons of the sugar quota, the total elimination of which none other than Guevara had demanded "the sooner the better."

Nationalisation had never been in Castro's programme, except for the electric and telephone companies, and by 1958 he had even changed his mind, or at least said he had, about them. In the fall of 1960, he nationalised on a scale that had appeared inconceivable that very spring. No one reading the Cuban press or speaking to anyone in the régime could have anticipated it. If this was the transition from the "bourgeois-democratic" to the "proletarian" stage of the revolution, the Cuban proletariat had little or nothing to do with it. The Castro movement had never considered itself socialist, and had never, therefore, advocated socialism or conducted any socialist education. Nor had the official Communists been demanding nationalisation or intimating that the time had come for socialism in Cuba. The Cuban trade unions were certainly not the repositories of socialist faith. First came "socialism," and then the proletariat was told how lucky it was to have it.

SUCH TRANSITION AS THERE WAS took place wholly in the top leadership of Castro's régime. The bellwether, as always, was Guevara. At the end of July 1960, he informed a youth congress in Havana that the Cuban revolution was "Marxist." He reiterated this thought in an article published in the official organ of the Cuban Armed Forces, *Verde Olivo*, in October. Then, on November 7th at a celebration in Havana of the Bolshevik revolution, a trade union leader, José María de la Aguilera, ventured that it was time to say without fear "that we are marching inexorably towards socialism in our country." These brief and isolated statements exhaust the references to "Marxism" or "socialism" in 1960. They indicate that something was going on in the top echelons of the Castro leadership, but as usual, Fidel Castro himself waited for the right occasion before committing himself, a very different matter from the naïve notion that the occasion caused him to commit himself.

The summer of 1960 also introduced a new stage in Soviet-Cuban relations. In July, Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev threatened to retaliate with Soviet rockets if Cuba were attacked, a commitment which he later qualified as "really symbolic." By the end of the month, Fidel Castro announced the arrival of the first automatic rifles from Czechoslovakia. By November 8th, he exulted: "We have acquired arms, much arms, much more of them than the mercenaries and the imperialists have imagined." Guevara made another long pilgrimage to the East in October–December, 1960, and on his return explained, with his usual brutal candour, what had motivated the Soviet bloc to sign up for large quantities of Cuban sugar. The Soviets produced so much sugar themselves that they did not need any from Cuba, he said, but they were willing to give the Cubans advantageous terms for "political" reasons.[4] And economic aid

[3] The Cuban case was based on the Mineral Fuel Law of 1938 which required foreign-owned refineries to process Cuban crude petroleum. The companies replied that this law referred only to oil taken from Cuban soil.

[4] *Obra Revolucionaria*, 1961, No. 2.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not the only thing the Soviets were willing to give for "political" considerations. At a parade in Havana on January 2nd, 1961, the full range of arms shipments from the Soviet bloc was put on display—heavy tanks, 55-mm. and 105-mm. cannon, truck-drawn field artillery, mortars, rocket-launchers, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, and automatic weapons. On March 4th, Castro declared that "Cuba can obtain mountains on mountains of Communist arms" and "Cuba now has more thousands of tons of arms than a year ago." These weapons, and the training that went with them, had obviously resulted from more "political" agreements many months before.

The "politics" of the trade agreements and arms shipments was internal as well as external. This aspect of the new situation can also be traced back to the summer of 1960. In August, 1960, at the Eighth Congress of the P.S.P., General Secretary Blas Roca set forth the perspective of "complete union," of "fusion," of all the revolutionary forces "in a single movement." At the end of October, as the first instalment of fusion, the youth divisions of the P.S.P. and the 26th of July Movement merged to form the *Jóvenes Rebeldes* (Young Rebels). In December, at the meeting of the Communist parties in Moscow, Guevara mentioned the prospect of a "united" party in Cuba.

To help the merger along, Blas Roca and Fidel Castro said *mea culpa* to atone for their old sins against each other. The Communists had to live down their former contempt for Castro's assault on the Moncada Barracks in 1953 as a "petty-bourgeois putsch." At the Eighth Congress, Blas Roca made amends by giving Fidel credit for seeing the possibilities of, and taking the practical steps towards, armed struggle to overthrow the Batista dictatorship.

Signs of the Times

FIDEL HAD A similar problem. Once upon a time—on May 21st, 1959, to be exact—he had distinguished his revolution from capitalism and Communism, the once because it "killed people with hunger," the other because it suppressed their liberties, "the liberties which are so dear to man." The human being, he had proclaimed, was being sacrificed in both the capitalist and Communist states, and Cuba intended to make its own "autochthonous" revolution as distinctive as its music. These words, and others like them, were characteristic of his first months in power; a proud and even arrogant Castro used to insist that the Cuban revolution had its own superior ideology. For the Communists, the memory rankled, and something had to be done before a "complete union" could be sanctified.

On February 1st of this year, the Italian Communist organ, *l'Unità*, published an interview with Castro of unusual significance. One of the questions asked by its correspondent in Havana, Arminio Savioli, was: "Major, what is your opinion of the *Partido Socialista Popular*, the party of the Cuban Communists?"

Castro replied:

> It is the only Cuban party that has always clearly proclaimed the necessity for a radical change of structure, of social relationships. It is also true that at first the Communists distrusted me and us rebels. It was a justified distrust, an absolutely correct position, ideologically and politically. The Communists were right to be distrustful because we of the Sierra, leaders of the guerrillas, were still full of petty-bourgeois prejudices and defects, despite Marxist reading. The ideas were not clear to us, though we wanted with all our strength to destroy tyranny and privileges. Then we came together, we understood each other, and began to collaborate. The Communists have given much blood, much heroism, to the Cuban cause. Now we continue to work together, loyally and fraternally.

This new note of ideological inferiority was struck again in a carefully prepared speech by Castro on March 25th of this year. The occasion was also typical of the new era. The International Organisation of Journalists, a Communist group with headquarters in Prague, recently awarded its annual prize to *Revolución*, the organ of the 26th of July Movement, or what remains of it. In celebration of the event, *Hoy*, the official Communist organ, sponsored a banquet in honour of *Revolución* for more than 2,000 people at which the Premier was the main speaker. One passage harked back to the past in the same curiously apologetic and even guilty way.

"The revolution was beginning," Castro recalled. "It was a process that had to go on for a long time; it had to go on step by step. It was weak in its origins; it was above all weak in the ideological sphere. The leaders of the Revolution had great support among the people, the Revolution in itself had an extraordinary amount of sympathy, for what it had cleared away, not for what it had done; but, ideologically, the Revolution was weak."

And, in a public address in Havana on March

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

13th, in the presence of Premier Castro, the Cuban Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Faure Chomon, declared: "We and the Communists will march together." He added: "The students of to-morrow will say how the people of Cuba made itself Communist, and we will see how all the peoples of Latin America shall be Communist."

There has always been but one real party in Castro's Cuba, the Communist P.S.P., but it was not good form until recently to show too much deference or attribute too much prominence to it publicly. All that has changed since the summer of 1960. The old-time Communist leaders, Blas Roca, Juan Marinello, Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, Aníbal Escalante, Lázaro Peña, and the rest, all products of the school of Stalinism for a quarter of a century, formerly content to work in the background, have stepped forward to claim their due. The members of the P.S.P.'s *Buró Ejecutivo*, or Politburo, have been busy addressing a new type of audience—of government employees. The former Communist head of the Cuban Confederation of Labour (C.T.C.), Lázaro Peña, has again visibly emerged as the strong man of its top leadership.[5] *Verde Olivo* was always considered the most openly Communist of the official government organs, but now the popular magazine *Bohemia* is running it a close second. A feature article on Juan Marinello referred to him and Blas Roca as "pupils of the greatest university of all: the marvellous university of Marxism-Leninism."[6]

One more sign of the times in Cuba was the fate of a book. The well-known bookshop in Havana, "Librería Venecia," had ordered copies of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* in a Spanish translation published in Buenos Aires. The books arrived, but the owner of the shop, Ricardo del Campo Gordón, received a notice that they had been seized as counter-revolutionary literature. He no longer sells books in Cuba.[7] Until a few months ago, observers in Havana were impressed with the open display of books like Milovan Djilas' *The New Class* and *The God That Failed*. But the purge of this "subversive" literature has almost been completed, and now the visitor is impressed by the place of honour given to the works of Lenin, Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, and Khrushchev in the bookshop of the government-owned *Imprenta Nacional* in the lobby of the Hotel Habana Libre (formerly the Hilton).[8]

Early this year also, a major change in agricultural policy was introduced. Hitherto, the so-called co-operatives had received the most attention and publicity. They are now being swiftly overtaken by another innovation, *Granjas del Pueblo* or People's Farms, closely modelled on the Soviets' *sovkhos* or state farm system. They are such deliberate imitations that, according to Premier Castro in a speech on January 21st, Cuba is importing 1,000 Soviet instructors for the *granjas* and sending 1,000 Cuban farm youths to Russia to learn Soviet agricultural methods. A report on May 17th by Captain Antonio Núñez Jiménez, executive director of the agrarian reform organisation (I.N.R.A.), revealed that the co-operatives had already taken second place to the *granjas* in area; the *granjas* now cover 6,567,426 acres or 29·16 per cent of all productive land and the co-operatives only 2,664,000 acres or 11·83 per cent of the productive land. The co-operatives are still ahead in manpower, 122,448 to 96,498, but at the present rate of growth, the *granjas* will soon forge ahead in this respect, too. In any event, the co-operatives are so tightly controlled by I.N.R.A. that they could and probably will be easily transformed into *granjas* whenever the Castro régime pleases to go all the way.

And Castro's Cuba even has its equivalent of the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939. Rumours of a deal between Castro and his arch-enemy, Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, began to spread last year. One Dominican radio station suddenly started to specialise in pro-Castro and anti-United States propaganda. Then, in a speech on January 6th, the deal was confirmed by Guevara who publicly referred to Trujillo as "now our friend."[9] Indeed, Trujillo intended to give Castro

[5] *Bohemia*, March 26th, 1961, carried an article on the C.T.C., accompanied by photographs of six leaders. The picture of Lázaro Peña led all the rest. At the recent May Day parade in Havana, he marched in the first line, next to Minister of Industries Guevara, President Dorticós, Premier Castro and Blas Roca, in that order.

[6] *Bohemia*, March 26th, 1961. (The owner and editors of the original *Bohemia* went into exile and now publish *Bohemia Libre* in New York and Caracas.)

[7] Far more interest in this incident was displayed in Mexico, where the press reported it widely, than in the United States or Europe, though an interview with Ricardo del Campo Gordón appeared in *Avance* (Miami), April 21st, 1961.

[8] F. R. Allemann, "Die Revolution der Bärtigen," *Der Monat* (April, 1961), p. 39.

[9] *Obra Revolucionaria*, 1961, No. 2, p. 7.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some competition as the exemplar of Caribbean socialism. On May Day, the official Dominican Radio Caribe announced that *Trujillismo* was "the vanguard of socialism" and claimed credit for having taken that road before Cuba.

The New Fidelismo

ONE REASON for these developments was suggested by Castro himself in his interview in *l'Unità*. He was asked: "What has the Socialist camp contributed to the Cuban revolution?" To which he replied: "My boy, what would have happened to us if Khrushchev had not sent us oil, if he had not bought our sugar? And if the Czechoslovaks had not sent us the arms to defend ourselves? And machines, spare parts, technicians?"[10]

The economic agreements, the arms shipments, and the piecemeal political fusion were not separate, unrelated events; they were interconnected aspects of a single, simultaneous process. Of the three, the last undoubtedly signifies the most. As long as Castro maintained even a nominal political independence in Cuba, his foreign relations might be distinguished from his internal political position. This distinction has been fading to the vanishing point. Whatever the nascent "united party" may be called, it will merely be an enlarged version of the official Communist party. It will, in effect, represent the induction of the top-ranking *Fidelistas* into the P.S.P. It would not be too surprising to learn, judging from Castro's obeisance to Communist ideology, that this step has already been taken.

I cannot suppress the feeling that the new self-critical Fidel is totally out of character. Whatever may be the reasons for submitting to the ideology of the party, he can hardly transfer his *mystique* to it, and it still needs him at least as much as he needs it. Yet Castro's new-born humility before the Communists is not merely a pose. He enjoyed the greatest advantage over them in the years of struggling for power, less and less after winning power. While they were still timidly advocating "clean, democratic elections" to get rid of Batista, he celebrated force and force alone. But in that period, his political programme betrayed little originality; it was, if anything, less radical than that put forward by Grau San Martín in 1933. Since Castro took power without a real ideology, a real army, or a real party, he could conceivably have survived without them only by making his power consistent with his promises, and thus holding his original backing together. But this is precisely what he chose not to do.

In the Communist-style state which he has established in Cuba in less time than it took the Bolsheviks in Soviet Russia—80 per cent of the Cuban workers are now employees of the state—a new ideology, a new army, and a new party were urgently needed. For all his old boasts that the Cuban revolution was unlike any other and needed no ideology, army, or party, Castro has turned to all three for survival. They are painfully familiar and not at all the seemingly fresh, innocent experiments that so enamoured sympathetic observers in the past.

Fidel Castro must certainly be ranked with the greatest mass-leaders of the century, but no one is likely to mistake him for a creative political thinker. For a long time, he has been dependent on the superior intellect of Guevara who, unlike his nominal chieftain, never wastes words unnecessarily and should always be taken seriously. Guevara once told Mme. Simone de Beauvoir that he would "spend hours explaining a complex economic problem to Fidel," who would then successfully boil it down to half an hour on television the next day. This is the inestimable gift of the populariser and demagogue, not the genius of an original social revolutionary, and both Castro's strength and weakness explain his usefulness and subservience to the Communists.

THERE IS ROOM for argument about the reasons for the virtually complete symbiosis that has taken place between the Communists and top *Fidelistas*. It may be debated whether this is a good or bad thing. But the wilful blindness still flaunted on this subject passes understanding. The assurance last September by Paul Johnson in the *New Statesman* that "in the future perspective of the Sixties" *Fidelismo* and Communism were "natural enemies" seemed a

[10] The price Cuba has paid for the Soviet bloc's economic "aid" brings to mind the words recently spoken by the great Peruvian revolutionary, Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, now the object of indecent abuse in the official Cuban press: "You ask me what difference is there between our getting a loan from Russia or from the United States? Imperialism in its economic form—in the movement of capital—is the same: both must be paid for. But the political consequences are different. The economic imperialism of totalitarianism brings totalitarianism with it. The economic imperialism of democracy allows us to keep democracy."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhat hazardous way of insisting that there were differences between the two, and one was tempted to admire his recklessness without taking too seriously his literary extravagance. But much has happened since last September, as I have indicated, and one never expected to see such obstinate refusal to face reality turn up in the same place again. Blas Roca had thought the time had come to send forth auguries of "complete union" and "fusion." Fidel had swallowed his pride and had genuflected before the Communists' ideological superiority. Faure Chomon had put not only the people of Cuba but all the peoples of Latin America in the Communist camp. Yet, the leading editorial in the *New Statesman* of April 28th, 1961, brushed aside the belief that Cuba "is already a centre for Communist subversion" as a "wild over-simplification."

One wonders what would convince the *New Statesman* that Fidel Castro and the Communists have in all but name achieved the "complete union" that Blas Roca called for. And if it were convinced, would it make any difference? The implication of all this sensitivity about Fidel's dalliance with the Communists is that there might be something sinful about it. But, somehow, it never turns out that way. Whatever relations Fidel has had with the Communists, his sympathisers and apologists have had no trouble justifying or explaining them away. What the *New Statesman* will say if it should change its mind about the "wild over-simplification" remains to be seen.[11]

[11] The self-righteousness of some British publications on the Cuban question has long been one of the more amusing curiosities of the recent past. After the United States had declared an embargo on all arms to Cuba in March, 1958—an action which undoubtedly hastened Batista's downfall, even if it was not basically responsible for it—Great Britain stepped into the breach as one of Batista's main arms suppliers. British planes and tanks were delivered to Batista's forces precisely during the period of the American embargo, and questions were raised about them in the House of Commons. Among the British magazines which did not bother to protest, or even to comment, on this phase, somewhat nearer home, of the struggle against Batista, were *Time and Tide* and the *New Statesman*. The latter published a report on Cuba on the eve of Batista's downfall by "A Latin American Correspondent" who wrote these whimsical words: "Fidel Castro is as opportunistic as Batista."

And now, as this goes to press, Mr. Kingsley Martin writes (*N.S.*, May 19th): "I hoped I made it clear that there is every reason to fear that Cuba will become completely Communist. . . ."

Rebels, Invaders, Liberators

IN THE SUMMER and fall of 1960, while great changes were taking place in Cuba, the United States was preoccupied with the election campaign and change of administrations. The new Administration was far from a free agent, as a result of the extreme anti-Castro position assumed by President Kennedy in the campaign and of the actions taken by his predecessor, especially the rupture of diplomatic relations in January, 1961. Nevertheless, a re-examination of American policy *vis-à-vis* Cuba was undertaken.

On one level, changes occurred. The most notable, on the Cuban exile side, was the formation in March 1961, of the Cuban Revolutionary Council, headed by Dr. José Miró Cardona. While the former American policy had favoured the centrist F.R.D., the new Revolutionary Council was based on both the F.R.D. and M.R.P., a distinct shift to the left. The Council's declaration of April 9th, 1961, clearly reflected this political shift. "We are not, nor could we be, counter-revolutionaries," it asserted.

> We were revolutionists who fought against the previous régime, which had impoverished the whole country for the benefit of a minority lusting for gold and power. It is with the same convictions that we now oppose the present régime, which has betrayed our country and plunged it into chaos.

Another passage stated:

> Let there be no mistake. During the immediate post-revolutionary period some ideals of the people, which were a part of the national goal, were achieved. It will be necessary to incorporate them into the provisions of the Constitution. There will be no going back to a past which we all oppose—neither Communism nor reaction.

The second evidence of a change was the so-called White Paper on Cuba issued by the State Department. This document defined the "grave and urgent challenge" of Castro's Cuba as follows:

> The challenge results from the fact that the leaders of the revolutionary régime betrayed their own revolution, delivered that revolution into the hands of powers alien to the hemisphere, and transformed it into an instrument employed with calculated effect to suppress the re-kindled hopes of the Cuban people for democracy and to intervene in the internal affairs of other American Republics.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The U.S. document interpreted the "betrayal" in the same sense as the Declaration of the Revolutionary Council:

> The positive programmes initiated in the first months of the Castro régime—the schools built, the medical clinics established, the new housing, the early projects of land reform, the opening up of beaches and resorts to the people, the elimination of graft in government—were impressive in their conception; no future Cuban government can expect to turn its back on such objectives. But so far as the expressed political aims of the revolution were concerned, the record of the Castro régime has been a record of the steady and consistent betrayal of Dr. Castro's pre-revolutionary promises; and the result has been to corrupt the social achievements and make them the means, not of liberation, but of bondage.

On paper, the line had clearly veered to the left. The change was taken seriously not only by the left-wing M.R.P. but by the right-wing Cuban exiles who immediately stepped up their campaign against the "revolution betrayed" and *"Fidelismo sin Fidel."* The organ of the extreme Right, *Diario de la Marina*, went into paroxysms of rage and vituperation not only against the ex-*Fidelistas* but against the "leftists in the State Department" and "the SOCIALISTS in Washington." All those groups which had been left out of, or would not come into, the Revolutionary Council met together at the end of March, 1961, and formed a *Junta Revolucionaria de Liberación Nacional*, with Aureliano Sánchez Arango as Secretary-General.

THE PRACTICAL IMPLICATIONS of the declaration of the Revolutionary Council and the White Paper of the State Department were, indeed, incompatible with the right-wing policy of a small, professionally-trained, tightly-controlled invasion force to "liberate" Cuba from the outside. As late as January, 1961, Dr. Miró Cardona, after predicting that a "general uprising" was fast approaching, was asked: "But is that enough? Will there have to be an invasion?" To which he replied: "After the uprising, there will have to be a military decision on whether to help the people with a mass invasion or with a continuation of the infiltration by specially trained men. It is impossible at this point to decide whether a mass invasion will be necessary." This emphasis on the internal uprising as the primary front in the anti-Castro struggle was a fundamental tenet of the left wing.[12]

BUT WHAT TO DO with the relatively small, professionally-trained, tightly-controlled invasion force that had been inherited from the Eisenhower administration?

In January 1961, it appears, recruiting started once more, and about 500 more were added, for a total of less than 1,500. Again, little political differentiation was made in the selection of recruits. This very lack of discrimination, however, was indirectly responsible for influencing the political composition of the force. Many former members and even officers of the Rebel Army were available in the emigration. But most of them would not fight alongside former members of Batista's army and police, and certainly not serve under them. I have been told that the ex-*Batistianos* made up only about 15 per cent of the total but that their percentage went up sharply in the leadership. In one of the Guatemalan camps with about 300 men, it has been reported, one ex-*Batistiano* officer was enough to cause 230 to go on strike. Nevertheless, the invasion force as a whole was broadly representative of the entire exile community—from *Batistianos* to the sons of Varona and Miró Cardona, from professional military cadre to idealistic young professionals.

The preparation for an "invasion" of Cuba was divulged in the Guatemalan paper, *La Hora*, as early as October 30th of last year, and it was then described as "well under way." The alarm about the Guatemalan camps was first raised in the United States by a most unlikely source—the director and staff of the *Hispanic American Report*, published by the Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies at Stanford University. After some hesitation, the U.S. press went after the story and succeeded in making the camps an open secret without being able to dig out some of the vital details. Some of the figures, guessed at or planted, were ludicrously inflated and later contributed to the public misconception of the operation.

But the Cuban exile leaders had been wrestling

[12] One figure who cannot be so easily classified is Dr. Aureliano Sánchez Arango, a long-time fighter against both Batista and Castro. He also had taken the position that the anti-Castro underground came first, and he had broken with the F.R.D. on the issue of subservience to the C.I.A. But he has refused to have any dealings with anyone who had ever served under Castro, and he has strongly rejected the thesis of the "revolution betrayed." In his latest phase, he believes that distinctions of Left and Right have lost their usefulness in the present Cuban situation.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with their consciences about the relatively small force in the camps for a long time, and they knew how politically explosive it was. Before the negotiations for the Revolutionary Council could be consummated, a hitherto unpublished agreement, entitled, "Confidential Bases of Unity between the *Frente Revolucionario Democrático* and the *Movimento Revolucionario del Pueblo*," dated March 22nd, 1961, and signed by A. de Varona and M. Ray, was reached. Its second section, "Insurrectional Struggle," reads:

> 1. The Council which is formed as a consequence of this agreement must give maximum priority to the aid of the combatants who are already inside Cuba fighting against the Communist oppressor.
>
> 2. No person who held an objectionably responsible position with the criminal dictatorship of Batista can be admitted into any armed force which may be organised outside of Cuba. Because of the very harmful effect that any apparent utilisation of these elements can have, both organisations agree that they must share the responsibilities of preventing even the use of these persons in the recruiting offices.
>
> 3. The military commands of all the revolutionary forces which may be organised outside Cuba must be in the hands of Cubans who give full guarantee to the President of the Council and to both groups (which sign this document) with respect to their integrity and understanding, their responsibilities and functions in a democratic society, their full deference to the authority of the Revolutionary Council during the insurrectional struggle and to the Civil Government of the Republic.
>
> 4. The Revolutionary Council must immediately assume the responsibility that these criteria should fully prevail in the forces which are being organised.

This document clearly embodied a point of view which made the underground in Cuba the primary front and sought to remove any possible taint of *Batistismo* from the invasion force organised outside Cuba. In principle, there was no reason why Castro should not be opposed by forces inside and outside Cuba, as Batista had been opposed. But the two forms of opposition could work against each other as well as with each other. Priority to the outside force could have a negative effect on the underground, which might be encouraged to wait for "liberation" from the outside. The inclusion of *Batistianos* in the invasion force would not sit as well with the Cubans in Cuba as with some of those in exile. And the political orientation necessary for the underground struggle differed drastically from the political outlook, or lack of it, characteristic of the invasion force.

The Revolutionary Council and the White Paper represented one side of the new Kennedy administration's policy, the invasion force the other side, and never the twain did meet. In the twelve days that elapsed between the *"Bases Confidenciales"* signed by Varona and Ray and the decision to send the invading force to Cuba, nothing had changed and, in so short a time, nothing could have changed. A real change of policy would have required a sharply reversed attitude towards the underground and a complete overhauling of the invasion force. But, on April 4th, when President Kennedy and his chief advisers apparently made the final decision on the expedition, time was the one thing that could not be reversed or overhauled. A few more months of the Soviet bloc's "mountains on mountains" of arms to Cuba made any new, long-range plan appear to be increasingly difficult and dangerous. Many of the Cuban exiles had been gripped by what may be called a "deadline fixation." They were persuaded, and bent on persuading everyone else, that if Castro were not overthrown by March or April—or June, at the latest—he could never be overthrown. This frantic desperation that time was running out, combined with an intense conviction that there would never be a better time, may have been contagious. The notion that the United States gathered together a few "mercenaries" for the invasion ludicrously misses the point. The Cuban exiles themselves exerted a tremendous pressure for quick action, and their only apprehension was of the lengths to which the United States might go to help them. In the training camps, a similar mood prevailed, and the option seemed to be to use the force, such as it was, or to disband it. In effect, without starting over again, the Kennedy administration was basically limited to the policies and instrumentalities of the previous administration.

The Plan

ONLY ONE important change seems to have been made in the old plan which, apparently, had provided for "air cover" by American planes while the Cubans secured a beachhead. President Kennedy decided against any direct American participation in the attack, including aerial support, and refused to change his mind after the exile pilots had lost control of the air on the second day of the invasion. The American policy seems to have been to train, finance, and equip the exiles, but to

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

require them to do their own fighting. This was not very different, in substance, from what the Soviet bloc had done on a vastly greater scale for Castro's forces.

In the end, however, the Cuban Revolutionary Council served as a fig leaf for the invasion. Maximum priority was given to the outside invasion force, not to the underground in Cuba. Objectionable personnel were admitted and not weeded out of the invasion force. The Council was not in command of the situation, and its members were humiliated by those who were.

On the surface, two different lines were pursued simultaneously, one for the Revolutionary Council, another for the invasion force. The former implied that some re-examination had taken place in the Kennedy administration; the latter amounted to an expression of modified Nixonism. The difference between these two lines is the key to what was wrong with the conception, as well as the execution, of this invasion.

The invasion force was given such absolute priority that the anti-Castro forces inside Cuba were virtually ignored. The inversion of the two was a crucial factor. By putting the invasion first, the intelligence agency could only guess at how far the popular rebellion against Castro had gone or what it was capable of doing. It was apparent, even from the speeches that Castro and Guevara had been making, that the Castro régime had been slipping in popular support for months, especially in the middle and working classes. But the opposition knew that it had made the least headway among the peasantry, the teenagers (all of whom carried weapons), a portion of those whose existence was wholly dependent on the all-embracing state machine, an indeterminate propaganda-drenched group in all classes and, of course, the committed Communists and hero-worshipping *Fidelistas*. The process of disenchantment could not be forced artificially and, in the nature of a repressive state, even those closest to Fidel had appeared to be loyal to him before their defection. A policy which called for an outside invasion first and an internal rebellion afterwards could never be sure of any rebellion. Not only did the invasion come as a surprise but it discouraged the anti-Castro forces inside from doing anything until its nature and extent had become clear, and by then it was too late. No one would risk his life for an invasion that could not succeed because it was too small or for an invasion that could succeed by itself because it had the full backing of the United States—and the latter was the first impression. Thus the invasion plan made the first stage of the battle a purely military one on a very limited terrain—a beachhead. It enabled Castro to concentrate overwhelming forces at a single point for a knock-out blow.

THE OTHER COURSE would have been to put the rebellion first and to hold an invasion in reserve to support an already existing popular movement, as Miró Cardona had explained in January 1961, and as the *"Bases Confidenciales"* had implied in March. But the leaders of the Revolutionary Council were not strong or self-confident enough to insist in practice on what they had agreed in principle. Some went along with the invasion because they had for many months given it their blessings and others because they did not wish to open themselves to the charge that they had stood in the way of a possible victory. The two operations—the political, exemplified by the Revolutionary Council, and the military, represented by the invasion force—were kept so far apart that at least one portion of the Council knew little about the details of the invasion.

The situation in Cuba had been building up to some kind of popular explosion, but it could not be synchronised with the "deadline fixation," both Cuban and American. There was, of course, no guarantee that there would ever be a large-scale popular rebellion against Castro; the existing policy, however, had for many months not even encouraged one, politically or practically; and there were no guarantees about anything else. As long as the United States did not wish to be dragged into full-scale intervention, the priority for the anti-Castro forces in Cuba was a matter of necessity, not of choice. The Eisenhower administration had not given the underground priority, and the Kennedy administration ruled out full-scale intervention. Yet, short of the Castro régime's collapse at the first blow from the outside, the invasion required a spontaneous outburst of popular support or an ever-increasing measure of American support. An invasion force which succeeded in overthrowing Castro without a demonstrative show of popular support could only have ruled Cuba in a state of perpetual civil war or as a thinly-disguised American occupation. At best it would have postponed another outbreak of *Fidelismo* for a few months or years. At worst, it could have made Cuba into another Algeria.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The alternative policy was formulated in the *"Bases Confidenciales,"* but never really put into practice.

After the Failure

FAILURE, as well as success, can bring out fundamental attitudes and values not altogether clear in the course of the struggle, and the failure of Cochinos Bay has brought them out in many quarters more sharply than ever before.

President Kennedy's first reaction expressed a determination not to accept the defeat as final and an intention to re-think the whole problem posed by Cuba. Perhaps the most significant feature of his speech on April 20th was the suggestion that the parts played by arms and politics in such a crisis urgently needed re-examination. If he seriously follows up his remark that "too long we have fixed our eyes on traditional military needs," more may have been gained from the Cuban defeat than lost.

The Republicans have been somewhat inhibited from making political capital of the Cuban setback, despite the President's willingness to assume full responsibility for it, because of its peculiarly bi-partisan ancestry. If the Cuban venture had proven a success, the Republicans might not have been able to resist pointing out that the Democrats had merely carried out what they had prepared for them, as Nixon did not fail to point out in the case of the first American astronaut. Eisenhower's sense of fair play and national interest made him a model of discretion in this difficult moment, but Nixon could not altogether resist temptation. The former Vice-President hinted broadly that "more power" should have been committed in Cuba to compensate for the mistaken intelligence estimates. This divergence may reflect more of a difference between Eisenhower and Nixon than between Kennedy and Eisenhower. It has been credibly reported that Nixon had once argued in favour of landing American forces in Cuba if the exiles could not make it on their own, and that Eisenhower had vetoed the proposal.

AMONG THE CUBAN EXILES, the defeat has had the effect of intensifying all those divisions which had existed before. The Right and Centre have been overcome by pessimism bordering on despair, and publicly or privately express their belief in direct U.S. intervention as the only salvation. On the other hand, the anti-Castro Left which had never believed in the precedence given to an armed invasion under U.S. auspices has been confirmed in its view and holds it more strongly than ever. Because of this post-invasion schism, the Cuban Revolutionary Council has fallen apart.

The invasion also provided Fidel Castro with the occasion for officially confirming the "socialist" character of the Cuban revolution. He actually did so for the first time on April 16th, the day before the invasion, in a rather casual, mocking reference to the "imperialists": "That is what they cannot forgive—that we should be here under their nose and that we have effected a socialist revolution under the very nose of the United States." In his speech on May 1st, however, he made the pronouncement somewhat more formally: "Our deeds have signalled to the world the birth of a patriotic, democratic, and socialist revolution." What he meant by "socialist" he made sufficiently clear by hailing support from "the powerful socialist world, headed by the great Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China." Since May 1st, the "socialist revolution" in Cuba has become *de rigueur* for all means of communication in Cuba.

As one of this year's winners of the Lenin Peace Prize, Fidel made a speech on May 19th in which he showed how far he had travelled politically by bursting out: "Glory, then, to-day, the 19th of May, to our great José Martí!! Glory to our great Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, Lenin!" (*El Mundo*, Havana, May 21st.)

Some Problems, Simple or Complex

CHÉ GUEVARA once invented the theory, since repeated by innumerable *epigoni*, that the United States was responsible for Castro's actions or "responses," and presumably the latest coincidence between the frustrated invasion and Cuban "socialism" fits this pattern perfectly. A French writer, Claude Julien, has written a book on behalf of the view that the United States forced Castro to betray his own revolution to the Communists and Soviet Russia. It is not necessary to exculpate the United States of all blame or even a large share of the blame for the recent history of Cuba to feel, as I do, that this thesis is mistaken. Fidel Castro and his inner circle have never been innocent victims of circumstances; they have always been the engine of this revolution in perpetual motion; they have leaped at

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one pretext or another to do what they wanted to do; they have incessantly increased their power by taking the initiative against their enemies and relentlessly pressing the advantage. A revolutionary leader does not betray the fundamental character of his revolution because American oil companies refuse to refine Soviet oil or because the United States suspends a sugar quota that has been attacked as "a symbol of colonialism." If he is really committed to a new social order different from capitalism and Communism, he does not resist the one by capitulating to the other with the speed of a press-button operation. By waiting for the opportune occasion, every aggressive action can be made to appear in a defensive light, but history teaches us to look into the more obscure past for the deeper causes and motivations of such immediate and far-reaching "responses." In this case, as I have suggested, the decisive moves were made behind the scenes in 1959, and only their consequences were put on public display in 1960 and 1961. No, Castro and his group have not merely been reacting to American moves, as if they were American puppets *manqués*, as if the United States always pulled the strings which forced them to do what they did not want to do or go where they did not want to go. This interpretation of the Castro revolution does not even do justice to its leader; it deprives him of any real control over his own revolution.

Only the ingenuous can still believe that Fidel Castro walked into a Communist trap or that he gave up the democratic road because the United States did not give him enough support in his early months in power. The Communists and Fidel walked towards each other, each with his eyes open, each filling a need in the other. The "trap theory" attributes a gullibility to Fidel which is hardly fair to him. Official American offers might have embarrassed him a little more than the policy which respected his clearly understood preference for private rather than government forms of aid, but I fear that they would have accomplished little else. The $16,000,000 credit which the oil companies extended to Castro's Cuba did not save them from expropriation, and five or ten times that amount would not have bought them an indulgence. External circumstances influenced the Castro régime's methods and timing, but they did not determine its nature and direction.

The ordinary Western mind can only with the greatest difficulty comprehend the dynamism of this revolution. It was not made by a revolutionary party which had struggled for years to formulate an ideology and create an organisation. It derives from twelve men who made their way to the Sierra Maestra mountains in December, 1956—less than five years ago!—and increased in number to only 300 in May, 1958—little more than three years ago! Their victory over Batista's bloated army and police was somewhat incredible, almost miraculous, and for them the miracles have not ceased. It does not seem more far-fetched that Cuba should set off a Latin American revolution than that the tiny group in the Sierra Maestra should have set off a Cuban revolution. To this must be added the conviction that the Cuban revolution cannot be finally victorious without a Latin American revolution, and that a Latin American revolution cannot be finally victorious without a revolution in the United States—an eventuality to which Fidel has of late made frequent allusions, only half in jest.

All this may be due to dizziness from success or delusions of grandeur, but the spirit of *Fidelismo* cannot be fathomed without taking it into account. The ideological and organisational vacuum of *Fidelismo* has been filled by Communism, which, in turn, has been given a new confidence and impetus by *Fidelismo*. As a result of this interpenetration, Cuba has begun to resemble every other Communist state in its essential political, economical, and ideological conformation; the "humanistic" improvisations of Castro's first year in power may soon seem just as far away as the Soviet's New Economic Policy of the 1920's seemed from Stalin's forced collectivisation in the 1930's. Whether the United States was wise to have suspended the sugar quota when it did is less important, in the long run, than that the suspension was the answer to a *Fidelista* prayer. The technique used to bring about the break of diplomatic relations —a forty-eight-hour demand for a drastic reduction of U.S. Embassy personnel—was similar. The *diktat* faced the United States with the choice of bowing to an ultimatum or going a step further and getting the inevitable over with quickly. Short of utter capitulation, I cannot conceive of any U.S. policy that would have satisfied the souls of Fidel, Raúl, and "El Ché".

For those who desire, condone, or ignore the Communist conquest of Cuba, the recent invasion presents no difficult problem. They can gloat over the failure or enjoy an orgy of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schadenfreude. Some can do so, however, only by deceiving themselves about the reality of Communist influence in Cuba. At the present rate of *Fidelista*-Communist fusion, they will soon have to recognise that reality or risk making laughing-stocks of themselves. And if they do not go along to the bitter end, they too will know what it means to be "betrayed" by Fidel Castro; he may even ridicule them on television if they should make nuisances of themselves complaining of their disillusionment.

"NON-INTERVENTION" also presents them with no great problem. As long as the only intervention is by definition American, everything becomes elementary. But the Cuban revolution has never been that simple. It has never been contained within the borders of Cuba. In 1955, Castro used Mexico as the training-ground for his invasion force. He set up an organisation in the United States to collect funds and recruit volunteers. In March, 1958, President José Figueres of Costa Rica sent the first arms to Castro's forces in the Sierra Maestra. To overthrow Batista, Castro accepted aid wherever he could get it.[13] If the same stringent rules were applied to him as some are trying to apply to his present enemies, Batista might still be in power. Since 1959, Castro has been intervening flagrantly throughout Latin America. In November, 1960, young anti-Castro Cubans broke into the Cuban Embassy in Lima, Peru, and forced the Chargé d'Affaires to give them a file of documents marked "Strictly Confidential." Photostats of these documents have been published, and the then Secretary of the Embassy, Andrés Quintín Noas, now in exile, has confirmed their authenticity. One letter, dated October 4th, 1960, from Ambassador Luis Ricardo Alonso to Raúl Castro, reported the payment of $15,000 (427,500 Peruvian soles) to 8 professors, 16 newspapers and magazines, 15 labour unions and 10 political organisations, and another $15,000 to the Communist Party in 13 Peruvian cities and towns. All the names and amounts were carefully recorded. As a result of this evidence Peru broke diplomatic relations with Cuba. Intervention can take many forms—from the Castro régime's vicious war of nerves against the admirable administration of Governor Luis Muñoz Marín in Puerto Rico to the Soviet bloc's huge investment of arms and manipulation of a servile Cuban Communist party. Much of what passes for "non-intervention" in the Cuban civil war is, in practice, an acceptance of unilateral Soviet intervention.

FOR THOSE WHO do not desire or cannot ignore the Communist conquest of Cuba, the present situation poses difficult and complex problems. The invasion was indefensible in conception as well as execution, but much of the criticism has been transmuted into support or apologetics for Castro's régime. In the end, the most unfortunate result of the fiasco may be that the guilt arising out of it has sought an outlet in tolerance for and even subtle identification with an onrushing totalitarianism. I have not heard an argument in favour of the Cuban dictatorship—from the uselessness of elections to the mistreatment of the Cuban peasants who constituted about one-third of the nation—which could not be applied with slight modifications to many other countries. Some of the criticisms of the invasion require at least as much criticism as the invasion itself.[14]

I cannot separate the politics of arms from the arms of politics. The politics of the arms that went into the invasion of Cochinos Bay made the failure a costly defeat and would have made the success a Pyrrhic victory. But to say this and no more is to doom in advance the prospect

[13] So much so that the *New Statesman*'s Latin-American correspondent in the issue of December 20th, 1958, was scandalised, and after complaining, "Fidel Castro is as opportunistic as Batista," went on: "Three years ago, when he first revolted against Batista, he put forward a left-wing programme, which included nationalisation of key industries and an agrarian reform. But this did not catch on, and soon Castro drifted into the extreme right, where bankers and landowners were willing to finance his revolution—if only to get rid of Batista. Castro accepted, and for a few months his was probably the most luxurious revolutionary movement ever. His guerrilla troops were well supplied with food and ammunition, his couriers included dashing débutantes and young men-about-town, etc., etc."

[14] This is particularly true of the "Open Letter to President Kennedy" drafted by members of the Harvard faculty and signed by 70 scholars and intellectuals in the Boston area, as published in the New York *Times*, May 10th, 1961. If it were merely an anti-invasion appeal, I would have no quarrel with it. But it goes much farther afield and betrays such curious squeamishness in its references to the character of the Castro régime, such superficiality in its explanation of the "sharp increases in the power of the local Communist party" and such gullibility in its recommendations for detaching the Castro régime from the Communist bloc, that one wonders whether many of its distinguished signatories ever devoted much time or energy to a study of recent Cuban history.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of any future anti-Castro opposition, even the most democratic. These arms were used badly, but any politics in Cuba to-day demands arms. Castro cannot be overthrown except by force, just as there was no other way to overthrow Batista. When Castro sentenced Matos to twenty years' imprisonment, he served notice on all opposition to go underground and fight force with force or submit without a struggle. As long as there are men and women in Cuba who believe in civil liberties, representative government, land reform instead of Soviet-style state farms, freedom of expression, association with the democratic West, and free trade, there will be an underground, and despite the present setback, it will revive and grow. If no one else will provide the necessary conditions for its growth, Castro and the Communists will do so.

But no anti-Castro movement can resist Russian tanks and Czechoslovak machine-guns with sympathy alone. It would be more humane and more honest to advise any movement not to resist than to resist with bare hands. Castro's democratic opponents have the right and the duty to obtain arms where they can, as Castro did and as other revolutionary movements have done. The United States can help, but a democratic Cuban opposition worthy of the name will accept arms or other assistance only on its own terms. Whatever the United States or any other power does or does not do must influence the situation in Cuba; the United States could remove its influence only by disappearing. Some forms of "non-intervention" are nothing more than acquiescence in someone else's intervention, and some forms of "intervention" are so wrong and futile that they amount in their practical effect to non-intervention.

In and through Cuba, I fear, Americans are re-living many of the problems that plagued them in the era of Hitler and Stalin. Hitler never permitted us to forget the crimes of the Versailles Treaty, the weaknesses of the Weimar Republic, and the millions of unemployed. The Bolsheviks never permitted us to forget the dark Tsarist past. The *Líder Máximo* never permits us to forget the evils of imperialism, the misdeeds of previous democratic governments, and the poverty of the Cuban peasants. But the avenger of Versailles and the saviour of the unemployed was also a demonic nihilist who inflicted such degradation on his own people and infamies on other peoples that they cannot even now be uttered without sickening us. The totalitarian disease in Germany and Russia did not strike in all its virulence at once; it crept up on its victims in stages; it came sugar-coated as national liberation and economic development. In the end, however, one thing mattered more than all else—the capacity for evil of these all-embracing, insatiable, suffocating tyrannies grew with their accretion of power. Each generation, it seems, must learn the lesson in its own way.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

The Hard Cash of Thought

By Nigel Dennis

IS THE PUBLIC becoming intellectual? This question is haunting the sleep of many distinguished theatrical personages—men who must not only move with the times but see to it that the times move with them, see that it is *their* box-office, not a rival's, which picks the public pocket so painlessly that the public, far from feeling rooked, commends the thief for loving art more than money. So long as this commendation is based on nothing but an illusion, all goes well; the serious problem comes up only when the thief begins to think it may be true. We mean by this that if audiences *are* becoming intellectual, the theatre-managers are going to have to become intellectual too; and while some will make this change easily, sauntering over to the enemy with a light laugh and pretending to have loved literature all their lives, many others, faced with the choice of intellect or retirement, will find the latter more honourable —as, indeed, it usually is. But as they farm their new acres, looking to pigs for solace where once they looked to people, they will be irrevocably crippled men. During their careers they never trusted an actor, an author, a director, a designer. But they did trust the public to mistrust the mind, and it is this trust that the public is betraying now. One or two of these retired impresarios say that when they come in from ploughing, they can't relax even in front of the goggle-box; wisps of thought keep clouding the screen and opening the old wound. This is paranoid fantasy, of course, but it does show which way the mind is blowing.

THERE HAS BEEN Standing Room Only at the Royal Court throughout the run of M. Sartre's *Altona*. Those shrewd men of the world who always said that drinking at the bar in the intervals was one of the main reasons why the public went to see plays have been proved old-fashioned fools: *Altona*'s intervals were so short (*Altona* being so long) that a cup of coffee ordered at the start of one was still too hot to pass the glottis of anything but a bassoon when the warning bells clanged: even the most proficient boozer cannot have won more than two double-whiskies a night from Existentialism. Ah! but people go to the theatre because it's beastly weather and a chance to get dressed—but this is all old-hat, too, now: people in clothes of all sorts preferred Sartre to springtime: from 7.30 to nearly 11.00 they sat in very bad ventilation and listened to an airing of individual responsibility for acts of murder and torture committed by their enemies of the last war: were they glad, perhaps, that a philosopher should confirm what they had suspected all along? Whatever the reason, it was hard not to feel rather shocked: why should thousands of people flock to a French revivalist meeting and commit their guilt gladly to the common pool? Many came out with shining eyes, as if they had learnt a worthwhile lesson: one man was even heard to say to another, "Well, I think the evening was *worth the money*," and he said this emphatically, not grudgingly, almost showing emotion. Of course, the boards were out, with the critics' enthusiastic notices—including one of those crafty ones of Mr. Kenneth Tynan's, warning the people of England that they would never love themselves again if they missed *Altona*: to this ultimatum we attribute the atmosphere of narcissistic panic and hysteria in the foyer.

But was the triumph an intellectual one?—that is the important question. Early in Act I, M. Sartre rolled up his sleeves and held up for all the audience to see a small and rather wizened pea: he placed this core of hard thinking on the floor and began to heap mattresses on it. The audience, knowing the pea was under

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the foam-rubber, tossed and turned sleeplessly throughout the night; but one wonders if they really felt the pea: it *was* an extremely small and familiar one. It is our private guess that in *Altona* M. Sartre pulls off one of those admirable feats of stage-magic whereby an audience goes away convinced that it has been thinking deeply, when, in truth, it has been gutsing richly off juicy dishes of emotional melodrama. One could take M. Sartre's particular pea of thought out of *Altona* and substitute any other: the play would still be just as exciting. For it has all the old ingredients that the commercial manager has long depended on—a stern, dying father summoning his family to inform them of his approaching death; his declaration to them of his last will and testament; their swearings on the family Bible that they will obey—and, inevitably, the upright rebel who refuses obedience and demands truth instead. Stir in with this a daughter who is making an incestuous bed in the attic with her crazed brother, let the pretty rebel supplant her in the brother's affections, and round off with father and son committing suicide together—well, it will be agreed, perhaps, that though all these excitements may be outcrops of the central idea, it is from themselves alone, not from the idea, that the thrills of the evening come. When M. Sartre's crazed hero delivers his impassioned "messages," the audience wait with politeness and amiability for the hot brew of sex, jealousy, and intrigue to simmer in again—and M. Sartre never disappoints them. If his intellect does not prove formidable, it is because his natural ardours and theatrical energies put it in the shade: the idea is developed, certainly, but the plain passions out-gallop it entirely.

Much thanks for this is due to Mr. John Berry, who managed perfectly two of a director's most difficult jobs—that of informing his actors of the exact nature of their parts, and that of causing them to understand this information: of these two tasks, the second is the testing one. So well did Mr. Berry succeed that Mr. Kenneth Haig handled his furious part with mature control, and Miss Claire Bloom gave the necessary impression that after sharing Miss Diane Cilento's bed for some years, a man would find surcease in Miss Bloom's: one of those natural dietary changes. This may suggest how good Miss Cilento was: no abstraction, no message, no sense of personal responsibility for the troubles of the century, had much chance of drawing attention away from her incestuous voluptuousness. It seemed very proper that the curtain should fall with her taking the veil and entering Sartre's idea of a convent: no woman, one felt, could have done more than she to deserve expiation and amendment.

THE STEP from Sartre's theatre to M. Genet's is the familiar step from earth to Heaven, from a stage still tied to daily life (however peculiar) to one that floats in almost pure illusion and aspires to beauty. No other writer in the world has this visionary quality and strength: Mr. Beckett can send us away with one or two Easter Island images to carry in our memory, and M. Ionesco can supply certain graphic motion pictures—of empty chairs and bent figures hurrying among them, of total stillness in a room as invisible rhinos thunder past outside. But M. Genet surpasses them and everyone in image-making. Every moment of much of his plays asks to be remembered: one can, as it were, halt the run of his story at any point and get a still-picture of the moment's vision—his players grouped in a certain way, their expressions caught at a certain instant. They seem, masked as they often are, to be lay-figures caught in the act of trying to live, or live children pretending to be actors. When such glorious artifice and stylised poses are arranged and "set" by a director with the exact and formal eye of M. Roger Blin, dressed with a luxurious combination of prettiness and dignity by M. André Acquart, and, finally, played by a cast of willing Nigerians, some pretending to realism by wearing masks, the rest pretending to fantasy by being themselves—why, *there* is something to gaze on and recall to the mind's eye repeatedly. *The Blacks* is a veritable string of optical memories—of groups shifting suddenly, breaking up, grouping again; of high-seated, masked figures swaying like tree-tops in a breeze; of one fixed, pathetic figure—the mask and pigtails of a flaxen Gretchen hiding an old black face—painfully knitting a sweater in the ideal hue of the white race, which is to say, flesh-pink. To do homage to M. Genet is, as M. Sartre has so generously shown, a pleasure, a duty, *and* an interminable undertaking: one can babble forever about images which must be seen to be believed.

That M. Genet is a fallen angel is beyond dispute: his plays are all feathers from his wings. So it is best to say, as directly as possible, that his fall is due to his not having clarity: if he could follow the flights of his own mind there would not be a dramatist anywhere that could even touch his passing toes. What is astonishing is that he can survive such a mortal disability. Of whom else can one say that he is big enough to dissipate himself into near-incoherence and still leave pure, serene recollections behind him? But there is no doubt that the flaw is as great as the talent, and that its existence is an intolerable pity. What *happens*, one wonders, to M. Genet as he proceeds with the writing of a play? Why does *The Balcony* work like magic

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the most exact sort up to a point, and then get its wands crossed and stammer in dowdy confusion? Why is *The Blacks* a pure joy to the eye and, often, to the imagination, and yet an affront to the understanding? How can we be so thankful that in an age weighed down with leaded naturalism, M. Genet can really fly, yet feel doomed to be vastly annoyed by his cloudiness?

One must answer, first, in M. Genet's defence, that he is so much in front of everybody else that we cannot hope to catch up with him at once. *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, which reads and plays with exemplary clarity to-day, was as meaningless nonsense thirty years ago. The work of Joyce and Virginia Woolf has yielded in the same way to such an extent that where there was once no way of understanding, there is now no room for bafflement. But to these writers, we have clues; and once we follow these clues, we reach roughly the chosen ends. Pirandello's logic is precise and coherent enough to be mapped on graph paper; the associative wanderings of Joyce and Virginia Woolf ask only that we accept the associative principle. But what is M. Genet's principle? Was Pirandello the last dramatist with power enough to contain and formalise the chaos of real and illusory identities, and has M. Genet, trying to fly even deeper into this chaos, lacked the stamina to wrestle with it, and bring its mysteries and contradictions to order? If *The Blacks* is too long, is this because a trapped author who cannot manage his material escapes into verbosity like a desperate oarsman into frantic crab-catching? Is it a weakness of the will, such that when words and visions begin to intoxicate the author, he allows them to carry him where they will, recovering control only in glorious fits and starts?

We pray that in years to come—or even next week—we may have to eat crow for doubting M. Genet's mastery of his wings. In the meantime, if audiences really are becoming intellectual, let them try their new teeth on *The Blacks*. If they miss it, we think it very likely that they will go on loving themselves, for even M. Genet cannot eradicate selfishness and false pride overnight. And as these vices lie at the heart of his play, let us say how grateful we are for them.

Hunting Horns

Our past is noble and tragic
Like the mask of a tyrant
No trick of chance or of magic
Nothing quite insignificant
Makes our love seem pitiful

And Thomas de Quincey drinking his
Sweet and chaste and poisoned glass
Dreaming went to his poor Anne
Let us since all passes pass
I shall look back only too often

Memories are hunting horns
Whose sound dies among the wind

Oliver Bernard
(*after Apollinaire*)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Geoffrey Faber

THE LONGER and the more intimately one has known a man, the more difficult it is to choose, in brief memorial phrases, the memories to evoke, the gifts and qualities to emphasise, and the achievements to celebrate. My association with Geoffrey Faber began thirty-five years ago: for nearly half my life, in business, in outside interests, in working hours and in social relaxation, I was constantly in his company. In any tribute that I can pay, however brief, I find myself inevitably recording something of my own life as well. Let me begin then by recalling the occasion of our first meeting, and one subsequent incident, both of which throw light upon his character.

In 1925 it was that I went, in some trepidation, to see Faber at his London home. For personal reasons, I had found it necessary to change my means of livelihood, and to seek a new position which should also give some assurance of permanence. Faber, on the other hand, was looking only for a writer with some reputation among the young, who could attract promising authors of the younger generation as well as of our own, towards the newly-founded firm of Faber and Gwyer. He wanted an informal adviser and, in fact, a "talent scout." My name had been suggested to him with warm commendation by my elder friend Charles Whibley, on an occasion when Whibley was a week-end guest at All Souls'. I do not remember how it was, during that evening's conversation between Faber and myself, that our two designs became identical. I suspect that it was merely that we took to each other. However that may be, our meeting led to his inviting me to join his Board of Directors—not without his having difficulties to overcome. Vigorous championship, no doubt, on his part, and several testimonials from distinguished older authors, were needed to persuade his fellow-directors to accept, on those terms, a man of letters so obscure as myself. I had more reason to be grateful to Faber, at that time, than he ever knew. But the action was typical of him: once he had made up his mind about a man his confidence was unlimited. And thus he assembled round him—and more easily after Faber and Gwyer had become Faber and Faber—a happy and congenial team of colleagues.

MY OTHER ILLUSTRATION is an incident not generally known. We became friends very quickly. It was not so very long before he actually proposed me for a research fellowship at All Souls'. Only those who are aware of Faber's intense devotion to the College will realise what a great honour he wished to do me, and what generous feeling inspired him. It was a distinction for which my qualifications were not obvious either to myself or to the College. I am happy to say that the College was spared the ignominy of electing an unscholarly member and I was spared the waste of energy involved in pretending to a scholarship which I did not possess. But I treasure the memory of Faber's generosity, his wish to take me into his beloved college as he had taken me into his business counsels, his home circle, and his personal friendship.

Faber was a man of varied interests and several occupations, and it may be said that he touched none than he did not adorn. First of all he was a poet: an admirer of George Meredith (I shall always remember one evening when he read *Love in the Valley* aloud), he had most in common with another poet whose name is forever associated with Oxford. Matthew Arnold was the poet with whom he had the closest affinity. To-day I shall not speak of his poetry except to remind you that we cannot understand Faber if we ignore the poet in him. Second, Faber, again like Arnold, was also a scholar—a Double First, and not (as stated in *The Times* obituary) a First in Mods and a Second in Greats. That he had also great practical abilities is shown, not only from his conduct of a growing publishing business, but from his work as Estates Bursar of All Souls'. It has struck me that his knowledge of farm administration gained as Estates Bursar may have stood him in good stead when, as a country squire, he turned his attention to the breeding of pedigree cattle. Then there is a short but distinguished list of prose works. His *Oxford Apostles* was one of the two best books to appear in the year of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement; and his biography of *Benjamin Jowett*, over which he had toiled for years, is a monumental work which illustrates his indefatigable, conscientious maintenance of the highest standards of scholarship.

We are grateful to Mr. Eliot for allowing us to publish the address which he delivered at the memorial service for the late Sir Geoffrey Faber, held at St. Giles-in-the-Fields on May 10th last.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DURING THE LAST WAR I saw Faber every week, at first sharing in the middle of the week the Fabers' basement shelter, and later fire-watching with him at Russell Square; and I was privy to two of his wartime activities. The first was when, as President of the Publishers' Association, he organised the protest which obtained the remission of the purchase tax to be levied on books. The second was when he drafted the report on Secondary Schools as Chairman of a Committee appointed by the Minister of Education. At one time Faber had thought of standing for Parliament. He had the integrity, the constancy of purpose, and the firmness of principle of the Statesman, but not, perhaps, all the arts of the Politician.

It is chiefly, however, as Publisher and as Friend that I wish to-day to remember Geoffrey Faber. Any calling that Faber had accepted would have been, with him, the occupation of a gentleman; but for him that of Publisher most certainly was. He loved good books, and what he chiefly wanted as a publisher was to publish good books. If they were good enough, they were worth losing money on. And it was not only the books that he himself liked that he was glad to publish. Having chosen his colleagues, he trusted them, and was happy to publish any book that one of them thought good enough to be worth fighting for. And I shall not forget the patience and skill with which he conducted our weekly book committee. He endured our vagaries and our divagations; he was judicious in settling our arguments, and genially tolerant of the practical jokes and horse-play with which some of us, in the early days, would occasionally disorganise the meeting.

Geoffrey Faber was endowed with many talents which he employed happily and well. He was fortunate in many ways, fortunate especially in his marriage. His wife, I know, was his wise counsellor, even in publishing, particularly in the early days when we were learning to be publishers; the partaker of all his interests and his strong rock and his bulwark in his last painful years of illness. Our thoughts and our prayers to-day must be with her and with their family, as well as with him. I remember Geoffrey Faber in many situations, in peace and in war, in work and in play, on land and on sea, at home and abroad. I loved the man, and part of my own life is in the grave with him. May he rest in peace.

T. S. Eliot

The False Prospero

Observations on Mrs. Elspeth Huxley — By EDWARD SHILS

THE SMALL CIRCLE of men and women in each African society who wish to see their countries free and modern, while remaining essentially African, are having no easy time of it. They themselves are so few. Diseases afflict the people and their beasts. The soil, from which their people must continue to live for the foreseeable future, is unresponsive to their elementary technology and they lack capital for a more complex technology. They have not yet come to form coherent societies. Tribal loyalties still prevail, inhibiting the internal unity of the new states and endangering the probity of their public services. Creative activity is slow in coming forth; traditionality, the preponderance of the aged and awe of ancestors, deadens the outward impulse. Their people have little civility; they are too submissive or too refractory in their relations with authority, and often excessively attracted by charismatic qualities in their leaders. Politicians find it too easy, in the face of the more intractable problem of economic growth, social welfare, educational development, and administrative efficiency, to summon up the demons of tribalism, xenophobia, intolerance, revivalism, and demagogy.

These truths have not been neglected by friendly and detached observers of the new states and they have been trotted out time and again by those whose attachment to the *ancien régime* of Africa before World War II renders them unsympathetic with the already or prospectively sovereign states of present-day Africa. Seldom, however, have they been put with the vividness and eloquence of Mrs. Elspeth Huxley's flashing polemic against the possibility of a modern Africa which would be alive, progressive, and decent. Mrs. Huxley's ease of movement among the facts of African life commands respect. Her arguments are, however, enfeebled by irrelevance and by fictitious construction. The scornful tone of her strictures, the style of a Cassandra half-pleased with the prospect of catastrophe, can neither improve the liberals nor hearten the Africans in whom at odd moments she appears to repose a little confidence. There is something else which weakens the persuasiveness of her brilliant essay. That is an insufficient forthrightness. Mrs. Huxley seems to find the prospect of African freedom abhorrent. A sense of the awfulness of African freedom dominates her argument with-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out ever being formulated into a rational argument against the principle of that freedom.

Of course, arguments which deny the worthwhileness of African freedom are too late to determine whether Africa will be independent of European sovereignty. To the extent that it has not already happened, it is inevitable. Decisive sections of the population in each African country wish to rule or share in the rule of their own countries (or, at the very least, they prefer to be ruled by human beings with whom they have some sense of affinity). That is why they will be free and why they should be free. The course of African countries once free is, however, still indeterminate and the attitude taken in the West towards it will have some influence on its direction. Africa might flounder and become like Latin America in the first century of its independence, free, incompetent, squalid, miserable, and convulsive. It might become a continent of oligarchies, self-righteously repressive and mixing some ambitious efficiency with much slovenliness. Or, alternatively, it might, pursuing the ideal of national improvement, become a continent of imperfect democracies, more or less like the older democracies, humanitarian, liberal, open, and economically and socially progressive, with much to criticise and with corresponding opportunities for criticism.

The outcome of African freedom will be affected by indigenous traditions of belief and action, some of which are obstructive of progress—on these Mrs. Huxley lays great weight—but it will also be affected by others more conducive to progress. (She mentions none of the latter.) The outcome will also be a function of the equipment with modern institutions such as schools and universities with which the new states enter upon their independence. It will be a function of the political skill, good-will, and moral character of African politicians under the strenuous conditions of independence; these in turn will be affected by the traditional and the modern inheritances of the African societies. The outcome will also be much affected by Western conduct and relations with Africa, and this not only in the form of economic and technical aid, but in the moral disposition which governs this and much else. It is in this last and most important aspect that I find Mrs. Huxley's article so unsatisfactory.

It is important that we accept African freedom without reservations; that we accept it as morally justified even if it is not used as well as we would like. We must acknowledge the equal moral dignity of Africans, not just in principle or charitable deed but in our sentiments. We must regard them and ourselves as part of the same species. This involves an education of sentiment. The following is an effort to specify the ground, in principle, for this transformation of sentiment.

The case for African freedom is not dependent on the good sense of its friends and abettors abroad. They might well be frivolous simpletons or irresponsible rogues; they might be haters of their own countrymen; they might be Utopian phantasts; they might have the worst possible motives for wishing to see Africans free of rule by Europeans. (They certainly do not, in their anti-colonial rapture, pay enough serious attention either to the problems which new states must cope with once they are independent or to what must be done outside Africa to help the new states. Mrs. Huxley does not bother with this deficiency which is graver than any she derides.) The fact that a generally motley crew supports the movement to end colonial rule and the hegemony of European settlers has nothing to do with the merits of the case for African freedom. Mrs. Huxley adds no persuasiveness to her argument by deriding her opponents. The real problems are whether Africans will make good use of their freedom, once they obtain it and whether even if they do not make good use of it, they are entitled to have it anyhow.

The argument that Africans should rule themselves does not presuppose that Africans are more virtuous than Europeans or whites, any more than the justification for American and European self-government rests on the moral superiority of Americans or Europeans. Mrs. Huxley gains nothing by her truthful intimation that Africans are not more virtuous than Americans or Europeans. In many specific things they might well be somewhat worse, but that makes no difference. The fact is that they are human and their societies have some inarticulatable essence of their own, like any other societies. That is enough. Positively the argument rests on the ground that those who exercise authority over a society should be part of that society in other than their authority-exercising capacity. They must be involved in its kinship system, in its systems of culture and beliefs; they must possess that quality of membership which comes from a sense of affinity with the society and the territory on which it is based. Collective self-determination—an admittedly obscure phenomenon—is a good thing, just as individual self-determination is a good thing. Negatively, the case for African sovereignty rests on the ground that no moral reason exists for a small minority of Europeans, either as civil servants or as settlers, to impose their rule on Africans, however backward they might be.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The greater industry and productivity of the Europeans, their greater contribution to the economic growth of an African country, does not give them a right to a monopoly of authority or even a constitutionally guaranteed preponderance. Their residence qualifies them to share with other residents the powers involved in self-government and their achievement entitles them to the deference and dignity which a decent society pays to worthwhile achievement. But a white oligarchy in any African country is even less justifiable than a Negro oligarchy which, unattractive as it might be, contains at least some trace of affinity between oligarch and subject.

IT IS TRUE THAT CONQUEST establishes and time often legitimates. Where, however, conquest and the passage of time have not so fully legitimated the authority of the European "outsider" that he has ceased to be an "outsider" (both in his view and in the opinion of the once conquered and then ruled), then he cannot claim that his power enjoys the legitimation of a consensual or civil tie between rulers and ruled. Nowhere in Africa has European rule fully legitimated itself to the Africans. Everywhere that it still remains, it is experienced as the rule of outsiders, outsiders in a very fundamental sense of sharing neither the primordialities of kinship and territory, nor the consensus of a civil society.

This last proposition does not mean that Europeans must withdraw at once from Africa or abdicate completely and immediately. The miserable condition of the Congo testifies to the need to apply the principle of self-government with concern for the aftermath of withdrawal. Such European rule as survives in Africa must be no more than a transient custodianship, used (as John Stuart Mill contended restrictions on liberty must always be used) to train the unfree to live fitly in freedom, and, I would add, to form a civil society in which the White Africans, Indian Africans, and Negro Africans who reside in the territory will be bound together in a common citizenship.

Mrs. Huxley does not enter on the questions which I have just discussed but she implies a negative answer by arguing that Africans will not make good use of their freedom; that if they have self-government, they will not have good self-government. The right of self-government does not entail that the self-governing should provide good government, efficient government, progressive government or liberal and democratic government—and that failing this, they should renounce their sovereignty to outsiders. The rulers of a territory inhabited by a modern society must share the central institutions of that society with the ruled. They must feel bound to the ruled by a sense of affinity which is deeper than kindly solicitude or veterinary care.

A person taking Mrs. Huxley's position might well argue that this is all very well in theory but that in practice there is no real society in most of the new African states, only societies which are separate from each other, even hostile to each other. There is something in this argument, but not enough, I think, to annul the moral case for African self-government. The task of defining the societies which should enjoy self-government in Africa is not a simple one. Most of the African countries are ethnically composite. They are, as Mrs. Huxley says, tribes with little or uncertain sympathy with their own still incipient nationhood. Nevertheless, in none of these countries (even in the Congo) does an unalloyed tribalism prevail among those who have become political. The educated and the politicised—who are nearly but not quite identical—have become the cultivators and the carriers of the idea of nationality. They formed that idea, it is true, more as a counter-image to the colonial dominion than as an extension of something which had pre-colonial reality. The first lineaments of the national society are to be seen primarily in them. But not entirely. There is a rudimentary sense of nationality fairly widely spread in the population. This faint, dimly sensed nationhood is the political society, the existence of which underlies the legitimacy of the claim to self-government.

The alternatives are the continuation (or re-establishment) of colonial rule which is impossible as well as immoral, or the disaggregation of the new states into their tribal constituents which is undesirable. Of course, it would be better for all concerned if there were a real polity, a "true nation" from which those who exercise the powers of government could be drawn. At present, the constitutional legitimacy of the élite derives in part from their accession to the coerced legitimacy of the colonial régime which they regarded as illegitimate. Its moral legitimacy derives from the existence of a polity formed by modern education and political consciousness in the face of the colonial ruler. As the civil society grows, as the nation is formed, as primordial ties of kinship and tribe become a little more attenuated—which will certainly happen with the spread of education, with the improvement of transportation and communication, and the establishment of an effective civil service and political leadership—the legitimacy of self-government will become correspondingly stronger.

Are not these régimes, with their partially established legitimacy and with all their frailty, more legitimate morally than the colonial régimes which, nowhere and never in Africa,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

succeeded in establishing their legitimacy in a way in which either the rulers or the ruled really believed? Mrs. Huxley condemns Western and African romanticism about non-existent virtues and mythically glorious pasts. She shows herself to be no less romantic when she suggests that there was a time before the outbreak of the mania for self-government when European settlers provided "shelter and protection" for Africans, thus satisfying "the black Caliban's" need to be dependent. There were undoubtedly some colonists who did this—some undoubtedly exist even to-day in South Africa—but they were and are certainly a minority. They never succeeded in creating a lasting belief in the legitimacy of colonial rule throughout the indigenous population, and that is why African self-government is right as well as inevitable.

EVEN IF the governments of the new African states make a mess of their affairs, even if they behave illiberally towards their own people, the establishment of the government of Africans by Africans would be justified. Few African politicians are, however, satisfied with "self-government" as the be-all and end-all of their activity. They put themselves forward as democratic, liberal, humanitarian, and progressive, more or less on the model of the liberal metropolitan powers which once ruled them. Some but not all of the sympathy which they receive in the West is supported by these aspirations. It is at this very point that Mrs. Huxley is most scornful of the hopes of the supporters of African freedom. She says Africans really do not want such régimes and their Western well-wishers delude themselves into thinking that liberal-democratic values are "for export," and if exported would be good for their importers.

It is true, as Mrs. Huxley says, that not all of the population of African societies wish to have their societies transformed in a more liberal direction, towards a greater degree of democracy and humanitarianism. That does not make these values less valuable. Their existence in Africa would make African societies better, even if practically no one had been in their favour when they were initiated. Just as collective self-determination is better than foreign rule, so rationality is better than rigid unthinking repetition, humanitarian compassion better than cruelty and indifference, individual creativity better than stodgy repression, respect for individual dignity better than disregard for it. These are values of universal validity, and the régimes which in some measure embody these and related virtues are better than régimes which negate them—and not only for ourselves but for others too.

Arguments based on moral and political philosophy are less important to Mrs. Huxley's conservatism than the weightier evidence of experience. Mrs. Huxley says that liberal democracy or its reasonable facsimile will not work in Africa. The people do not want it, the traditions of African society are against it, the very map of Africa is against it. It is not easy to refute her. There is no conclusive evidence on either side of the argument regarding the prospects of African progress in freedom; and of the little available evidence not all of it runs against Mrs. Huxley. The hamstringing of opposition in Ghana, the unnecessary continuation of military government in the Sudan, the problematic affair between government and opposition in Sierra Leone in the days just before independence, the new crisis in the Tamil areas produced by the narrow-mindedness of the Government in Ceylon—these are only a few scraps of the kind of evidence which can be cited for Mrs. Huxley's argument. She is quite convinced that the elements of modern, liberal, democratic régimes with which African self-government begins, will be unrecognisably distorted and even destroyed by the inheritance from the tribal, traditionalistic, hierarchical régimes of the old Africa.

IT IS CERTAINLY TRUE that a modern liberal system of society and government is difficult to maintain. It is difficult to conduct properly in our own countries which have much longer experience, and more favourable economic and cultural conditions. In America, electoral improprieties still persist; civil liberties there have to be guarded zealously all the time, and not always successfully. In Britain, bureaucratic woodenness disfigures the face of good intentions, and inequalities of status damage the souls of the favoured and the disfavoured. In France, rigid parochialism led to a rapid succession of unstable governments and then to the destruction of the Fourth Republic. In Germany, the whole thing blew up in a disaster of world-wide repercussions. Throughout Western democracy, and not just in Africa, as Mrs. Huxley seems to think, personal qualities as well as principle and party enter into electoral choice. It is therefore unjust to the Africans to criticise them from the standpoint of a perfection which is implicitly attributed to us—as Mrs. Huxley does—and which we do not possess.

To be sure, we are more favourably situated than the Africans. Our cultural and political traditions are certainly more favourable to liberal democracy than the indigenous African traditions. Our economy is capable of sustaining a set of professions whose incumbents—journalists, lawyers, university teachers, politicians, trade-unionists—are devoted to the care of a dispersion of power and the prevention of its

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concentration. The Africans are extremely short of educated persons with civic spirit and a concern for public liberty; most of their best people are drawn into the Civil Service, leaving too few over for other civic activities. Those who go into politics are soon beset by the strains, the moral wear and tear of the political game. Whether they have one-party régimes, coalition governments, or a genuine party system, populistic politics combined with great ambitions and deeply heterogeneous electorates are terribly conducive to demagogy and dirty work.

One may not, furthermore, dismiss out of hand Mrs. Huxley's observations about the strength of traditional tribal attachments which suppress the growth of individuality and breed an insufficiently rational attitude towards authority, or her remarks on the absence of a tradition of legitimate and organised opposition, the tradition of gerontocracy. But the picture which she presents is not the whole picture.

If it were the whole picture, then it would have been impossible to find a place in it for what actually exists: the modern political movement, the Africanised Civil Service, the considerable number of "graduates" and "been-to's" whom she so disparages, and all the other phenomena which are shaking Africa out of its primordial condition. Most important is the fact that rational liberal democratic values have strong proponents among African politicians, though they are, of course, not always equally attached to all of these. They are occasionally of two minds about certain aspects of them; sometimes they are concerned about becoming too "un-African;" which leads them towards an antipathy to things of Western origin. Sometimes they are victimised by the current intellectual cliché which asserts that in order to make economic progress it is necessary to sacrifice the liberty and well-being of your fellow man. Nonetheless, there is, among African politicians, though not equally or in all of them a genuine commitment to national liberal and democratic values, no less real than their attachment to indigenous African traditions. Mrs. Huxley does less than justice to the reality of this commitment.

THE MOST modern of African societies indisputably exists: political parties, parliaments, and civil services exist, schools and colleges exist, hospitals exist. Co-operatives and banks, wireless stations and newspapers (even a few periodicals) all exist. Each of these has its own personnel, trained to do the job, many doing their jobs with some devotion to standards, and some doing them outstandingly well. This devotion and achievement represent a commitment to the extension of modernity, to the formation of a modern society. It is all very imperfect, on a very small scale and very delicately poised. Some indigenous traditions are both fruitful and intrinsically worth preservation; others are neutral and easily compatible with modernity; still others are noxious to a decent modernity. Intelligent and sensitive Africans are more aware of this tension than we are. If they do not have a ready solution, it is because of the uniqueness of the task of reconciling the modern and the traditional. This reconciliation must be a pragmatic one, to be discovered in the course of confrontation with the concrete tasks of improving agricultural techniques, the legal system, the educational syllabi, etc.

The very existence of the tension (which Mrs. Huxley acknowledges) is evidence that modernity *has* taken hold in Africa and that it will not easily yield. It has created its own "vested interests," and these will be advantageous to the progress of Africa, to its economic development, its representative institutions, and its public liberties. There are people now in Africa who have a stake in their country as a modern country. Their attachment to their own professions and the traditions which they have acquired by their modern training and practice will make them resistant to regression. Although *their* "modern countries" will not be the same as ours, they will be societies with a greater measure of equality, more individuality, more appreciation of achievement in professional tasks, more sense of civic responsibility which over-rides tribal responsibility, more humanitarianism than now exists or than Mrs. Huxley claims has any chance of existence.

Mrs. Huxley sees the cracks in the structure of traditional society: the refusal of youth to accept unquestionably the authority of age, the tension between politician and chief, between medicine and the witch-doctor's craft. But when she alludes to these cracks in the traditional structure, she stresses only their deleterious aspect and does not admit their positive value.

By and large, moreover, she takes it for granted that traditions are invariably unyielding and that only modernity is yielding. Yet traditions which appear to be immutable are often sustained only by the failure of their adherents to perceive feasible alternatives. Once African society is opened up to new opportunities through education and a wider experience, much will change. Such changes in the pattern of tradition have happened in other societies—how else could mediæval Europe have become modern?—and there is every reason to believe that they will happen in Africa too.

ALMOST ALL OF Mrs. Huxley's arguments are devoted to the attempt to demonstrate

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hopelessness of African efforts to establish modern societies, peacefully ruled and allowing for diversity of groups and individuals. Yet, towards the end of her analysis, she acknowledges briefly the existence of these other forces which I have emphasised. She acknowledges the existence of Mr. Julius Nyerere, who with a little luck might become the conscience of African politics and the model for the best of African youth. She sees the young miner reading through the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (I hope he will not be discouraged by Dr. Einbinder's recent ENCOUNTER article); she sees the "spellbound children gazing at blackboards as if at the face of God." She sees other Africans "peering through a microscope, masked at the operating table, patiently explaining how to cure tobacco, plant tea or cure soil erosion, driving locomotives, giving Holy Communion...." Near the end, in a tone much more compassionate than the tone of the rest of her article, she expresses the

> hope that once the torrent of boys... has poured from these proliferating schools, through new colleges and training centres and universities, out into the current of African life, the changes that have got to come will come quickly... that once their destiny is back in their own hands, Africans will gain the confidence to run their country sensibly....

She sees there "the positive pull, through literacy and Western values, to carry Africans away from their old shrines and into the mainstream... of atom-age life."

Of course, African societies, when modern, will "look both ways." Does not modern Britain remain British and retain continuity in fact and sentiment with the British past; does not modern France remain French, modern America remain American? We would regret it if they did not. Why should we regard it as a defect if modern African societies retain much of the charm and awfulness, many of the virtues and vices of primordial Africa, in new combinations with modern liberal-democratic, humanitarian institutions? There are dangers of a traditionalistic revival in Africa, and even greater dangers in an excessively slipshod and incompetent modernisation. All of the new Africa could come to resemble the old Liberia, or the Latin America described in Conrad's *Nostromo* (which remains the most severe warning to optimistic well-wishers of African freedom and the most important text-book on the politics of new states). There is also, however, the plain fact of the modern education of Africans, at home and overseas. This is a monumental fact and Mrs. Huxley's dislike of its beneficiaries—reminiscent of an earlier settlers' generation's dislike of the "educated Indian"—cannot diminish its inevitable consequences. Once modern education became established in Africa, the old Africa could never be restored. The growth of modern education in Africa and for Africans overseas deepens the foundation of modernity in Africa. Many African students may be idlers—we find them among all students everywhere—and some probably want never to go home, some may be incompetent or dull-witted—but many are serious and intelligent, and what they acquire by their modern education is most unlikely to be eradicated. On the contrary, its beneficial effects will go on piling up and making modernity more secure.

I WOULD LIKE TO CONCLUDE these remarks with the observation that articles like Mrs. Huxley's, brilliant and true in parts as they are, are not spoken within four Western walls. They are part of a discussion in which Africans are the main participants, but in which our voices are not without significance. Disparagement, ill-willed predictions of failure, the eager welcome accorded to acts of suppression of opposition parties (or to scandalous corruption) as proving that Africans cannot rule or be ruled in a civilised manner—all count in the determination of the strength of liberal, decent, humane modernity in Africa. The agents of modernity in Africa can only be discouraged and embittered by articles like Mrs. Huxley's because they must take them as evidence that there is no fraternal feeling for them among those from whom they need it. They are made to feel more alone when important intellectuals in the West derogate them: the distrust of liberal ideas (which they necessarily must, to some extent, feel about ideas which carry them away from their own past) is heightened.

Africa needs not only material aid for economic development, it needs intellectual and moral collaboration given in a fraternal way among equals. The forces of liberal modernity in Africa—men with "tolerance, common sense, energy, and goodwill"—exist and are active, but they are weak because they are new and not numerous. Their small numbers are a great handicap—they are too few to do the jobs that need to be done, and they are too few and insufficiently in contact with each other to sustain themselves. They need intellectual amity, the best that we have to offer, in criticism and discussion, in training and collaboration. Anything short of that is not good enough. That is why I regret, however much I appreciate, the powerful article of Mrs. Huxley, which is so lacking in understanding and fellow-feeling towards the "graduates" and "been-to's" of Africa. They are the best hopes of Africa's future and, in an important way, of our own as well.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. J. P. Taylor, Hitler, and the War

By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

IT IS OVER twenty years since the war began. A generation has grown up which never knew the 1930's, never shared its passions and doubts, was never excited by the Spanish civil war, never boiled with indignation against the "appeasers," never lived in suspense from Nuremberg Rally to Nuremberg Rally, awaiting the next hysterical outburst, the next clatter of arms, from the megalomaniac in Berlin. Those of us who knew those days and who try to teach this new generation are constantly made aware of this great gulf between us. How can we communicate across such a gulf the emotional content of those years, the mounting indignation which finally convinced even the "appeasers" themselves that there could be no peace with Hitler, and caused the British people, united in pacifism in 1936, to go, in 1939, united into war? For it was not the differing shades of justice in Germany's claims upon the Rhineland, Austria, the Sudetenland, Prague, and Danzig which caused men who had swallowed the first of these annexations to be increasingly exasperated by those which followed and take up arms against the last. It was a changing mood, a growing conviction that all such claims were but pretexts under which Hitler pursued not justice or self-determination for Germany but world-conquest, and that, now or never, he must be stopped. And even across the gulf such a mood must be conveyed by those who teach history to those who learn it: for it is an element in history no less important than the mere facts.

Or is it? Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, it seems, does not think so.* He sees the gulf all right, and he wishes to speak to those on the other side of it; but in order to do so, he has decided to lighten the weight he must carry with him. Stripping himself of all personal memories, and thus making himself, in this respect, as naked as they are, he has jumped nimbly across the gulf and now presents himself to them as the first enlightened historian of the future, capable of interpreting the politics of the 1920's and 1930's without any reference to the emotions they engendered, even in himself. Their sole guide, he tells them, must be the documents, which he will select and interpret for them; and indeed, by selection and interpretation, he presents them with a new thesis, illustrated (we need hardly say) with all his old resources of learning, paradox, and *gaminerie*.

THE THESIS is perfectly clear. According to Mr. Taylor, Hitler was an ordinary German statesman in the tradition of Stresemann and Brüning, differing from them not in methods (he was made Chancellor for "solidly democratic reasons") nor in ideas (he had no ideas) but only in the greater patience and stronger nerves with which he took advantage of the objective situation in Europe. His policy, in so far as he had a policy, was no different from that of his predecessors. He sought neither war nor annexation of territory. He merely sought to restore Germany's "natural" position in Europe, which had been artificially altered by the Treaty of Versailles: a treaty which, for that reason, "lacked moral validity from the start." Such a restoration might involve the recovery of lost German territory like Danzig, but it did not entail the direct government even of Austria or the Sudetenland, let alone Bohemia. Ideally, all that Hitler required was that Austria, Czechoslovakia, and other small Central European states, while remaining independent, should become political satellites of Germany.

Of course it did not work out thus. But that, we are assured, was not Hitler's fault. For Hitler, according to Mr. Taylor, never took the initiative in politics. He "did not make plans—for world-conquest or anything else. He assumed that others would provide opportunities and

* *The Origins of the Second World War*. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. Hamish Hamilton, 25s.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he would seize them." And that is what happened. The Austrian crisis of March 1938, we are told, "was provoked by Schuschnigg, not by Hitler." Hitler was positively embarrassed by it: "he was Austrian enough to find the complete disappearance of Austria inconceivable until it happened." Similarly we learn that the Sudeten crisis of 1938 was created by the Sudeten Nazis, who "built up the tension gradually, without guidance from Hitler": Hitler himself "merely took advantage of it." Having taken advantage of it at Munich, he had no intention of going on and annexing the Czech lands: "he merely doubted whether the settlement would work... [he] believed, without sinister intention, that independent Czechoslovakia could not survive when deprived of her natural frontiers and with Czech prestige broken." So, within six months, as "the unforeseen by-product of developments in Slovakia," he felt obliged to tear up the settlement and occupy Prague; but there was "nothing sinister or premeditated" in that. It was an unfortunate necessity forced upon him by the unskilful President Hacha. The Polish crisis of 1939 was similarly forced upon him by Beck. "The destruction of Poland," we are told, "had been no part of his original project. On the contrary, he wished to solve the question of Danzig so that Germany and Poland could remain on good terms." The last thing he wanted was war. The war of nerves was "the only war he understood and liked." Germany "was not equipped to conquer Europe."

> The state of German rearmament in 1939 gives the decisive proof that Hitler was not contemplating general war, and probably not contemplating war at all.

Even on August 23rd, 1939, when the Nazi-Soviet Pact was signed, "both Hitler and Stalin imagined that they had prevented war, not brought it on." What rational person could have supposed that this pact, instead of discouraging the British, would determine them to stand by their commitments? The war, "far from being premeditated, was a mistake, the result on both sides of diplomatic blunders."

HITLER'S OWN SHARE of these diplomatic blunders was, it seems, very small. He "became involved in war," we are told, "through launching on August 29th a diplomatic manœuvre which he ought to have launched on August 28th." The blunders of the Western statesmen were far more fundamental. For what ought the Western statesmen to have done when faced by Hitler's modest demands? According to Mr. Taylor, they should have conceded them all. They should not have conceded anything to Mussolini, for Mussolini's demands were essentially different from Hitler's. Mussolini was "a vain, blustering boaster" whose government, unlike the "solidly democratic" rule of Hitler, "lived in a state of illegality," and whose demands, since they did not correspond with "reality," were "a fraud." Western statesmen, says Mr. Taylor, lost all claim to respect by recognising such a man. But Hitler was a statesman who merely sought to reassert Germany's "natural weight," and they would therefore have gained respect by recognising him. Accordingly Mr. Taylor's heroes among Western statesmen are those who recognised German claims: Ramsay MacDonald and Neville Chamberlain. Winston Churchill believed in the balance of power and would have maintained frontiers designed on principles of security, not nationality. Intolerable cynicism! How much nobler was that "triumph for British policy," the Munich settlement!

> It was a triumph for all that was best and most enlightened in British life; a triumph for those who had preached equal justice between peoples; a triumph for those who had courageously denounced the harshness and shortsightedness of Versailles.

Munich, according to Mr. Taylor, "atoned" for all the previous weakness of British policy; it was a victory for "morality" (which is his word for political realism); and he praises Chamberlain's "skill and persistence" in bringing "first the French and then the Czechs to follow the moral line." If only Chamberlain had not lost his nerve in 1939! If only he had shown equal "skill and persistence" in enabling Hitler to detach Danzig and the Polish Corridor, how happy we should all be! Germany would have recovered its "natural" position, "morality" would have triumphed, and everyone would be happy in the best of possible worlds.

SUCH, IN BRIEF, is Mr. Taylor's thesis. It is not surprising that it has been hailed with cries of delight in neo-Nazi or semi-Nazi circles in Germany. It is more surprising that the book has been greeted by the fashionable Grub Street of England as the highest achievement of British historiography. Mr. Taylor has been compared with Gibbon and Macaulay; his failure to secure worthy promotion has caused astonishment. The anonymous oracle of the *Times Literary Supplement* has predicted finality for the result of his "methodical and impeccable logic." In the *Observer*, Mr. Sebastian Haffner (who recently published a panegyric of that "greatest Roman of them all," Dr. Goebbels) has declared the book "an almost faultless masterpiece" in which "fairness reigns supreme"; and his cosy, middlebrow colleagues

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in rival papers, hypnotised by a reputation which they are unqualified to test, have obediently jollied their readers along in harmony with the blurb. However, let us not all be hypnotised. Before hurling ourselves down the Gadarene slope, let us ask of Mr. Taylor's thesis, not, Is it brilliant? Is it plausible? but, Is it true? By what rules of evidence, by what philosophy of interpretation is it reached?

PERHAPS WE MAY BEGIN by noting Mr. Taylor's general philosophy. Mr. Taylor, it seems, does not believe that human agents matter much in history. His story is "a story without heroes, and perhaps even without villains." "In my opinion," he explains, "statesmen are too absorbed by events to follow a preconceived plan. They take one step and the next follows from it." If they achieve anything, it is by accident not design: "all statesmen aim to win: the size of their winnings often surprises them." The real determinants of history, according to Mr. Taylor, are objective situations and human blunders. Objective situations consist of the realities of power; human intelligence is best employed in recognising these realities and allowing events to conform with them; but as human intelligence seldom prevails in politics, the realities generally have to assert themselves, at greater human cost, through the mess caused by human blunders. This doctrine (if I have correctly expressed it) seems remarkably like Mr. E. H. Carr's "realist" doctrine, advanced in his book the *Twenty Years' Crisis* (1938)—see the *first* edition—a book rightly described by Mr. Taylor as "a brilliant argument in favour of appeasement."

Once we accept this general theory, the next stage is easy. All we have to do is to ask ourselves, at what point do we make our calculation of reality? This then provides us with a *datum*. Mr. Taylor takes as his *datum* the spring of 1918. At that time Germany was victorious in the West and triumphant in the East. This, he implies, was the "natural" situation: the Allied victory later in 1918 was artificial—or at least it was made artificial (or, in his words, deprived of "moral validity") by the failure of the Allies to carve Germany up before making peace. This omission left Germany still potentially the greatest power in Europe, naturally tending to revert to the "real" position of January 1918. All that intelligent German statesmen had to do, or indeed could do, was to work hand-in-glove with this "historical necessity"—to their profit. All that Allied statesmen could do was to yield to the same necessity—to their loss. In this sense Hitler and Chamberlain were intelligent statesmen.

But is this general philosophy true? Do statesmen really never make history? Are they, all of them, always "too absorbed by events to follow a preconceived plan"? Was this true of Richelieu, of Bismarck, of Lenin? In particular, was it true of Hitler? Was Hitler really just a more violent Mr. Micawber sitting in Berlin or Berchtesgaden and waiting for something to turn up: something which, thanks to historic necessity, he could then turn to advantage? Certainly Hitler himself did not think so. He regarded himself as a thinker, a practical philosopher, the demiurge of a new age of history. And since he published a blueprint of the policy which he intended to carry out, ought we not at least to look at this blueprint just in case it had some relevance to his policy? After all, the reason why the majority of the British people reluctantly changed, between 1936 and 1939, from the views of Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Taylor to the views of Winston Churchill was their growing conviction that Hitler meant what he said: that he was aiming—*so oder so*, as he used to say—at world-conquest. A contemporary conviction that was strong enough to change the mood of a nation from a passionate desire for peace to a resolute determination on war surely deserves some respect from the historian. A historian who totally ignores it because, twenty years later, he can interpret some of the documents in an opposite sense runs the risk of being considered too clever by half.

LET US CONSIDER briefly the programme which Hitler laid down for himself. It was a programme of Eastern colonisation, entailing a war of conquest against Russia. If it were successfully carried out, it would leave Germany dominant in Eurasia and able to conquer the West at will. In order to carry it out, Hitler needed a restored German army which, since it must be powerful enough to conquer Russia, must also be powerful enough to conquer the West if that should be necessary. And that might be necessary even before the attack on Russia. For in order to reach Russia, Hitler would need to send his armies through Poland; and in order to do this—whether by the conquest of Poland or in alliance with it—he would need to break the bonds of treaty and interest which bound the new countries of Eastern Europe, the creatures of Versailles, to their creators, Britain and France. Hitler might be able to break those bonds without war against the West, but he could not be sure of it: it was always possible that a war with the West would be necessary before he could march against Russia. And in fact this is what happened.

Now this programme, which Hitler ascribed

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to himself, and which he actually carried out, is obviously entirely different from the far more limited programme which is ascribed to him by Mr. Taylor, and which he did not carry out. How then does Mr. Taylor deal with the evidence about it? He deals with it quite simply, either by ignoring it or by denying it as inconsistent with his own theories about statesmen in general and Hitler in particular: theories (one must add) for which he produces no evidence at all.

Take the inconvenient fact of Hitler's avowed programme of a great Eastern land-empire. In spite of some casual admission, Mr. Taylor effectively denies that Hitler had any such programme. Hitler, he says, "was always the man of daring improvisations: he made lightning decisions and then presented them as the result of long-term policy." Hitler's *Table Talk*, he says airily (as if this were the only evidence for such a programme), "was delivered far in occupied territory during the campaign against Soviet Russia, and *then* Hitler dreamed of some fantastic empire which would rationalise his career of conquest." [My italics here, and in all quotations below.] But why does Mr. Taylor believe, or rather pretend, that it was only in 1942, after his Russian conquests, that Hitler dreamed of an Eastern Empire? His programme had been stated, as clearly as possible, in 1924, in *Mein Kampf*, and on numerous other occasions since. Mr. Taylor hardly ever refers to *Mein Kampf* and never to the other occasions. In 1939, he admits, some people "attributed" to Hitler "grandiose plans which *they claimed* to have discovered by reading *Mein Kampf* in the original (Hitler forbade its publication in English)." The implication is that such plans are not to be found in *Mein Kampf* and that those who "claimed to have discovered" them had not really read, or been able to read, an untranslated work. But the fact is that those plans are unmistakably stated in *Mein Kampf* and that all the evidence of the 1930's showed that Hitler still intended to carry them out. I may add (since Mr. Taylor includes me among those who have ascribed to Hitler "preconceived plans" which he never pursued) that I myself read *Mein Kampf* in the original in 1938, and that I read it under the impact of Munich and of the remarkable prophecies of Sir Robert Ensor, who had read it and who insisted that Hitler meant what he said. By absolutely refusing to face this evidence, and contemptuously dismissing those who have faced it, Mr. Taylor contrives to reach the preposterous conclusion that men like Ensor, who correctly forecast Hitler's future programme from the evidence, were really wrong, and that men like Chamberlain, who did not read the evidence and were

The Emergence of Modern Turkey

BERNARD LEWIS

The first book to examine the development of modern Turkey, looking back over two centuries, and with extensive use of Turkish as well as Western sources. *Illustrated* 48*s net*
(*Chatham House*)

Tragedy in Algeria

GERARD MANSELL

The author describes the look and feel of the country and its people and the impact of French colonization on the Muslim population. He traces the political origins of the nationalist rebellion, examines Algeria's economic problems and analyses the dilemma facing France. After a brief account of General de Gaulle's approach, he discusses some of the solutions that have been put forward.
(*Institute of Race Relations*) 7*s* 6*d net*

The Fall of Kruger's Republic

J. S. MARAIS

Starting with a discussion of the government of Kruger's Transvaal, this study explains how the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand and the opening of the mines to all of South Africa led to the Anglo-Boer War. The author has had access to new material, including the private papers of Chamberlain, Smuts, and others. 35*s net*

The Oxford Ibsen

VOLUME V
PILLARS OF SOCIETY
A DOLL'S HOUSE; GHOSTS
TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY
J. W. McFARLANE

The second volume to be published of a new translation of all Ibsen's plays. These three constitute a series, the terms of which are a succession of curses. Each is concerned in some way with the concept of 'home', and all document a process of emancipation by ordeal, their deeper preoccupations being with a proper definition of freedom. 30*s net*

ACTING EDITIONS (text of plays only), *paper covers, each* 6*s net*

VOLUME VI (25*s net*) contains *An Enemy of the People, The Wild Duck, Rosmersholm*
Acting editions each 5*s net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proved totally wrong by events, were really right. His sole justification of this paradox is that he has accepted as an axiom a characterisation of Hitler as a "traditional" statesman pursuing limited aims. Mr. Taylor's Hitler cannot have held such views, and therefore the inconvenient fact that the real Hitler uttered such views with remarkable consistency for twenty years and actually put them into practice, is simply puffed aside. When Hitler, in 1941, finally launched that conquest of Russia which, as he himself said, was "the be-all and end-all of Nazism," Mr. Taylor easily explains it away. "By 1941," he says, "Hitler had lost his old gift of patience": he "gratuitously" deviated from his former course; and at the mere thought of such an unaccountable fall from grace, Mr. Taylor promptly ends his book.

NOR IS THIS the only perversion of evidence to which Mr. Taylor has to resort, in order to represent Hitler as a "traditional" statesman. The traditional statesmen *did not seek*, as Hitler did, to incorporate the Sudeten Germans in the Reich. Traditional statesmen demanded the frontiers of 1914; but Hitler, again and again, repudiated the frontiers of 1914 as a contemptible ambition. They looked back, at most, to the war-aims of 1914; he repudiated those war-aims. Even the "natural" position of January 1918, after the huge gains of Brest-Litovsk, was insufficient for Hitler. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk gave Germany the Ukraine as a colony of exploitation, a capitalist colony. But Hitler always made it quite clear that he spurned such a colony: he wanted the Ukraine as a colony of settlement. "I should deem it a crime," he said, "if I sacrificed the blood of a quarter of a million men merely for the conquest of natural riches to be exploited in a capitalist way. The goal of the *Ostpolitik* is to open up an area of settlement for a hundred million Germans." All this is pushed aside by Mr. Taylor with the remark,

> when Hitler lamented, "If only we had a Ukraine . . ." he seemed to suppose there were no Ukrainians. Did he propose to exploit, or exterminate them? *Apparently he never considered the question.*

As if Hitler had not made his answer perfectly plain! As if he had any scruples about transporting or even exterminating populations! What about the European Jews? But that episode is conveniently forgotten by Mr. Taylor. It does not fit the character of a traditional German statesman who "in principle and doctrine, was no more wicked and unscrupulous than many other contemporary statesmen."

IF MR. TAYLOR'S cardinal assumptions about Hitler's character and purpose are, to say the least, questionable, what are we to say of his use of evidence to illustrate them? Here he states his method with admirable clarity. "It is an elementary part of historical discipline," he says, "to ask of a document not only what is in it but why it came into existence." With this maxim we may agree, only adding that since the contents of a document are objective evidence while its purpose may be a matter of private surmise, we must not rashly subject the former to the latter. Sometimes a man may say the truth even in a document called forth by tactical necessity. At all events, we are not entitled, in defence of an already paradoxical general theory, to assume that he is lying simply because it may not be tactically necessary for him, at that moment, to utter nothing but the truth.

Now let us take a few instances. On November 5th, 1937, Hitler summoned his war-leaders to the Chancellery and made a speech which, he said, in the event of his death was to be regarded as his "last will and testament." That suggests that he was not talking irresponsibly. The official record of this speech is the so-called "Hossbach Memorandum" which was used at Nuremberg as evidence of Hitler's plans for the gradual conquest of Europe. In it Hitler declared that the aim of German policy must be the conquest of *Lebensraum* in Europe, "but we will not copy liberal capitalist policies which rely on exploiting colonies. It is not a case of conquering people but of conquering agriculturally useful space." That seems clear enough. Then Hitler went on to consider the means of making such conquests. "German politics," he said, "must reckon with two hateful enemies, England and France, to whom a strong German colossus in the centre of Europe would be intolerable." Moreover, he admitted, these two hateful enemies would probably, at some stage, resist him by force: "the German question can only be solved by way of force, and this is never without risk." He then proceeded to discuss hypothetical possibilities. Since the hypothetical circumstances did not in fact arise, we need not dwell on them. The essential points are that the risk of European war must be faced by 1943–5, for "after that we can only expect a change for the worse," and that "our *first* aim" must be, at the first convenient opportunity, "to conquer Czechoslovakia and Austria simultaneously." This first conquest he hoped to achieve without war, for "in all probability England and perhaps also France have already silently written off Czechoslovakia." It could and should therefore be attempted as soon as circumstances make it possible in order that the later, more real risk could be faced before 1943–5. But there was to be no doubt about the nature of the conquest.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was not to be (as Mr. Taylor always maintains) the reduction of Austria and Czechoslovakia to the role of satellites: it was to be, in Hitler's own words, "the annexation of the two states to Germany, militarily and politically." The idea of satellite states in Eastern Europe, Hitler said in a secret speech delivered only a fortnight later, was one of the futile notions of "traditional" German politicians, and he dismissed it as "idiotic" (*wahnsinnig*). Finally, it is clear that conquered Austria and Czechoslovakia cannot themselves have constituted the *Lebensraum* which was the ultimate objective. Austria and Czechoslovakia were to be stepping-stones, "in all probability" secured without war, towards larger conquests which would entail a greater risk.

Such was Hitler's "testament" of November 1937. Its content is clear and logical and it has been taken seriously by all historians—until Mr. Taylor comes along and tells us that we have all been hoodwinked. For was not this document produced at Nuremberg? All documents produced at Nuremberg, he says, are "loaded," and "anyone who relies on them finds it almost impossible to escape from the load with which they are charged." So Mr. Taylor gives us a sample of his method of using such documents. Why, he asks, was the speech made? "The historian," he observes, "must push through the *cloud of phrases*" (so much for Hitler's perfectly clear statements) "to the *realities* beneath." The speech, he notes, was not made to Nazis but to generals and admirals, and its purpose was clearly to demand greater rearmament. With this we can agree. But Mr. Taylor does not stop there. In order to persuade these "conservative" war-leaders of the necessity of further rearmament, Hitler (he says) had to overcome the economic opposition of Dr. Schacht. His speech therefore "*had no other purpose*" than "to isolate Schacht from the other conservatives"; the dates 1943–5 (to which Hitler consistently kept) "*like all such figures, really meant* 'this year, next year, sometime...'"; and the content of a speech which Hitler himself described as his political testament (but Mr. Taylor does not quote that description) is dismissed as "daydreaming unrelated to what followed in real life." Why Hitler should be expected to speak more "realistically" on military matters to Nazis at a froth-blowers' meeting than to hard-headed war-leaders who would have to organise and carry out his programme is not clear. Presumably it is "an elementary part of historical discipline" to assume that.

A second example of Mr. Taylor's "historical discipline" is provided by his treatment of the

CAMBRIDGE PAPERBACKS

Six more 'general' paperbacks are now available

World Prehistory
GRAHAME CLARK
15*s. net*

Psychology of Religion
R. H. THOULESS
10*s.* 6*d. net*

The Great Experiment
FRANK THISTLETHWAITE
12*s.* 6*d. net*

The Evolution of Physics
A. EINSTEIN & F. INFELD
13*s.* 6*d. net*

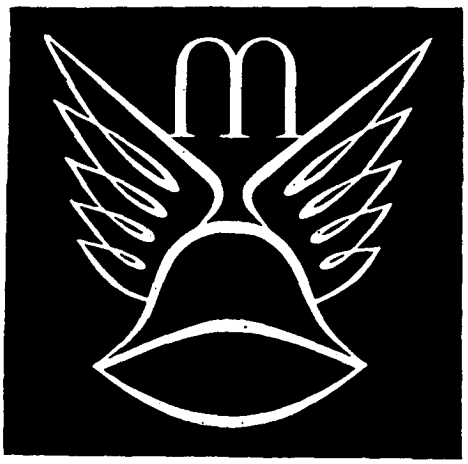
Shakespearian Tragedy
H. B. CHARLTON
10*s.* 6*d. net*

Constitutional History of England
F. W. MAITLAND
15*s. net*

from all bookshops

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"among the most attractive paper-backs so far produced in Britain or America . . . the birds beneath the plumage are just as fine."

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Heinemann Group announce 5 new

MERCURY BOOKS

THOMAS MANN
STORIES OF A LIFETIME, Volume 2: 10/6

PETER F. DRUCKER
THE PRACTICE OF MANAGEMENT, 10/6

JAMES REEVES
THE IDIOM OF THE PEOPLE, 8/6

JOHN CARTER
A.B.C. FOR BOOK COLLECTORS, 7/6

JOMO KENYATTA
FACING MOUNT KENYA, illustrated, 12/6

crisis leading to the outbreak of war in 1939. By now Austria and Czechoslovakia had been "annexed to Germany, militarily and politically," and Hitler had turned the heat upon Poland. According to Mr. Taylor, Hitler really only wanted the German city of Danzig, but since geography prevented him from obtaining it except by the coercion of Poland, he was forced, reluctantly, to apply such coercion and prepare military plans. Of course (according to Mr. Taylor) he did not intend to execute these plans. His military plans were "only intended to reinforce the diplomatic war of nerves." Unfortunately the British Government, misled after Hitler's occupation of Prague into thinking that he aimed at far larger conquests, had imprudently guaranteed Poland and thus threatened Hitler with European war if he sought this next "natural," "moral" aim by any but peaceful means. However, Hitler was a match for this. By making his pact with Russia, he effectively countered the British guarantee, and therefore, pushing, like Mr. Taylor, "through the cloud of phrases to the realities beneath," he ignored its empty words and relied, as a rational man, on "the crumbling of Western nerve." Unfortunately, in this case, he miscalculated. Britain, quixotically faithful to the "phrases" of the guarantee, and deluded by the idea that Hitler, if given a free hand, would not stop at Danzig, ignored all the "realities" of the situation and made war, "war for Danzig."

Such is Mr. Taylor's version of the Polish crisis. In defence of it he finds it necessary here, too, to charm away some important documents, and once again it is instructive to watch the exorcist at work. On May 23rd, 1939, Hitler again summoned his war-leaders. He told them, according to Mr. Taylor, who quotes no other words of the document, "there will be war. Our task is to isolate Poland. . . . It must not come to a simultaneous showdown with the West." "This," comments Mr. Taylor, "seems clear enough"; but he then dismisses even this evidence by saying authoritatively that "when Hitler talked to his generals, he talked for effect, not to reveal the workings of his mind." So that is that. Three months later, with the signature of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Hitler again addressed his generals, and again Mr. Taylor is content to quote only one sentence from the speech: "now the probability is great that the West will not intervene." Apart from that "hard core," the rest of the speech, he says, can be ignored, as Hitler "was talking for effect." After all, by the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Hitler considered that "he had prevented war, not brought it on." So, once again, Hitler's mere "phrases" dissolve on contact with Mr. Taylor's "realities."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But why should we suppose, as an axiom, that Hitler, when briefing his generals on the eve of a possible war, talked only for effect? Why should we not suppose that he intended them to be ready (as they were) for the real future? And why should we altogether overlook some very clear statements which he made to them? For if we look at the full texts of these two speeches, we find that Mr. Taylor has made certain remarkable omissions.

In the first of these two speeches Hitler began by insisting that the next step towards Germany's goal could not be taken "without the invasion of foreign states or attacks upon foreign property," and that although bloodless victories had been won in the past, "further successes cannot be obtained without the shedding of blood." "*Danzig*," he went on, in words from which Mr. Taylor has firmly averted his eyes, "*is not the subject of the dispute at all.* It is a question of expanding our living-space in the East." Moreover, he looked clearly forward to the prospect of war with the West. "The Polish problem," he said, "is inseparable from conflict with the West." For all that, "we are left with the decision to attack Poland at the first opportunity. We cannot expect a repetition of the Czech affair." Of course Hitler hoped to avoid a simultaneous conflict with the West, but he did not rely on any such hope: "the *Führer* doubts the possibility of a peaceful settlement with England. We must prepare ourselves for the conflict." The remaining two-thirds of the document deal with the problems of war with Britain, "the driving-force against Germany." All this is totally ignored by Mr. Taylor: it cannot have been the "hard core" of any argument used by *his* Hitler: therefore, he declares, it was mere froth, uttered for "effect."

In the second speech Hitler similarly made clear statements which Mr. Taylor does not quote. For instance, immediately after the "hard core," the single sentence which he does quote, about the probability that the West will be frightened out of intervention by the Nazi-Soviet Pact, come the words, "*we must accept the risk with reckless resolution*"; and Hitler then went on to explain how Germany, thanks to Russian supplies, could withstand a Western blockade. His only fear, he said, was that "at the last moment some *Schweinhund* will make a proposal for mediation": a proposal, perhaps, which might have fobbed him off with Danzig which, as he had admitted, was "not the subject of the dispute at all." No: Hitler was now resolved on war, even if the West did come in.

> I shall give a propagandist cause for starting the war: never mind if it be plausible or not. The victor shall not be asked afterwards whether he told the truth or not.

As for the West, "even if war should break out in the West, the destruction of Poland shall be the primary objective." Which indeed was exactly what happened. By last-minute diplomatic manœuvres Hitler naturally sought to detach the West, but when that could not be done, he went ahead, with his eyes open, into a European war which, though larger than he had hoped, he still reckoned on winning.

I have said enough to show why I think Mr. Taylor's book utterly erroneous. In spite of his statements about "historical discipline," he selects, suppresses, and arranges evidence on no principle other than the needs of his thesis; and that thesis, that Hitler was a traditional statesman, of limited aims, merely responding to a given situation, rests on no evidence at all, ignores essential evidence, and is, in my opinion, demonstrably false. This casuistical defence of Hitler's foreign policy will not only do harm by supporting neo-Nazi mythology: it will also do harm, perhaps irreparable harm, to Mr. Taylor's reputation as a serious historian.

But why, we may ask, has he written it? Is it, as some have suggested, a gesture of posthumous defiance to his former master, Sir Lewis Namier, in revenge for some imagined slight? If so, it is just as well that it is posthumous:

Owls and Satyrs

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

'Sophisticated, amusing and even truly comic on occasion, this is a novel to be enjoyed and a novelist to welcome.' *Vernon Fane* THE SPHERE

Price : 15s

Longmans

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

otherwise what devastating justice it would have received! There would have been no nonsense then about "impeccable logic" in the *Times Literary Supplement*! Or is it, as Mr. Taylor's friends prefer to believe, mere characteristic *gaminerie*, the love of firing squibs and laying banana-skins to disconcert the gravity and upset the balance of the orthodox? Or does Mr. Taylor perhaps suppose that such a re-interpretation of the past will enable us better to face the problems of the present? Theoretically this should not be his motive, for not only does Mr. Taylor, in this book, frequently tell us that the past has never pointed the course of the future, but he has also assured us recently, in the *Sunday Express*, that the study of history can teach nothing, not even general understanding: its sole purpose, he says, is to amuse; and it would therefore seem to have no more right to a place in education than the blowing of soap-bubbles or other forms of innocent recreation. It may therefore be that Mr. Taylor merely means to amuse, not to instruct, by his irresponsible antics. Nevertheless, Mr. Taylor is not noted for consistency and it may be that, in this instance, he does see a connection between the past and the present, a lesson for our times. At any rate, it may be worth while to point out lessons which might logically be deduced from Mr. Taylor's version of history, if it were accepted as uncritically by the public as it has been by their guides, the weekly reviewers.

BASICALLY, THE PROBLEM is that of the outbreak of world wars. According to Mr. Taylor, the second World War had a double origin: first, it was "implicit" in the general situation; secondly, it was made explicit by the particular blunders of statesmen in the face of that situation. The general situation was created in 1918 when the victorious Allies did not carve Germany up, and so made the ultimate recovery of its "natural weight" inevitable. The particular blunders lay in the failure of Western statesmen to draw the logical conclusions and yield to the inevitable. If only they had shown "realism" and yielded to all Hitler's demands, they would have found them limited and reasonable: it was only war and victory which surprised him by the size of his winnings and made him think of world-conquest.

Now let us transfer these doctrines from the 1930's to the 1950's. The inference is clear. First, the victorious Allies in 1945 did (however unintentionally) carve Germany up, and so (if they will only keep it divided) their settlement of the German problem is "morally valid," and no new German aggression is to be feared. Secondly, in the new circumstances thus created, "realism" consists in allowing the new great power which has replaced Germany in Europe to assert its "natural weight." Mr. Khrushchev, we should recognise, has no more ambitions of world-conquest than Hitler. He is a traditional Russian statesman of limited aims, and "the moral line" consists in letting him have his way more completely than we let Hitler have his: in other words, unilateral disarmament. Perhaps in this one respect Mr. Taylor does display "methodical and impeccable logic."

Heinrich Böll

BILLIARDS AT HALF-PAST NINE

The finest novel of Germany's most distinguished contemporary writer. 'A remarkable book . . . Delving into the memories of three generations of a German family, he weaves an intricate mesh of wasted lives and false values, of despair, disillusion and love'

Bamber Gascoigne, S. TELEGRAPH

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON/18s

STUDENT RATE

Full-time students may subscribe to ENCOUNTER for two-thirds of the sterling or dollar rates shown on page one of this issue. There is no reduction in the rupee rate. Anyone wishing to benefit from this concession should give full particulars of his place and course of study. We regret that no refund can be made on subscriptions already entered at the full rate.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

"Britannica"

THE *Britannica* may or may not be able to fend for itself against Dr. Einbinder's charge of placing salesmanship before scholarship. But I think it would be unfair for the editors of competing encyclopædias to stand aloof and watch this attack on their Big Brother with tacit glee.

Let it be said at once that Dr. Einbinder either lacks editorial experience in this field, or wilfully ignores it. One of his footnotes is eloquent enough:

> The relative weight accorded to scholarship and sales promotion may be suggested by the following consideration. At the current rate of 2 cents a word, if all the words in the *Britannica* were to be replaced, the total payment to contributors would be less than $800,000. This sum is far smaller than the *Encyclopædia*'s annual U.S. advertising budget, which now equals four million dollars a year.

Does Dr. Einbinder really believe that this is the way in which encyclopædias are made? If we could re-shape our encyclopædias, or only bring them up to date, for a mere 2 cents a word, all encyclopædias would be perfect, and surely the *Britannica*. As things are, these 2 cents a word must be multiplied by an enormous amount of money that goes into *editing* those words.

Editing, as Dr. Einbinder should know, not only means selecting the entries, which alone is a formidable task. It means instructing contributors, adapting their output to a given space, co-ordinating the articles with illustrations, checking the accuracy of the data, revising the style, and seeing to the consistency of each entry, nay each word, in relation to thousands of other entries and millions of other words. Inconsistency between different entries is, as Dr. Einbinder rightly points out, "the bane of encyclopædia editors." We should be grateful for his advice how to escape this bane for 2 cents a word.

W. N. LANSBURGH
Editor

Focus International Encyclopædia,
Stockholm

RECENTLY I looked up Captain Kidd in my 1947 *Encyclopædia Britannica*. "Privateer and pirate," it calls him; "... Captain Kidd received the king's commission to arrest all pirates ... instead of hunting the pirates down he associated with them, capturing native trading vessels ... found guilty of murder and piracy ... hanged. ..." Clearly a bad hat. "See also PIRATE," the article concludes. I did so, only to read that "the famous Captain Kidd was no pirate at all, but the victim or scapegoat of political intrigue."

After reading Harvey Einbinder's mild strictures in the May ENCOUNTER I consulted the only other *Britannica* on this island, a 1956 edition. No change.

In both the 1947 and 1956 editions Captain Kidd's bibliography begins and ends in 1853. No wonder; for the numerous later biographies of Kidd were all published after, and because, the evidence in favour of his innocence had been discovered in the Public Record Office and published to the world (in 1911). The bibliography of the less antique article on PIRATE (again in both 1947 and 1956 *Britannicas*) includes books published as recently, so to speak, as 1923.

PATRICK PRINGLE

Ibiza, Spain

Muggeridge and Eye-Witnesses

IT HAS BEEN laid down, possibly by Hannen Swaffer, that a newspaper article which leads to no correspondence is far better than one that does, since if no one writes in, they must have been completely convinced by what they read.

So please don't think that, because I write this letter, I'm not convinced by most of what Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge says about the fallibility of even the most sincere eye-witnesses [ENCOUNTER, March]. The gardener's daffodil is no more a true picture of the flower than Wordsworth's, to my way of thinking.

What I had in mind, however, in *Eye-witness*, my anthology of British reporting, was raw material—and nothing more—on which the historian, whether of war, sport, or social affairs, could work.

Eye-witnesses, I agree, should not be heeded merely because they were eye-witnesses, but it is, after all, important for the historian to know what impressions newspaper readers gained of events at the time when these events happened.

And many stories written at white heat to meet a deadline, have besides their own technical fascination, a closer approximation to truth than something assembled weeks, months, or even years later.

JOHN FISHER

London

The U.S. Press

ON THE AFTERNOON of March 28th I picked up the March 1961 ENCOUNTER and read Arnold Beichman's report from America on the Press. It said:

> The American intellectual who frets about esoterica and exotica, about mass- and mid-culture, who has withdrawn from politics and ideology, bears a great responsibility. If he reads a newspaper, he accepts it unconcernedly. Usually he takes the Sunday edition of *The New York Times*, if he lives away from the city, plus a weekly news magazine (or if he is really "in," a British weekly like the *Spectator* or *New Statesman*).

I stopped reading: my mind was in a whirl. How did even "a well-known New York reporter and foreign correspondent" know whether "the Ameri-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can intellectual who frets, etc." accepts his newspaper "unconcernedly"? All of it? The sports page too? The stock market reports? Walter Lippmann? How did the correspondent know that this "American intellectual" takes any edition of *The New York Times*? And *what* city does he live away from? Portland, Oregon! Duluth, Minnesota? San Antonio, Texas? And if he is that "withdrawn from politics and ideology," one must ask what he is doing with a weekly news magazine, not to mention the *Spectator* or *New Statesman*. Why, one can only ask, had no editor who read Mr. Beichman's report questioned the use of the word "usually"? Or "really"? Now for all anyone knows, this intellectual *may* bear a great responsibility. But what is it? To give up the *New Statesman*? Or the *Times*? Or just to give up.

GILBERT HARRISON
Editor and Publisher

The New Republic,
Washington, D.C.

Nuclear Stalemate?

PROFESSOR P. M. S. BLACKETT's arguments are directed against two targets: the doctrine that the balance of terror is "delicate;" and academic strategic analysis, of which this doctrine is a product.

It is important that these two issues be kept separate. For however cogent a criticism his arguments may contain of this particular strategic doctrine, they do not support the attitude of

To the Editor, Time & Tide,

We wonder how many Time & Tide *readers must still have a shred of confidence in your Mr. Perry Anderson. After attacking* ENCOUNTER, *the Congress for Cultural Freedom, and Mr. Theodore Draper's article on "Castro's Cuba," he now admits that he was "wrong:" that he did in fact misquote from a completely different context (because his "memory elided"), and he proceeds to "apologise" for having missed three pages of the article ("I am sorry to have overlooked these"). Why then does he feel impelled to go on adding insult to injury, and with the very same mixture of malice and ignorance? We write again, less to correct him, than in the hope that your readers will not miss the full extent of his misrepresentations.*

First, on ENCOUNTER. *We are not a journal with an all-embracing political programme; we do not publish editorials, as do the dailies and weeklies, spelling out specific views on all the issues of the day (Laos, Congo, Cuba, Formosa, etc.). As an intellectual review we do concern ourselves in a general way with international affairs, and we allow our writers on politics the widest possible latitude. We have published socialists and conservatives; neutralists and cold-warriors; unilateralists and multilateralists; we have even personally extended unconditional invitations to a number of Soviet writers to write as they please in our pages. We are quite prepared to take criticism for some of this, or all of this, or even for keeping this kind of dialogue going. Clearly, Mr. Anderson disagrees with us, and we with him. But we are indeed outraged by his insistence that it is "high time" to "question* ENCOUNTER's *intellectual respectability," without his advancing a single respectable intellectual argument. He insinuates that because of some mysterious "allegiances" we must be one-sided; when he is forced to concede that we do in fact "accommodate a wide range of views" he says they are all "on the surface." He darkly suggests that we have "tabus" which we dare not criticise; when he is forced to admit that we do in fact criticise one and all, he falls back on the charge that it is "anodyne" or "not fundamental." And where criticism can be shown to be "fundamental"—well, he thinks it is still too "safe," too "painless." This is not a man who can be convinced by argument or evidence. He knows he is right, and those who think differently are by definition wrong, cowardly, corrupt, and insidious.*

Secondly, on the Congress for Cultural Freedom. "In fundamental structure and allegiance," your correspondent writes, "the Congress appears very similar to its Stalinist opposites." If he can believe that he may well yet come to see black galleons sail on Fleet Street: nothing is too far-fetched for him. Over the last ten years the Congress has been closely associated with men of such diverse views and interests as: Reinhold Niebuhr and Karl Jaspers, Raymond Aron and Ignazio Silone, Ernst Reuter and Jayaprakash Narayan, Leopold Senghor and Salvador de Madariaga, Hugh Gaitskell and Malcolm Muggeridge, John Kenneth Galbraith and Theodor Heuss. They have attended Congress seminars, have served on various committees, and supported resolutions on behalf of civil liberties and cultural freedom. The Congress has done what it could to help and protect Boris Pasternak in Russia and Tibor Déry in Hungary, the South Africans in the Union's "treason trials" and the Spaniards harassed in Franco's Madrid, the Social Democrats in East Berlin and the Negro students in Little Rock. To say this is a "movement that both opposes and reproduces its antagonist" is to lose all sight of the difference between executioners and victims.

Finally, on Cuba. We must refrain from taking more of your space to argue the matter out here, but Mr. Draper is returning to the problem in a forthcoming ENCOUNTER *and we imagine he will share our personal, if not explicitly editorial, distress at the recent disaster in the Bay of Pigs. Much as we abhor the political (and anti-cultural) excesses of the Castro dictatorship, we do not believe that direct (or,*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obscurantism towards strategic analysis as such, which his article conveys: in its homage to "the conventional military wisdom," and the relief it promises from "the arduous labour of studying the intricate arguments of these writers." The idea of the delicate balance of terror is only one, recent theme in the literature Professor Blackett is attacking; and the opposite idea, the earlier assumption of an inherently stable balance, is just as much a part of it. Professor Blackett is forced to admit that he can refute the theorists of the delicate balance only by meeting them on their own methodological ground. How can he show a model of the strategic future to be remote from reality except by constructing one that is closer to reality? And what alternative is there to bad strategic analysis, other than good strategic analysis?

HEDLEY BULL

London School of Economics

for that matter, "indirect") U.S. military intervention in Caribbean affairs can further the democratic aims which it is the interest of Americans, and of their friends and allies, to advance. We cannot condone the violation of international agreements and treaty obligations; and the alienation of liberal world opinion, at a time when a new American leadership was offering so much hope, is as indefensible as it is tragic.

Yet this much remains to be said: only apologists for dictatorship would agree with Mr. Anderson's "absolute principles of method" which write off democracy for the "culturally and economically under-developed countries." Yesterday the old Imperialists denied that these peoples had the capacity for self-government; to-day the new Totalitarians deny that they have the capacity to rule themselves in freedom. How can anybody know whether "the vast two-thirds majority of hungry people in this world may in fact prefer bread to liberty"? Some prefer liberty to bread; many choose both. *The real moral question is: are we prepared to ask them? How much of their bread do the Russians owe to Stalinist regimentation and executions? (Khrushchev has told us: very little, if any.) How much more sugar would Cuba produce if Castro locked up another thousand prisoners? How much more viable would the Cuban economy become if the last few intelligently critical editors were hounded into exile? Will the Nigerians get more bread if they allow a Nigerian Castro to destroy their democratic institutions? Will the Indians get more rice if they abandon Nehru's middle way and start sending Brahmins "to the wall"?*

No, problems of bread and liberty are indivisible. It is frightening to see how willing those who would not yield an iota of their own freedom to write and think and criticise are to write off these human rights for others in far-away lands.

STEPHEN SPENDER, MELVIN J. LASKY

in Time and Tide, 18th May

Yes

WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE for us to obtain permission to reproduce a part of the article by Herbert Gold —"Death in Miami Beach"—which appeared in the April issue of ENCOUNTER, in *The British Vegetarian*?

The relevant section I have in mind is that which describes the killing of turtles.

RONALD LIGHTOWLER

Secretary, London Vegetarian Society

Berenson

IN THE SOFT BLOOMSBURY twilight, when the typewriters have hushed their clatter and the reading-room of the British Museum has sunk into gloom and the day's thinking is over, the critics that are not harmless gather themselves together for their hour of danger. In one pleasant drawing-room after another the yellow lights wink on and there arises the gentle insistent sussurus, punctuated by the clink of teaspoons, of the old ladies of culture, male and female, as they deplore Whistler's impudence to dear good Mr. Ruskin and Bernard Shaw's envious sneers at Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. And now, it seems, even the sage of Il Tatti is not safe from the hyena fangs of Professor Schapiro. Clink, clink, clink! Cluck, cluck, cluck!

For some reason or other, this remembrance came to me as I read Miss Freya Stark's letter [March, p. 95] in your columns.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

London

Ingmar Bergman

MISS BLACKWOOD'S article is very welcome. It is high time the Bergman myth was shattered, and this contribution by Miss Blackwood has certainly caused some very deep cracks. I regret the inevitable cliché, but let's face it, Bergman is a Bore.

J. R. LEE

Whitefield,
Nr. Manchester

...FOR ALL HER WIT, Miss Blackwood has shown some amusing ignorances. No one who has had any acquaintance with some of the Scandinavian students hitch-hiking around Europe would have called the blonde girl in *Wild Strawberries* "unlikely," much less a "Beatnik." And to climax her review, among the unnecessary "horrors" of *The Virgin Spring*, Miss Blackwood includes the father's steam-bath or sauna, calling it an "absurd flagellation scene, in which he appears to be merely trying to improve his circulation!" Surely some kind editor could have persuaded her to enough homework to have preserved her from that?

PETER L. THORSLEV, JR.

University of California

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTHORS

Mary McCarthy is the well-known American novelist and critic. Her most recent novels are *The Groves of Academe* (Heinemann) and *A Charmed Life* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson). She has also published an autobiography under the title *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, a collection of theatre reviews called *Sights and Spectacles*, and two books on Italy—*The Stones of Florence* and *Venice Observed* (all with Heinemann)....

Marcus Cunliffe is Professor of American History and Institutions at the University of Manchester (and Director of the Department of American Studies there). His book, *Literature of the United States*, has been issued as a Penguin....

H. R. Trevor-Roper is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He has recently written the Introduction to *The Testament of Adolf Hitler*....

John Wain, whose account of "A Visit to India" we published in May, is at present engaged in organising "Poetry at the Mermaid," a festival promoted by the Poetry Book Society, which will take place at the Mermaid Theatre for eight days in July (16th to 23rd). He writes: "The emphasis of the Festival will be on poets reading their own work, but there will be a number of programmes including actors, musicians, and critics, and an evening of films scripted and directed by poets. The participants will include Yves Bonnefoy, William Empson, Louis MacNeice, Ralph Richardson, Flora Robson, George Seferis. The main object is partly sociable—to bring poets and readers together—and partly to celebrate the liberation of poetry from the printing-press and its possible restoration as a spoken art."...

Malcolm Muggeridge's article in this number was reproduced in an American journal (*The New Republic*), due to a regrettable error over publication dates, prior to its appearance here. The author and the editors, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, feel it important to call attention to this inadvertency and thus to clarify the matter of origin and first publication....

Theodore Draper has published two volumes of a history of the Communist Party in the United States. His previous books include a study of the French defeat in 1940, *The Six Weeks' War*, and *The Battle of Germany*. He is currently writing a book on Cuba....

This magazine is lavishly illustrated

THE PAINTER & SCULPTOR

an authoritative journal of the visual arts
edited by **Patrick Hayman**

★

A year's subscription costs 11s. 4d. post free ($3 U.S.A.). Single copies 2s. 10d. (75 cents U.S.A.) 2s. 6d. from good bookshops.

7 Montserrat Road
London, S.W.15
England

★

Specimen copy sent free on request

★

Index to Volume XVI

The Index to Volume XVI (January–June, 1961) will shortly be available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Standing orders for future indexes can be accepted, but readers who applied previously need not apply again as they will receive the new index automatically.

The editorial and business offices of ENCOUNTER are at 25 Haymarket, London S.W.1. A stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons should accompany MSS, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details please see page 1.

ENCOUNTER is published by Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., 7 John Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.1. for THE CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM, 104 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris 8, France. PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Denis de Rougemont. SECRETARY-GENERAL: Nicolas Nabokov.

The views expressed in the pages of ENCOUNTER *are to be attributed to the writers, not the sponsors*

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LESSON 5

A Roman Bath Chap

GUINNESS
Historical Britain

Hiawatha, one of the first Pilgrim Mothers

DEVON is famous for Sea Dogs who went out in barks to meet the foe. (An Exe marks the spot where they went out.) PLYMOUTH has a Ho which it gives whenever a Guinness comes in sight.

Southend has the longest Peer in England

SOMERSET is famous for BATH which was occupied by the Romans. A Cheddar gorge can also be enjoyed in this county. Usually accompanied by Guinness.

LINCOLNSHIRE has BOSTON where the Pilgrim Mothers held a Tea Party before sailing in "The Wallflower" in search of Americans.

KENT has the SNACK PORTS famous for Rye Sandwich, Winkle-teas, Dover Soles and Whitstable oysters which are all jolly good with Guinness. Kent also supplies some of the hops that go in this famous drink.

Wherever you go you get

GUINNESS

It's a wonderful country!

G.E.3529.D

People buy

du MAURIER

for positive reasons—

sensible full-size cigarette,

perfect filter tip,

an exceptionally good blend of the finest Virginia tobacco

Twenty Exceptional Cigarettes

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CULLODEN

John Prebble

"a detailed appreciation of the Battle of Culloden and its aftermath has long been overdue and Mr. Prebble has performed his task admirably in a book which is both scholarly and eminently readable".

—SIR CHARLES PETRIE

August 28th — 30s.

SECKER & WARBURG

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED